

LORNA CARSWELL

COMER · L · PEEK



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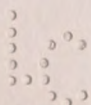
Lorna Carswell

A STORY OF THE SOUTH

BY

COMER L. PEEK

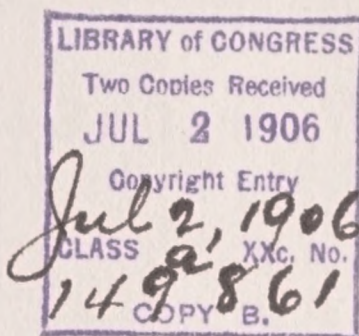
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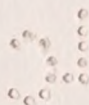
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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF AN IDOLIZED SISTER
AND OTHER BELOVED AND LOST OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS;
THE BRAVE
WHO SACRIFICED LIFE FOR A PRINCIPLE;
THE FAITHFUL, AFFECTIONATE, ANTE-BELLUM SLAVE;
AND TO
ALL LOVERS OF TRUTH.

By THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE design of this work is to add to the literature of the period a serio-comic description, true to nature, of life and character—both white and black—on the Southern plantation before and during the war between the States; also after emancipation of the slave and throughout the reconstruction period. The author was born in 1851 on a Southern plantation, State of Georgia, and has lived South ever since. Every feature of the story is drawn from the actual life and character of the time embraced. The phraseology gives the true slave idiom or vernacular. With malice toward none and good will to all, the work is placed before a truth-loving public by

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD.

WHAT a fascination the words "before the war" have for us, Northern-born and of a later day!

They were halcyon days apparently, when prosperity was everywhere; the noted Southern chivalry and hospitality were at their height, and old-time breeding and courtesy were esteemed before all things. The negroes, well-cared for by the "marsa" and "missus," had never a thought for the morrow, and lived their lives with that happy, inconsequent childishness characteristic of the race. It is impossible for any one but a Southerner, and a war-time Southerner at that, to appreciate the absolute devotion which existed among the negroes for their "white folks." They were not only slaves in law but in sentiment too. Of course, there were Simon Legrees, but are there not despots in every state of society?

The glamour of romance is over the South. The very sun shone brighter "before the war."

Then came the war, and "after the sword the canker-worm" when the South saw her very foundations cut away. Every tie was wrested from

Foreword.

her, and she was subjected to the bitterest humiliation of modern times.

Many writers since then—principally in the North—have given to the world much that is of incalculable value, be the reader for or against the issue; but few or perhaps no one until the present author, has given a political and sentimental study combined, and given it so forcefully, but withal so delicately, that the most susceptibly sensitive disciple of abolition can find nothing but food for earnest thought.

At the moment the “color question” is again agitating the nation, and to the post-bellum thinker whose knowledge of “war times” is necessarily gleaned from the time-dimmed recollections of its contemporaries, a work of this kind will do much to help in gaining for the South a fair weighing of the conditions extant there before, during, and after the war.

MAY S. GILPATRIC.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Rural Shades.....	1
CHAPTER II.	
The Hookey Runaways.....	11
CHAPTER III.	
A Southern Household.....	14
CHAPTER IV.	
The Slave's Wedding.....	16
CHAPTER V.	
The Sabbath on the Plantation.....	23
CHAPTER VI.	
Master and Slave and the Church.....	27
CHAPTER VII.	
Willis and Cupid.....	37
CHAPTER VIII.	
Our Abolitionist Appears on the Scene.....	44
CHAPTER IX.	
Then and Now—Yankee Abolitionist South After the War	51

Contents.

CHAPTER X.	PAGE
Slave State Laws—Protection of Negroes, Bond and Free—A Plantation Dinner.....	60
CHAPTER XI.	
Music of the Dough Block.....	69
CHAPTER XII.	
Hard Trials—Tribulations.....	75
CHAPTER XIII.	
Youth and Hope, Life and Love.....	81
CHAPTER XIV.	
The Old Slave's Soliloquy.....	84
CHAPTER XV.	
A Plantation Corn-Shucking.....	89
CHAPTER XVI.	
The Bogy-Punkin-Debble-Hant	102
CHAPTER XVII.	
Ambition and Politics.....	110
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Love and Dust.....	125
CHAPTER XIX.	
Retrospection	136
CHAPTER XX.	
Was Secession the South's Only or Best Remedy, or a Mistake?	141

Contents.

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXI.	
Southern Views in 1860.....	148
CHAPTER XXII.	
Southern Views in 1860—Continued.....	164
CHAPTER XXIII.	
The Morals of Politics.....	181
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Nature, Love's Silent Interpreter.....	199
CHAPTER XXV.	
The First Gun.....	210
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Mars and Cupid.....	225
CHAPTER XXVII.	
How a Carolinian Surrendered.....	245
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
The Beginning of the End.....	257
CHAPTER XXIX.	
1863—1865	268
CHAPTER XXX.	
“Seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth”	273
CHAPTER XXXI.	
Man Proposes, but God Disposes.....	279

Contents.

CHAPTER XXXII.	PAGE
The Carpet-bagger and His Brother in Black.....	286
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
The Negro in the House of His Friends (?)	302
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
The Scalawag	309
CHAPTER XXXV.	
Florida, 1876	314
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
Carswell and Selkirk Meet Again.....	322
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
Rural Shades	331

LORNA CARSWELL.

CHAPTER I.

RURAL SHADES.

OUR story opens on a big Southern plantation in the State of Georgia, on a mellow, sunlit day in July, 1859. When the new mansion, massive and stately, was built on a prominent elevation, surrounded by a grove of oak, hickory and chestnut, it was the fancy of the owner's wife and daughters to christen the place "Rural Shades."

Down on one of the low-ground branches a comical little one-gallused, locust-thorn-buttoned darkey, Ben—no sirname—was intently fishing alongside his young master, Julian Carswell. The young slave was eleven, the young master was eight. The two boys had fished on this branch many a summer day with weed poles, cotton string lines, pin hooks and cornstalk corks and eel worm bait. Every bend and crook was dear and familiar. There was the minnow hole, the horney-head hole, the perch hole, the cat hole, the crawfish rocks, the tadpole stretch, the pollywog run, the bull frog

kerchoog, and the big ber-doom. The last was the wash hole or swimming pool, where they invariably threw in some rocks or valley clods to hear them go "ber-doom" as they hit the water. Just now Ben got a bite, gave a mighty jerk straight upward, then scrambling up and throwing down his pole and line he hurriedly ran back from the stream gazing excitedly skyward.

"Mars Julius, hain't yer seed 'im drap yit? I knows I kotch 'em, kase I seed 'im gwup an' 'e wuz er wopper! Gorrimity! Wonder whar dat feesh? He look like er whalin' cat or perch, or er mighty big horner." Just then the bewildered little minnow, about two inches long, flirted in the dry leaves some thirty feet back, and Ben bounced on it like a hawk, brought it back in triumph and strung it on a forked willow switch with other trophies.

Meantime Julian went through a similar performance and strung a little perch on his willow. Pin hooks have no barbs.

"Ben! Ben! Look yonder! Gee whiz! A great big old green bull frog squatted under the bank! Give me a rock quick!"

"No, sar, Mars Julius. For gorrimity sakes doan kill 'um. Kaze why? Ef yer duz yer gwi' stump er toe nail plum off, jes' sho' ez snaix."

Julian fully believed in Ben and religiously let that bull frog alone. He was suffering now with a stone bruise on his heel for killing a toad frog a few days before. Ben solemnly told him "bull frogs wuz toe nails an' toad frogs wuz sho' stun brooze."

The two chums were tired of fishing and wan-

dered up on a pine sapling red hill slope by a gully and made mud marbles. A melon patch was in sight down in the valley. The flavor of a ripe muskmelon and the large gray and striped watermelons, visible among the luxurious vines, made their thirsty mouths water. Both boys became very quiet and reflective.

Away up in the blue, God's great electric light ceaselessly fed by mighty currents, caused by the attrition of worlds and limitless space and all of His marvelous works, rolled evenly, smoothly, majestically toward the zenith. Sleepy grasshoppers lazily kiz-zipped from place to place. Birds twittered in half-forgotten notes. The drowsy zoon-zoon of locust answered each other's long drawn melody in monotonous regularity. In valleys and slopes and upon distant hills the tremulous shimmer of summer sunlight warmly and lovingly hovered over broad acres of cotton, corn and grain and zone of forest. Faint waves of sound—songs, hallos and roundelays, from gangs of negro plowmen and hoe hands in distant fields, occasionally echoed like dreamy voices of an almost forgotten past. Butterflies giddily flitted from leaf and bloom and blossom. The gentle somnolent breeze soughed contentedly in the wavy pine needles and rustled the growing blades of corn and wheat. Up, up, away yonder in the azure a buzzard floated and sailed in the sea of air without flap of wing. Had it not been for that melon patch the two boys would have gone to sleep. Both were thinking of the same thing. Ben was afraid to make any first direct proposition, so he meditatively but tentatively said:

"Er say, Mars Julius, yer reckon karyn crows eats milyuns? Dat un way up dere keep er hankerin' roun' en roun' dat patch. En kase why? Ef dey duz, I woosh I wuz er karyn crow."

Julian did not answer, but his longing look at the nearest gray melon encouraged the diplomatic Ben. "Dat ar wattermilyun is sho' ripe, en er knows dat mushmilyun is, kase her smell so loud en meller. Yer spouse yer paw'd keer ef *you* tuck one?"

"You know he would, Ben; cause he told us to keep out and not touch 'em, or he'd have to switch us good."

"Dat's berry well, Mars Julius—berry well to be sho'. But den dey wuz leetle witsy tinies, en yer paw skeered we pint finger at 'em en mek 'em drap off. Dat un ain't cross mark, en one milyun ouden dat full patch ull neber miss. Sides, how airy one gwine ebber know us bin dar? Oo-oomph! Swar-ter-gawd, doan her smell! En dat gray milyun sottin' long sides er smilin' iz red meat en sweetern sorghum lasses! Now, you en me en my daddy en yer paw, all on us hep wuk dat patch. You en yer paw er bossin en me en daddy er wukkin. Ef you wuz growed en all de hosses en mules en feels en craps en tousen aker en cows en hogs en biggus, en string en hundred niggers en milyun patch en ebery sing 'longed ter yer, yer wooden bergredge yer po nigger Ben en yer pooty little Julius one loan, measly milyun, would you, Mars Julius? Ef yer say go fotch dat milyun I'll gin yer dat yaller aggy marble en mek a whissal fer yer en tote yer all de way back ter de biggus."

Ever since Eve, surrounded in paradise by all

the bloom and beauty of nature, was tempted and did eat, has the spirit of evil tempted man by appealing to his weaker frailties, appetite, greed, self ease. The serpent business was allegorical. Eve could not have been a woman and not be scared of snakes, even before the fall. She would simply have screamed and skedaddled.

Julian had a sore stone bruise on his heel, the way home was rocky, he dearly loved to have a whistle, and he particularly wanted that beautiful yellow aggy taw of Ben's. He had before this offered ten biscuits and a chunk of cake for it, but Ben was not hungry at the time and would not trade. More than all he wanted melon to eat. He knew it was wrong to disobey his father, and the little fellow had quite a battle with his conscience. He hesitated almost a full minute, and then weakly said:

"Ben, are you sure you can get it and nobody never, never know it?"

"Yasser, yasser! Mars Julius, yer clum up dat saplin en watch; see 'fennybody come twil I git dat milyun. I fotch er quickern turkel snap!"

The fear of being found out keeps many a mortal apparently honest. Now, all of you who love God more than you fear a court of justice, disapprobation of man and open shame of discovery, just hold up your right hand until you are counted.

The young master climbed to the top of the pine sapling and watched. Meantime the cunning little darkey hastily secured some pieces of bark, tied them to the bottoms of his flat feet with the string a boy always carries if he has pockets, looked all around hurriedly, then boldly went for the

melon and landed it safely under the young sentinel.

"Say, doan clam down yit. Cause en kaze, yer hatter roos up dar en watch twill I eats a full bate, en den I clum up fer ter look out en den yer clam down en git yourn full."

With some misgiving and resentful uncertainty, Julian remained up and watched Ben more than for possible enemies. He hotly felt there was something wrong in the order of precedence between master and slave, but his accusing conscience told him that just then the master's aristocratic white face, *particeps criminis*, was on the dead level with the slave's ebony hue.

They had no knife, so Ben grabbed a rock and broke a hole in one end of the long, big melon, then chooged his dirty, grimy red-clay-cased hands down into the very bowels of that watermelon. In rapid motion the chunks and flakes of the luscious, juicy red meat, gouged out by Ben's long, dirt-filled finger nails, disappeared down his thirsty throat. His eyes rolled heavenward in unspeakable ecstasy as his ivory teeth crunched, his lips smacked, and his goozle swallowed. He had to eat half if he busted, was his idea.

After what seemed to Julian a mighty long time, Ben called him down. The white boy made no bones of the sloppy, muddy condition of things, but dived his own soiled hands up to his elbow in the remains and enjoyed the feast as only a thirsty boy can.

Meantime Ben tried to climb the sapling, but his stomach was so drum tight that he slid back to the ground and rolled about. When Julian became

about as tight as Ben, they both managed to roll into the gully to hide and slacken up before the dinner horn should blow.

Ah there, Ben! Forty years have passed since then. Have you survived abolitionism, war, emancipation, civil rights, elective franchise, politics, carpetbaggism, mititarism, reconstruction and education? Has freedom only made you idle? Has citizenship only rendered you impolite? Has the power to vote only found in you a cat's paw? Has politics taught you only hate and prejudice? Did the days of reconstruction find in you the only loyal citizen, or an ignorant, inexperienced child, made to play with fire in a powder house? Has education landed you in a convict camp, or has it made of you a law-abiding, patriotic citizen? How has the theory that "color is the only difference between white and black" been developed in your case?

These many years have placed you, at times, in many very ludicrous, as well as very serious situations. In this true story, filled with actual incidents and characters, we shall see how developed facts compare with former theories.

"Rural Shades" plantation spread over one thousand acres of rolling, hardwood soil. The forest was principally oak, hickory, sweetgum, dogwood, holly, maple and chestnut. Three branches made winding threads of green between the hilly slopes, watering the fertile bottoms or low grounds.

The white residence, or "biggus," in darkey phrase, was built to suit the Southern climate—large, two-story, massive, plain, colonial style, painted solid white and green blinds, big rooms,

big piazzas, big halls, big fire places, plenty of big windows. The costly, stylish, bewinged, befuddled, becornered, irregular, twistified, gingerbread trimmings, haphazard, candy-box, "modern" dwelling may suit some people's taste, and the architect and contractor's purse, but give me the plain, old square, massive, colonial for solid comfort in Southern climes. The very appearance indicates big-hearted welcome and prodigal hospitality.

Down to the left front, across an open space some three hundred yards was the "string" or long row of negro cabins for the field hands. Each had plenty of yard room in front and garden plat behind, fenced in to itself. South and nearer was another string of half-dozen cabins for the house and kitchen servants. To the right front, between the two strings and down a steep hill, was the spring of cool water gushing from rocky caverns. This spring supplied white and black with water. There was not a well on the place. Each cabin had a spinning wheel and a pair of batting cards. In a few of the larger cabins a ponderous home-made loom was part of the furniture. Each negro woman, while not working as a field hand, was required to card and spin so many broaches of cotton thread per day. These broaches in turn made the warp and filling for the loom, whereon was manufactured by hand the homespun for clothing. Shall I ever forget the drony zoon of those wheels and the quick swish of shuttle and tum tum of beam of those looms, nearly always accompanied by some negro melody! Down a woodland slope back of the mansion was located the big lot with barns, stables, corn cribs, shuck pens, carriage and tool

house. There was also a blacksmith shop and tannery. The big kitchen was about sixty feet back of the dwelling, and the smokehouse was near the kitchen. There was a big ash hopper where hardwood ashes were leached into lye, which in turn was with the grease of all kinds, made into bar and soft soap.

Twice during the war a large squad of Wheeler's cavalry camped in the grove near the barns, and were freely given possession of any and all supplies on the place they needed or desired for man and horse. The negroes, as well as the whites, welcomed the soldiers in gray and looked upon them as defenders and protectors. During the war there were many pickaninnies named by their negro parents in honor of Beauregard, Johnston, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Some gloried in the name of Stonewall alone. The darkies would gather around to hear mistress read the last letter from the young or older master in the army with as much sympathy and solicitude as the white sister or younger brother. When a battle occurred—but this is anticipating the current of events.

Col. Edward Carswell, the owner of the plantation, was a prominent lawyer and influential citizen. His law office was in the neighboring town. A servant drove him in and out daily between the town office and country home. A white overseer had charge of managing the plantation and making his crops.

Mrs. Carswell was still a handsome woman in the prime of life; a refined, intelligent, loving wife and mother. The "Missus," as all the darkies called her, was in their eyes the personification of

goodness and aristocratic respectability. The oldest daughter, Lorna, was now fifteen. The youngest daughter, Ellen, or "Teln," was only six. Shelton, the eldest son, was seventeen, and the younger son, Julian, was our acquaintance, Ben's "Mars Julius."

Lorna and Shelton were pupils of the famous Northern and Beeman School in a neighboring village, and were now at home for the summer vacation. And this same Prof. Northern was, after the war, elected Governor of the State of Georgia.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOOKEY RUNAWAYS.

SHELTON was tall and slim, and, among other qualifications, enjoyed the reputation, like George Washington, of being swiftest in races, and the longest and highest jumper in the country side. Even when a little fellow his wonderful agility as a high jumper on one occasion saved him and Julian, too, from a good peach tree switch whipping. It happened thus:

As Ben would say, "hit wuz de fuss school whut Mars Julius gwine to erlong wid Mars Shelton, an' I members de casion berry well, bekaze right den an' dar Mars Shelton's jumpin' kep' my hide fum gittin' er tannin' well as dere hides; shore's yer born hit did. I'se allers spected jumpin' squalities ebber sence."

The two boys had played hookey one warm spring afternoon by slipping off to the big berdoom instead of going back to school. After swimming and playing in the water until usual time of returning from school, they carefully dried their wet heads, dusted their hands and feet, and faces, too, slipped round to the school road and came home as usual. They tried it another afternoon and took Ben along.

Mrs. Carswell in some way learned of the hooky business, and believing firmly in peach-tree switch suasion, she met the three runaways as they were slipping up the lane from the big berdoom. It was there and then that Shelton's fame as a jumper, as Ben afterward said, "wuz spreaderer en broaderer plum froo der kentry."

After a very proper talk to her boys on the moral suasion line of ideas, Mrs. Carswell then proceeded to sharply administer the peach switch suasion on Shelton first.

Julian and Ben disconsolately sat down in the fence corner and tearfully watched with anxious anatomies the physical administration, knowing their turn would soon come.

The first swing of the switch was aimed at Shelton's calves, but watching it intently, he quickly jumped, and the peach sprout cut through empty space. It rapidly came again, aimed higher, but the athlete jumped still higher just in the nick of time. The peach then came like a hurricane waist high, so as to sorter, as it were, catch him in the air at the proper angle, but an admirable regular bull frog leap left it cutting space below. Then, as the peach became kinder frantic and hap-hazard like, Shelton became, as it were, a lightning calculator, jumping-jack—between ducking down and jumping up.

By this time Julian and Ben had become so interested in admiring that they forgot the woes of the near future and could hardly keep from cries of warning and exultation, as with a kind of comic awe they watched the hair-breadth escapes of the renowned jumper.

Suddenly the ludicrous situation overcame Mrs. Carswell and she threw the switch away and sat down in the fence corner by Julian and Ben and laughed until happy tears filled her beautiful eyes. Julian put his head in her lap and laughed and cried at the same time. Ben grinned aloud and cut the pigeon-wing-chicken-in-the-bread-tray dance; while Shelton after blowing awhile, helped his mother up and they all went lovingly to the house together.

They never played hookey any more.

CHAPTER III.

A SOUTHERN HOUSEHOLD.

To wait upon every want and comfort, wish and call of this happy family of six there were many house servants. America or "Merrie," the cook, a middle-aged negress, industrious and intelligent and content with her lot, reigned supreme in the big kitchen. Her husband was long since dead, and her two boys, Andrew and Dennis, were detailed to wait upon her. Hansom, a stalwart negro man, and the only dude, was carriage driver and possessed great pride and good humored conceit in performing his duties in accordance with his ideas of what was due an aristocratic owner of one hundred negroes, a big plantation and all things to match.

Marma, the oldest negress on the place, tended the dairy, always keeping pure milk and cream butter in spic and span condition.

Five negro girls, Amy, Lila and Jane, Anna and Emma, were lively, cheerful house servants. Nellie, who was now a grown woman, was nursemaid. Sukey, Hansom's wife, had charge of keeping the bedrooms in order.

Our acquaintance, Ben, was a general ubiquitous roustabout and Julian's special body servant.

Shelton's special slave was Raymond, a boy about his own age.

These fourteen servants enjoyed a good, easy time of it the year round, and were devotedly attached to Master and Missus and to their young masters and misses.

The entire plantation labor resulted in very little net money profits to the owner, after deducting the waste and extravagance, unlimited hospitality, and easy, luxurious manner of living of the owner and his family.

The field hands had their regular daily labor to perform, cultivating the soil and harvesting the crops, and no one ever suffered the overseer's lash except in rare cases of wilful neglect of easy duties or criminal wrong doing.

There were exceptional cases among owners of slaves, where the cruel master considered nothing except the number of bales of cotton and other staples the utmost endurance of the slaves could produce. And the most hardened, inhumane wretches of all were the dealers and speculators in slave traffic, who in most cases were non-residents.

As a rule master and slave throughout the South were sincerely and touchingly devoted to each other as the superior race could be to the inferior dependent, and vice versa. Witness the thousand pathetic acts of love and protection and mutual sympathy and sacrifice exhibited between the two races during the war in Southern homes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SLAVE'S WEDDING.

THE evening of this first summer's day of our story had been selected to celebrate the marriage of the nursemaid, Nellie, to Jim, one of the field hands.

Colonel Carswell made it a point to have the marriage ceremony duly and legally performed between his slaves, so that every family on the place preserved distinct relations of husband and wife, parent and child.

Good-hearted, simple, patient Nellie! Do you remember the incident of the tub? By some oversight you had left it out in the sun until the hoops were loosened and it fell to pieces. The overseer, Mr. Waller, had scolded you roundly for the neglect and then carefully built the tub together and tightened and fastened the hoops. He then gave it back to you saying ironically: "Now, go and break it all to pieces again!"

What did you know of satire, sarcasm or irony? You had not studied the inimitable Thackeray, nor the stinging mockery of Elijah toward the prophets of Baal. Your beloved Miss Lorna had read to you the teachings of Paul, saying, "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters

according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ."

So as a conscientious duty you took that tub out to the wood pile where an ax was very handy, obediently and patiently worked on it with the ax until you broke it all to pieces again, then gathering an armful of tub fragments, hoops and all, you returned to the ironical Waller and peacefully said: "Missur Waller, here dat tub yer done saunt me en tole me for ter break all ter pieces ergin." Then you wondered why he stared speechless and dumfounded at you and the fragments as though he couldn't do the subject justice. And when Mars Shelton and Missus merrily laughed and Missur Waller kinder sheepish like walked away and never even told you it was all right, or what to do with the tub remains, and left you standing there like a whole pack of fools. Then when the Missus got so she could talk she kindly got you to understand. You, too, were tickled nigh unto death and smiled all the balance of the day, politely avoiding Missur Waller out of respect to his lacerated feelings!

Now, Mose and Mary, his wife, were the pappy and mammy of Nellie and our wily Ben. Old Marma was the mother of Mose. This negro Mose was chief boss and manager of all the hogs on the plantation, and driver of an educated span of eight great strong oxen, used nearly all the time in heavy hauling about the place.

When Nellie consented to marry Jim, as in duty bound to do most everything she was asked to do, and the dusky lovers obtained Mose and Mary's consent, and then all in turn received the

master's consent, the day of the marriage was fixed, and another cabin built on the string.

Great preparations were made for the wedding. Mose was ordered to barbecue a beef and roast a pig. Merrie and her satellites baked bread and cakes in abundance, while plenty of raw material was given Mary to cook special dishes for the occasion.

The Missus with Lorna and Teln helped adorn the bride with gifts of clothing and finery. Jim came into a full share from the master to meet the grand occasion. The white minister of the town was brought in style by Hansom to perform the ceremony. Colonel Carswell and all the white family had reserved seats of special honor at the house of Mose and Mary to witness the marriage. Jim was simply stunnin' and out o' sight in his make up, and Nellie, with bridal veil and all, was glorious to behold.

The darkies were tickled to death at having the white folks as guests at their cabin, and it was amusing and delightful to see with what marked honor and humble respect the white guests were treated.

Every negro on the place was then in and about the cabin. Such a display of ivory and shining eyes was never seen before or since.

As soon as the whites retired after the ceremony the hilarity was unbounded. Feasting, dancing, singing, play and frolic ruled the hours.

Then a torchlight procession, with bride and groom in the center, marched up to and around the "biggus" in honor of the Master and Missus.

Boys and girls, men and women, pickaninnies—all dancing in circles about the torch-bearers, creating pandemonium unlimited. Then back to Jim's new cabin they all swung and danced, to the music of fiddle and banjo and bones and clapping hands and feet and voices in unison, singing—

*Mister Marlo, sugar and cane,
Mister Marlo, candy!
Mister Marlo, sugar and cane,
Wheel and kiss so handy!*

The merry breakdown, double-shuffle, lickety click dance was kept up until exactly midnight, as the morrow was the Sabbath day.

As Ben at a late hour that night was, as usual, washing Mars Julusses foots in a biggin of water, and purposely tickling his toes to make him laugh and squinge, he seriously remarked:

“Jess listen, Mars Julius, dem big, flat-foot niggers er stompin’ like hams on Jim an Nell’s flo’! Dar dat biggety blabmouf soolk weskut Hansom er callin’ de figgus big ernuff swaller Marsus’ barn. En he er strick member de chutch enner slam singer! Dat nigger sho totin fire en brimstun to de debbul ter burn heself in torment furrebber. He sputes, do, dat taint ergin de chutch to dance ef so be yer doan cross yer laigs. Now, jess listen dat Gabril trumpet, holler! Leddies en gents chuse yer pards! All han’s round! Swing cornders! all promernade! Mister Marlo, sugar an cane! All sarshay! Mister Marlo, candy! Turn de simlin round! Mister Marlo, sugar an’ cane! *Wheel an’ kiss so handy!* Listen dat tummer-lummy, tummer-lummy *bum, bum, bam!* Lawd,

I jiss wanten git dar en show dem niggers how ter cut de pigeon wing en double-shuffle gin-sling! An' rock-candy baby Loo!

"Dere now, yer foots en laigs is clean en dried, an' now I must sho be gwine.

"But, say, Mars Julius, yer member de lass time yer paw en maw tuck us ter chutch, en we wuz sputing en mazin bout whut mek dem all parsons an' pillars groan en moan so loud endurin' de prar? Us didn know den, but shores yer born, Mars Julius, dem folks had done eat too much wattermilyun!"

Schisms between North and South, tariff jealousies, class legislation, Wilmot provisos, Missouri compromises, Kansas warfares, flagrant abolitionist rebellion against the spirit and letter of the national Constitution and the supreme law of the country, curse of slavery, grim and bloody war, emancipation, Fifteenth Amendment, the political hell of reconstruction, color the only difference between black and white, social as well as civil equality, carpetbaggism, engendering of racial hate and prejudice for political ends solely, bigotry, selfishness, frantic fanaticism—this baneful category was undreamed of by a single slave on this Georgia plantation at the time of Nellie and Jim's wedding.

Of old the Lord permitted Satan to cruelly afflict his faithful servant Job, doubtless for a wise purpose. The ways of God are mysterious, his wonders and mighty evolutions to perform. Perhaps the baptism of blood has permitted the restless zeal of the ante-bellum abolitionist a little solemn thought and quiet, peaceful rest.

Perhaps, too, in all solemnity as if face to face and in the hushed presence of the accusing hosts of sacrificial dead, both the blue and the gray; could all the Lovejoys, Garrisons, Birneys, Wilmots, Ingalls, Sumners, Harriet Beecher Stowes, Butlers, Anthonys, Pomeroy's and many others have attended Nellie's wedding, or lived but one short year in the midst of slaves on Southern plantations, the history of our country would not have been so interwoven and loaded with mistaken hate and prejudice and diabolical political strife.

And perhaps the infamous desperado, John Brown, who figured as a howling instigator in the scenes of blood and rebellion in Kansas in 1856, and in 1859 attempted a plot to arm the slaves in peaceful Southern homes with the intent to murder their masters and mistresses and all whites, regardless of age or sex, would not have been esteemed and honored as a hero and martyr in some Northern cities and States.

The great Daniel Webster was prophetic when he thundered forth these words:

"If the infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get the power in their hands, they will override the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ from them in their opinions or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood."

But the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. His cattle and substance were doubled; seven other sons and three other daughters were born unto him to gladden his life

after great tribulations triumphantly passed through. "And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job."

So may it be with the South.

CHAPTER V.

THE SABBATH ON THE PLANTATION.

How shall we picture that dear old home of childhood as the summer's sun flooded with loving radiance each hill and dale, field, forest and flower, on that glorious Sunday morning in July of 1859! There stands the massive white building with every column and outline clearly defined against the lovely background of luxurious green of oak, hickory and chestnut grove. The pure morning air sifting the trembling dew drops from fluttering leaf and blade of grass and petal of rose. The broad fields near and afar of cotton and corn and wheat and pasture lands undulate in broad ribbons of different colorings. The winding roads and forest knolls, cool, shady dells and sinuous valley streams.

Each room and fireside, each person and every locality, associated so dearly with some happy recollection of childhood hours. Here was mother's room, where there was always found love and sympathy and rocking to sleep in all troubles and griefs. If the little hand or face or foot were hurt it was tenderly kissed and soothed until it was suddenly well again. If wrong were committed through childish passion or ill temper and punish-

ment followed, it was her arms would then encircle and gradually hush the sighing sough-soughing until gentle and deep peace reigned again in fretted, disturbed heart.

There was Lorna and Teln's room, where we romped and played, and Lorna's pretty school girl friends would kiss us and call us little sweetheart. And we thought them so beautiful and loved to be kissed.

Up there was big buddie Shelton's bedroom, where we sometimes were invited, and wondered why he studied books so much and would not play with us more. Sometimes he would take us to ride on his fast horse. And father would hold us in his arms in the big rocking chair some long winter evening before the great oak wood fire and tell us so much that we thought he knew all things.

If we got hungry between meals, good old Marma would call us "Honey," and give us milk and bread and butter.

Jim took us possum hunting and toted us miles in the dark woods on his broad shoulders.

On this Sunday morning all was quiet in the fields and down on the two strings of negro cabins. No halloo of song or roundelay so usual among the dusky laborers with plow and hoe was heard. No sound save perhaps old Marma crooning a hymn somewhere in quavering, trusting tone. Groups of negroes in their Sunday best homespun strolling about or sitting in the doorway and yard of cabin.

Indoors in the "biggus" the servants were dressing with great pride their young masters and misses for church going.

There's the dude coachman, Hansom, in that

same "soolk weskut" Ben spoke to Mars Julius about. His kinky hair is all carded to fluff out beneath that high beaver churn hat. His number eleven shoes are polished like his shining ebony face. With gloves on and twirling a beribboned carriage whip jauntily he orders the stable boys about like a lord.

"Bresh dat kerridge twill she shine, I doan tole yer! Doan leab spec o' dirt nowhar. Curry en rub dem hosses twill Missus' white soolk hankercher wouldn't sile on 'em. Doan yer know, nigger, I'se gwine scort Marster en the Missus en dere young gentlemens en leddies ter chutch? Hain't yer got no mo disserpecshun fer de stocracy dan let dat Askew nigger's kerridge tek de shine outen ourn? En dat kurnul Bonner nigger, en dat big mouf Cappen White nigger, en dat flat-foot Doctor Birt nigger, en de Skrimms en Wallers and Percessor Northern en dem Ivins en Wheelers, en Hightowers! Come back hear, you little black rascal, an' bresh en blow ebery spec o' durt outen her insides. 'Spose I gwine low Miss Lorny en de rest on em ter sile dere soolks en satins en lilly white han's! Lawd-a-mussy, you niggers nebbber will larn specterbul en how ter keep up de squality en stocracy. You'd eben sot down en let po white trash, whut's got no niggers, tek de shine offern yer own famly.

"I done tole dem yuther niggers my marser lite sugarrs wid forty-dollar bills fifty times er day, en dey dassent spute it! Hi dar, you Amy! Go fotch on yer bib-en-tucker en Sunday-go-to-meet-ins, wid er spic span clean ap'on. Missus done saunt en ordered dat yer gerlong ter wait on em

at chutch en tend de shawls en parrysols en quooshuns at de meetin house.

“Yaw, yaw; he-yaw! Dis nigger knows how ter hole up de hiferlootins ob he own fam’ly! You common feel hands dunno nuttin. Lawd! jess looker dat now! Dere’s Miss Lorny on de piazzzy lookin’ pooty ezzer pictur en sweetern sorgum lasses. Jess looker dem big soff black eyes en dem teeny itsy bitsy foots! Bless dat honey chile. I’s ben drivven her in dis kerridge ebber sence her wuz a lilly baby. Dere nebber wuz bawned a pootier gal in Georgy dan our own Miss Lorny! Lass Sunday her gimme dissher soolk wesket what marser mek dat big speech in, en hit jess good as new. Miss Lorny good uz her’s pooty! En dar Miss Teln. Her sho hansom like red shoes wid ribbon strings. En Mars Shelton, he growin’ up like er soople jack saplin. En Mars Julius! Lawd, de ‘whoopins he maw hatter gin em fer runnin erway on Sundays en feeshin wid dat bullet haid nigger Ben! En Marser en Missus, now, wid mos grown chillun, look nigh bout spry en lubly ez de day I druv ef fum chutch when dey wuz fuss married. Terbesho—terbesho.

“Yessum, Missus, I’s comin’.”

And Hansom mounted the box and drove in great style round to the front gate, opened the carriage door, let down the steps, stood aside, hat in hand, until all “his fam’ly” were in; then drove rapidly away to the church.

CHAPTER VI.

MASTER AND SLAVE AND THE CHURCH.

ON this Sunday morning the Carswell family attended services at the old Smyrna Country Church, noted far and wide for its annual camp meetings.

In slavery days these camp meetings were popular with both white and black. With the latter because of the holidays and extra abundance of the luxuries and fat of the land; with the former because of the general social reunion of the country families as well as the interest in religion. There were plenty of servants to do all the necessary labor and cooking. But since the war camp meetings have become rare in the South. The church was surrounded by acres of shady grove cleaned up like a big park. The building was ample for both white and black.

When Hansom dashed up in all his pride and glory with his "'stocracy fam'ly," there were already dozens of similar turnouts dotting the grove. The "slave aristocracy" of abolition speakers and writers was numerously represented by carriages with fine horses, negro coachmen, and one or more servants. The class denominated by Ben's biggety nigger Hansom as "po' white trash"

came in wagons, on foot and horseback. The refined and cultured owners of slaves never made the distinction of class between holders and non-holders of slaves as the darkies did. On the contrary, the best of feeling and respect prevailed between the two white classes. But the darkey thought that any white family not owning "niggers" hardly deserved his decent respect.

Sometimes the slave owner would lend or hire slaves to his poorer neighbor who was behind in his crop.

On one occasion an unusual hilarity and roaring laughter down on the string was heard one Saturday night. Willis, a big strong athlete and expert hoe hand, had been hired by his master to a non-slave owner to help him hoe out a grassy cotton field. The white man was noted as close and stingy, and whenever he hired a negro he was bound to get out of him all the labor possible in a given time.

Now Willis was such an educated expert with the hoe that he could cut swiftly within almost a hair's breadth of a cotton stalk with a sharp hoe and shave the grass away, not touching the stalk. He did the work with rapid ease, but it was well done.

"Tell yer what, niggers," Willis recounted, "whenner got dar arly a Monday mornin' he wuz er sottin' on de fench o' dat cotton feel waitin' fumme. De sun jess up good, enna know de day gwine be er scorcher. Sez 'e, 'You de nigger Kunnel Carsle saunt me?' Sez I, 'Yasser, I'se him.' I'd leff 'fore brekfuss en' wuz hongry, but sez 'e, 'Yer too late fer brekfuss, en' we'll start

right now.' Dog-gone! He so stingy he callate save mer brekfuss fer mer dinner. Sez 'e, 'Kin yer hoe a full tass?' Sez I, 'I dunno, but I'll do mer best to kep up wid yer.' Sez 'e, 'Now look here, you nigger, ef you doan hoe many rows ez I duz, I'll 'port yer to yer masser an' won't pay full wages fer yer.' 'All rite,' says I, lookin' as lazy an' no-'count ez er could 'sume. 'Spose, boss, yer gwine wuck all de time wid me,' sez I. 'Yes,' sez 'e. Wid dat us commence. Lawd! yer orter see dat po' white trash wuck. I jess grin sidewise so he couldn't see, en' hit slow chops, en' let 'im git out fuss. He den look vaggus like at me ez ef he newster order'n 'roun' niggers, en' sez 'e, 'Here, yer dam' black rascal! Yer gotter kep up, do yer hear me?' 'Yasser,' sez I, 'but will yer 'gree dat ef I kep up en' hoe 'zactly many rows ez you, then hit'll be squar, enner won't hatter hoe more'n you?' 'O, yes,' sez he, 'I shorely 'gree ter dat.' 'Honess injun, now, masser,' sez I. 'Honness injun,' sez 'e, in mighty good humor. Wid dat I smole er smile en' he smile er smole, en' us started ergin. Good Lawd! Dat man wuck liker bulljine. I jess easy like swing erlong er singin' en' got out de row wid 'im. He look at me mazed, en' pounce on ernudder row. Den I gin ter show mer raisin' en' mek de hoe git on er little mo' sperrit en' walk out dat row hundred foot ahaid en' sot down en' 'tend like mer hoe need fixin'. He wuck en' he blow en' 'e sweat, but 'e nebber sed nuffin, do he look like 'e thunk er heap. I wuz dry en' cool en' narry drap o' sweat, en' he wuz bilin' hot en' wet ez rain. I let 'im git 'way haid 'fore I start, a-sot-

tin' dar kerflummixin like wid mer hoe. Den I wuck dat row rite 'long up ter 'im en' pass im er singin' soff ter merself, en git out hundred yards ahaid en' sot on top de fench cool like en' watch 'im. Bombye he cuss, enne chop up a fine cotton stalk enne cuss mo' louder. Den 'e say, 'Dammit, yer ain't half hoein' dat cotton.' Den, curous like, I walk back en' ax 'im whar de place not hoed, enne can't fine 'em. Bet yer I kep outern retch o' he hoe, do! My row wuz hoed better'n his'n. Den in de scurryin' he chop er toe en' de sweat po', an' he cuss scandlus en' leff de feel. Ha, hah! haw, haw! ar-r-r he yar-r-r! En' I feenish dat grassy patch o' eight aker mer lone self in free days, jess saunterin' 'long, hollerin' an' singin', en' den come home. I seed 'im watch me wuck ez ef he woosh he wuz er nigger like me wid der hoe! I'se sho a man wid er hoe."

While reciting this, Willis acted the whole proceeding admirably and was repeatedly interrupted with roars of laughter by his numerous audience. At the point where he imitated the white man hoeing as if for life to keep up, his hearers whooped and rolled on the floor and roared. And when he reached the toe-chopping and grabbed up one foot and hopped about cussing like fury, some of his listeners almost went into spasms.

But let us return to the church.

Many of the sons of wealthy planters came well mounted, having great pride in fine horse flesh. The more pretentious were attended by servants also on good horses. These attendants always rode a respectful distance behind the young masters. Some of the poor whites came riding

double, the woman on the same horse behind the man. Then comes a country swain, with his pretty red-cheeked lass a-riding twice. Now see how he covertly spurs the horse to make it jump and cavort about so that the girl has to throw her arms around him and hold on tight to keep from falling off! Whenever that fellow trades horses the first question is, "Will your creeter tote double? And how is it on cavortin' when spurred?"

How different that old married couple yonder, also riding twice. Uncle Jimmy Jones with a big pillow on the saddle under him, and his wife, Aunt Jemima, on another big pillow behind, sedately riding up on their old gray "critter," the whole turnout looking as amazingly solemn as a very ignorant but bigoted country preacher. Uncle Jimmy did not make his "critter" cavort about, not the least bit. This old couple were the special proteges of Mrs. Carswell. They were Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Jemima to everybody, both white and black.

Besides the coachmen and servant boys and girls, many other negroes came to church. Yonder comes a two-mule wagon load of them in their Sunday best. People went to church in those days. The unchristian, inhuman, savage, brutal, ferocious Southern whites, who so infuriated the abolition spellbinders because they owned as actual property human beings, under the supreme law of the country, were civilized and generally well educated and refined social beings who believed in God and humbly and sincerely worshipped in His temples.

As the time for service drew nigh the grove was alive with people of all ages, degrees and color, and the scene and faces indicated prosperity, content and happiness.

A spacious upper gallery was built at the back end of the church for negro attendants, and when occasion demanded it several of the back rows of seats on the lower floor were reserved for them. All are now seated reverently waiting as the distinguished minister, ripe scholar and profound theologian, Bishop George F. Pierce, ascended into the old-fashioned box pulpit. For one short hour he thrilled the hearts of his hearers, both white and black, with masterly eloquence. Some wept quietly, all were rapt and spellbound. Many of the emotional negroes could hardly repress cries and shouts as the sermon proceeded from one eloquent period to another, like resistless waves rolling from the sea of time outward into the ocean of eternity.

It was communion day. The sermon prepared all hearts for reverently bowing in confession and faith. The peace of God which passeth all understanding pervaded the souls of His people there present. When the whites, both rich and poor, had kneeled together and partaken of the sacred emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour of all mankind, and retired to their seats, the humble faithful slaves were then and there invited to the same altar and shared the same holy communion served by the same distinguished minister and his co-laborers. The scene will never be forgotten—that long row of black faces as they filed down the aisle and

kneeled at God's altar to partake of the bread of life, free to all.

So when the communion service closed and the doors of the church were opened, the whites were first invited and several joined; the blacks were then invited and many joined, and were given the right hand of fellowship by the bishop, and their names enrolled with the names of the whites as members of the same church.

Now, if my Abolitionist had been there that summer's day I really believe he would have then and there been converted on some points, and this true chronicle need never have been written. But no, come to think over the matter a moment, we really do not think he would have been. He would have kicked up the devil and raised Cain and howled there was no religion in it at all because a distinction had been made between black and white in giving the whites precedence.

But do not despair. When uncompromising theory-smashing Brother Experience, assisted ably by Brother Contact, shall have preached to him and his satellites for thirty-odd years after this sermon of Bishop Pierce, we believe many of his doctrines on social equality and miscegenation will topple and fall. Yea, more. There will creep in harassing doubts on the hastily adopted tenets on elective franchise, and the passionately eloquent harangues of the past in the latter day experience will read like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Perhaps some will lose faith even in the fictitious inhuman devils who were represented as paying out lots of money for valuable slave property, with the diabolical

purpose of starving, beating, working, bruising and wounding the same even unto death, or at least utter incapacity for labor.

We haven't got the Jeremiades about the freedom of the negro. If one dash of the pen could re-enslave them there is not an ex-slave holder now living in the South who would make the stroke. As the incidents of subsequent chapters unfold, the reader will catch the true meaning and spirit of the times. The most fatal errors, whether of misplaced zeal or unworthy partizanship or of sectional hate, were made after the emancipation, regarding the negro's position as a citizen.

There were no organized slave churches or congregations with negro pastors in this part of the country in those days.

At the close of this Sunday morning service masters and slaves joined voices in the grand doxology that originated at the dedication of King Solomon's Temple.

Several of the white ministers preached that afternoon to negro congregations on the plantations. Some of the larger planters had churches built on their places for such services.

A certain brother H—— was noted as conscientiously zealous in this work of the Lord in preaching to the negroes. It was a matter of business with him to expound to them the Word of God and the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, and he saw to it that his flock should not only attend but should listen to him as well. The slaves gladly went to his meetings.

On one occasion a big, fat darkey, named

Smoky Joe, just about a full grown man then, was sitting on the front bench and nodded dangerously. In the midst of the sermon Smoky Joe went to sleep and fell off the seat to the floor. It startled the sleepy-headed congregation just as the falling of a child off the bed in the dead of the night startles the sleeping mother.

Smoky Joe picked himself up, sat up on the bench again, and was afflicted by a shamed, sheepy, dry grin. The large congregation sniffled and sniggered in suppressed emotion.

Brother H—— stopped short in the midst of a resounding period and looked threateningly at Joe for a full minute, just as the old-fashioned school-teacher would look at a boy who had been swapping marbles on the sly during school hours, while the teacher was hearing a class, and accidentally let a pocketful fall rattling and rolling all over the school house floor.

As the boy thought the last marble would never quit rolling, so the unlucky Joe thought the preacher's sermon would never start again.

"Smoky Joe, stand up!"

Joe slouched up and stood gangling and solemnly smirking.

"Go out to my buggy, sir, at once, and bring me my buggy whip."

"Yasser." And Joe went with alacrity and came back with the whip, handed it up to the preacher and stood waiting.

"Now, sir, the next rascal that nods or goes to sleep while I am preaching will get one hundred lashes with this whip right here and now. When

I come to preach to you, you have all got to listen !
Take your seat, sir, and sit up straight !”

Brother H—— then set the buggy whip up by him in the pulpit, and deliberately proceeded to finish the sermon at length.

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIS AND CUPID.

As the congregation dispersed from the church and drove homeward, a tall and fine athlete negro, some twenty-odd years of age, was observed mounting a horse among the last to leave. He seemed purposely to linger so as to get away by himself. It is no other than our friend Willis, the man with a hoe.

One of the young white gentlemen, who was also belated because of a lingering devotion to our own fair Lorna, as he waited on her to the Carswell carriage, seeing Willis, and thinking his movements and manner somewhat suspicious, rode briskly up to him and asked, "What is your name, boy?"

"Dey call me Willis, sar, ceppen when dey goferme en' fotch me," pulling off his hat in humble politeness.

"Who do you belong to?"

"Ter Mars Kurnul Carsul, sar!" pompously.

"O, well yes, indeed, you do, do you? Where are you going?"

"Deed, sar, young marser, I dunno 'zactly

whay I'se g'wine," grinning in good humor from ear to ear.

"Don't know? That's queer, Willis! Have you a pass?"

"O, yassar, I allus gits one on 'em."

"Let me see it," peremptorily.

Willis joyously grinned as he carefully took a slip of paper from the inside lining of his hat, and readily handed it to the young man.

"Miss Lorny writ it for me," great love and respect for his young mistress in the very tones of his voice.

The young gentleman read with slightly flushed interest the following, in a neat, girlish writing:

"Rural Shades, Saturday, July —, 1859.

"Pass the bearer, Willis, on horseback, Sunday to the Birt plantation, via Smyrna Church.

"EDWARD CARSWELL (per L.)."

"Ha, ha! haw, he haw! Young marser! De patterrollers kaint tech dis nigger, kin dey?"

"No, Willis, my good fellow, it's all right. Here's a half-dollar for you."

"Tankee, masser; tankee, sar."

"But, say, why don't you know precisely where you are going?"

"Jess bekaze en' bercause en' causin' kaze I dunno," smiling sheepishly.

"Well, I guess you are on a courting expedition, Willis," handing back the pass and galloping off.

"Fer gorrimity, sakes er live! Wonner huccum dat young buckra kno' dat? Speckums in lub, too,

kaze why, huccumme gimme dishere haffy dolly, ceppen 'twuz Miss Lorny's writin' saffen he feel-in's? I'se sho' g'wine ter git Miss Lorny ter writ all mer pass atter dis. O-oomph! Dat quile sho' wucks merryculs!"

To understand what Willis meant by "dat quile," we must return to the Saturday morning previous.

Before Colonel Carswell left the country home for the town office, Willis hesitatingly approached him and said, "Marster, kin I see yer?"

"Yes, Willis, here I am. Come, speak out. What is it?"

Solemnly and sadly Willis began:

"Mars Eddard, dars er kurous hant quiled (coiled) rustless like all de time 'roun' mer in-nards rite dar," striking his heavy hand over the region of his heart. "Sometimes de quile whirry jess like Mars Julius flutter wheel on de branch when the dam broke. Den ergin it ar jublous like Miss Lorny er-playin' sweet like on de pianny, enner I feel like hoein' ten akers o' cotton in er day, singin' corn songs de while. Anudder time de hant quile en' tighten hard en' drag me 'way down de low groun's ersorrer like er big lump choke, enner don't keer eben nuttin' 'bout g'wine 'possum huntin' when 'simmons is ripe. Tell yer, Mars Eddard, sumpun g'wine happen, or dis nigger tricked, sho'." And Willis looked mournfully about.

"Where did you go last Sunday, Willis?"

"Yer knows, marser, hit wuz ter see dat lubly Cindy gal whut 'longs ter de Bonners."

"And where did you go the Sunday before?"

"He, he! ha, ha! he-arr! Masser, dat Sunday I wuz sparkin' dat sumptous gal over ter Doctor Birt's place, named Loo."

"Now look here, Willis, you are in love."

"De Lawd save us, Mars Eddard, you reckon dat's whut's de matter?"

"Yes, and you are violating my known wishes in that you go courting away from my own plantation. There are plenty of good girls right here at home who would make you an excellent wife. This marrying a wife belonging to other people gives two chances to one of a future separation of husband and wife and children. Men die, estates have to be settled, divisions of property made, and there are some masters who may disregard family ties among slaves. You know if you marry here at home this would never happen if any living member of my family could possibly prevent it. Your mistress was one of the heirs of a large slave estate, and when division of property was made all the heirs agreed that no negro families should be separated against the will of any one of them. I seriously object to your getting a wife away from my own plantation."

"But, marser, what erbout de quile? Hit stay right dar enner kaint hep it, ceppen I marry dat Cindy or dat Loo. Swar ter Gawd! dat hant quile is curous."

"What did the Bonner girl say?"

"Her let on dat her marser done give her ter he darter, Miss Lizzie, who she berry much 'tached, en' she ain't g'wine leab her Miss Lizzie nohow. Fudder'n dat, her say yer couldn' buy her, not eben fer two thousan' dollar, kaze Miss

Lizzie she say so. Sides, rudder'n leab de place her 'lowd dat she'd marry dat blunderhed yaller Jake nigger what 'longs to de Bonners. I sho' hates dat Jake nigger!"

"Well, and what did the Birt girl say?"

"She 'lowd de Birt 'state would soon hatter be wided, en' speckum all be sole dis fall, 'scusin' de arrs didn't complemize on er wizion. En' her dunno whar's she be, but wharebber it wuz she would 'member me ez her own troo lub. O, marser, dat quile is er chokin' mer goozle ergin! I lub mer Loo!"

"Here, Willis, stop and listen to me. How if I should build a new cabin for you under that big sweetgum tree down at the end of the spring, and manage to purchase the sumptuous Loo for your bride, and have her preside over your hoe cake and rasher and baked 'possums with sweet potatoes the balance of your life—how about that 'quile' in your heart now?"

"De good Lawd ferreber bless yer, Mars Ed-dard, fer dat! Mars Julius dam done broke ergin, Miss Lorny's playin' hebbenly music, en' I'se hoe-in' ten akers o' cotton er day, er singin' en' er shoutin'. Marser, kin I git dat horse termorry en' go tell Loo?"

"Can't say now, Willis, you have to carry a heavy sack of corn meal and flour away over the hills to old Aunt Jemima this afternoon. Uncle Jimmy is old and has no negroes to work crops for him. Your mistress was over there to see them yesterday and left some other supplies. If the horse is not too tired when you return we will see about it. You can now go."

Late that afternoon when the master returned home Willis eagerly reported:

"Marser, dat horse ain't tired a bit, kaze he didn't hatter tote dat sack narry step on de way."

"What! Didn't you carry that heavy sack to Aunt Jemima as I ordered you to?"

"O, yasser, tubbesho, but he nebber tote it. I tote dat sack all de way merself."

"Yes, but didn't you ride the horse?"

"Ya-yasser, I rid 'im, en' ebry step uv de way dat sack wuz on top my shoulders, en' enner, so I tote de sack, en' de horse he only tote me."

Willis became anxious and very much puzzled as his master silently gazed at him intently. He turned his hat round and round in his hands, then thoughtfully scratched his kinky head and looked first at the ground and then at his master in turns. Something in the twinkle of the master's steady gaze solved the problem, and he realized the situation suddenly and all of a heap—something like the absent-minded man, who rode four miles to town and walked back within half-mile of home before he remembered his horse.

You could have heard his laugh amid the thunderous roar of Bull Run or Gettysburg.

"Ha, ha-r-r-r! he-ar-r y-a-rr! Whoop! Des looken dat! Swar ter Gawd, marser! O-oomph, ain't dis nigger big fool—whole pack er fools! Well! Sho' nuff, de critter tote de sack, too!"

And he roared again, bending and swaying. "En' all de whiles I wuz thinkin' er nuttin' 'cep Loo and dat new cabin enner blasted big sweet-gum tree. We-ll, sar! Beats de debble, sho!"

He got the horse and the pass written by Miss Lorny, on condition he go first to hear Bishop Pierce preach, and afterward to see his "sumptous" Loo.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR ABOLITIONIST APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

THEODORE SELKIRK was one of the sons of a New York State farmer. At the age of eighteen, by hard savings, he managed to go to Elmira, N. Y., to study law. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. With hardly enough money to pay a month's board, after railroad and stage fares, he landed, or rather settled, in a remote Western village and bravely opened a law office. The country then was newly settled by a scattering but hardy class of rugged spirits. Everything was rough and hard compared with the home left in the East, but young Selkirk, backed by a good education from both literary and law schools, as well as a grim determination to stick to the one thing, his chosen profession of the law, burned his ships behind him and went to work.

Believing that knowledge is power, ambitious, and possessed of a dogged perseverance in any cause when once undertaken, by the closest economy he managed to keep soul and body together the first two years. A weaker mind than his would have given up the ill-chosen profession,

apparently, for the locality, and entered other avenues more immediately lucrative.

Selkirk did not make this mistake. Naturally frank, polite, quick in discernment, he made warm friends in the rough village. Law cases were few and far between, and his wants went far over and beyond his income; but he persistently shaved down necessities to fit his purse, lived hard, studied hard, but always clung desperately and solely to his self-elected calling in life, the law.

That such characteristics are unfailing elements of success, his fortune and fame in after years proved.

One summer's day, in 1859, he was sitting in his humble shanty office, keeping up his courage by studying the histories of men who had achieved honors and fortune and fame from as poor beginnings as his own present circumstances.

A man of middle age, somewhat seedy and careworn in appearance, walked in and introduced himself as Clayton and as a would-be client. He explained to Selkirk that he was one of the heirs to a large body of real estate away South in the State of Georgia; that said lands had become valuable—worth many thousands of dollars—and that the entire estate was now being illegally held by one branch of the family; and he wanted the young lawyer to undertake the recovery of a just portion by legal process.

Clayton had wandered West in mining interests, had failed, and had no money to pay even a retainer or any legal fees or costs, but would agree that if Selkirk recovered his portion he would give over to him one-half. From Clayton's ac-

count in full detail of the matter and the papers he produced relative thereto, it appeared a strong case in his favor to the young lawyer. But he frankly explained to Clayton his circumstances, and that he could not even pay his way South to investigate the matter, much less could he undertake other heavy costs that would accrue in instituting and maintaining legal process.

Here the matter seemed to end. But some weeks later Clayton called again with a little money to help pay railroad and stage fares. The result was that Selkirk agreed to go to Georgia and investigate the claim. By close scraping he managed to get enough money, added to what Clayton furnished, to cover the estimated expense of the trip.

The ambitious young lawyer was a strong abolitionist, from a conscientious, honest, Christian point of view. With thousands of others, he had read the stirring political pamphlet on the fugitive slave law, published in 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and believed it all, both the pitiable facts and the highly misrepresenting and overdrawn fictions. The Clayton lands were in the same county where Colonel Carswell lived. After a thorough investigation of the matter, the case appeared altogether different from Clayton's belief and statements, and Selkirk gave it up as not worth a legal fight.

The hard journey, worry, vexation and disappointment ended in sickness, by which he was detained for more than ten days. When able to be up again, to his utter consternation and misery, after paying hotel and doctor bills, he had hardly

a dollar left. Unknown, a stranger among strangers, no money, and a thousand miles from home. Feeling much depressed in mind and body, he aimlessly walked the streets of the Southern town. Everything and everybody appeared prosperous and happy, except himself. He envied the strong negro servants and wagon drivers their careless joking and laughing condition. Incidentally observing a law office sign, a kind of intuitive professional feeling caused him to ascend the street stairway and knock at the door, with no special aim or purpose in view.

A business-like but cheerful voice answered, "Come in," and Selkirk found himself in a well appointed elegantly furnished office, face to face with its clever and brightly intelligent owner.

Colonel Carswell had risen and stood with polite inquiry in his clear eyes regarding Selkirk. Every appointment about Carswell, dress, bearing and all, indicated clearly to Selkirk the well educated, refined and polished business gentleman.

He managed to introduce himself, was seated and hesitated what to say.

How could he, a perfect stranger, ask or expect help, or even sympathy, from this evidently prominent business man of affairs and of wealth? And then how exceedingly embarrassing the situation. Would his story be believed in even?

All this flashed through his perturbed mind much quicker than it could have been spoken.

At this moment our pompous Hansom appeared at the door, hat in hand, and said, "Marster, ker-ridge ready, sar."

Selkirk, glad of excuse, said something about

calling and attempted to retire, but Carswell ordered Hansom to return to his carriage and wait; then turning to his visitor, said:

"Well, my young gentleman, there is something you wish to say. I am entirely at your service. Now tell me squarely and frankly what it is and why you are here."

As Carswell spoke he advanced, and taking Selkirk's hand, warmly grasped it. The genial tone and manner, as well as the handsome appearance and kindly eye and warm hand-grasp, captivated the visitor. He looked his host squarely in the eyes and frankly explained his present condition from beginning to end, hiding nothing. The keen, honest eye of Colonel Carswell seemed to be reading him through and through as he attentively listened. He could keep back nothing—not even the fact that he was in principles an abolitionist. Somehow he was drawn to lay bare the whole history of his life.

"Why not write your father to send you money?"

"My father is poor and hard-working. He gave me all, and more, too, than he was able, to complete my college and law studies. Rather than apply to him and distress my mother, as much as they have sacrificed in the past for me, I would hire out as a day laborer." Tears were in Selkirk's voice, but he managed to control himself.

Colonel Carswell noted how the grateful memory of father and mother affected the young man. He already felt that Selkirk was worthy of his confidence and esteem, but he wished to draw him out a little more still.

"You mentioned the leading and only merchant of your small Western village. Would not he loan you the money now so necessary?"

"No, sir, candidly, he would not—even to his own kith and kin. He is squarely honest and reliable, and has the means, too, yet he is peculiarly close and miserly about parting with a dollar of his money, even temporarily. He knows me well, of course, and has often trusted me to look after and collect money for him. But I know well enough it would simply prove a waste of time to write him and wait his reply."

The young man again looked downcast. Then, rising, he continued: "There is no one at my old home or at my Western village that I would apply to. I know I am an utter stranger to you, sir, and it would be presumptive to expect from you unconditional trust and confidence, with no recommendation save my own bare word. Here, sir, is my gold watch and chain, worth at least seventy-five dollars. Take it as security and let me have fifty dollars, and when I get back home I will economize and redeem it as soon as practicable."

The older man looked intently in secret admiration at the flushed face of the younger, who in turn met his gaze squarely in the eyes. Then, without taking the watch or saying a word, the elder lawyer opened a safe in the office, took therefrom a roll of bills, and quietly handed the same to the young lawyer.

Selkirk glanced through it with dimmed eyes as he saw it was one hundred dollars.

"No, no; I can manage to get home on half

this. Take back fifty dollars and keep the watch and chain."

"Keep the whole amount, my young friend, and put the watch back in your pocket."

"But suppose something should happen to me far away and you fail to receive back your more than kind loan? It may prove several months before I can save up even fifty dollars and return it to you."

"Allow me to say, my boy, that your honest face is all the security I shall or will accept, and that you must take the entire amount."

This was said so firmly, yet so kindly and welling up in tender sympathy, that the young man saw that any further offers or protests on his part would wound a noble heart. So he did as he was bid to do, and then, warmly grasping the hand of the new made friend in deed, he attempted to speak a goodbye, but his heart was too full for utterance. He returned to the hotel, mentally recording a vow that if ever in his life, under any circumstances, he could in turn do Colonel Carswell a good deed, he would do so, God being his helper!

And so in 1859 the slave holder and abolitionist parted—the South and the North—to meet again some day after the events of Appomattox.

CHAPTER IX.

THEN AND NOW—YANKEE ABOLITIONIST SOUTH
AFTER THE WAR.

WHEN the Carswell carriage that Sunday morning disappeared round a curve of the red clay road with the last gleam of the fortunate Amy's white apron as she sat proudly on the servant's seat behind and outside, we left the house servants at the gateway and on the doorsteps of "Rural Shades."

The picture is thronged with moving forms as though the dead past in a dream marched in review by the living present. Our faithful friends, though slaves, old Marma, Merric, Andrew, Dennis, Ben, Raymond, Sukey, Emma, Lila and Jane, are left with utmost confidence and trust in entire charge of the home of their beloved master and mistress, with whatever of stores, valuables, jewelry, souvenirs, ornaments, trinkets, or wares of silver and gold it may contain. Never did one of them betray the trust reposed. Good and faithful servants of yore! No one of you will ever be forgotten. And no voice of self reproach jars a single memory of those days connected with you.

That the reader may fully enter into the spirit of the times, we will have to give some of the unpleasant history of the day. Spasmodic, hysterical

abolition writers gloated and reveled in fanatic zeal, real or pretended, in portraying the negro slave in the South as utterly unprotected and having no rights under the laws of the land—as devoid of rights in every respect as a bale of merchandise; and that there were ten chances of his finding an abusive and tyrannical master to one of his finding a considerate and kind one; that negro girls had no hope or protection, but were forced to a life of shame at the will of their masters; masters are described as killing slaves in garrets, openly beating others to death, and even burning slaves at the stake at will. These same hysterics, in order to further fire the Northern heart and obtain the co-operation of Northern ministers of the gospel, portray negro slaves, some young, some old, as never having heard or known of a Bible or of God or of Jesus Christ. A plantation of slaves is represented as being forced to do the regular field labor on the Sabbath, like any other day of the week, and no law to help. Mayhem and branding in the hand of slaves is mentioned as if common practice at the will of the master. So deep and far and wide was truth distorted under the privileges and guise of fiction in order to carry out political aims and purposes, that a Southern white woman, the mistress of slaves, is represented as forbidding or preventing her black servant, the mother of a little babe in arms, from giving nourishment or food to the child, and forcibly separating the black mother from the black child in the same house, until the child actually dies alone in a garret, sick and starved to death.

These are only a few samples of the character of the abolition literature, stump speeches and pulpit orations of those days, prior and up to the beginning of this true story. If such writers and speakers and preachers did not afterward repent in dust and ashes for committing such wholesale and retail libels upon Southern life and character, may God have mercy upon their souls! The blood of the pitiless dead of Antietam, Malvern Hill, Richmond and Murfreesborough cries out against them from the ground.

Even our intelligent Theodore Selkirk, never having lived in a slave State, believed most, if not all, of these libels. The glimpse he caught of Southern life and character, both slaves and masters, in his memorable trip to Georgia, and his contact and experience with the noble and generous Carswell, were altogether unexpected revelations.

The insatiable morbid cravings of certain classes for viewing human suffering, whether real or imaginary, and the greed for gain on the part of enterprising caterers pandering to such known human frailty, still keep paraded on the stage before crowded houses in certain States the aforesaid libels. Still inculcating in the minds and hearts of the youth of the country, born since the great Civil War, the spirit and seeds of sectional misunderstanding, hate and prejudice. The impossible Legree is still beating Uncle Tom to death; the escaped mulatto convict of the branded hand is still unfolding with heaving breast his grandioso, furioso fictitious tale of woe. The generous, emotional Southern mind for some years after the

war was fretted and exasperated by the persistent slanders of demagogues; but long since, seeing that indignant protests and assertions of the truth availed nothing, we became callous to such opinions and silently indifferent. It is worthy of note that some colleges North are now expunging from their libraries some of the most noted ante-bellum abolition works.

These abolition writers and speakers, prior to 1859 were, as a rule, about as ignorant of the true state of affairs in the South as a good Yankee friend of mine was, back about 1880, when he first arrived at Starke, Florida. He had never been South. I judged by his correspondence before coming that he labored under the impression that even his life would not be safe away down in Florida, in case any of the old ex-slave owners were still living here.

He was a man of soul, and he came, he saw—I conquered!

But O risibilis-ridere-risum! when we rode out that first morning to view the town and land and orange groves!

Before starting he was persuaded to lay aside his arsenal. Talk about the energetic inquisitiveness of a down-Easter! We had not gone half a block before he startled me by snatching the reins and excitedly crying: "Stop! stop! What, O my prophetic soul, what is that I see yonder?"

"Why, that's nothing but a newspaper sign; The Bradford County Telegraph is printed there."

"What! A newspaper published away down *South*? You don't say so! Well, well, well! I never dreamed of such a thing. Hallup just a mo-

ment; let me make a note of it. I will surely write my family and friends North this fact by the very next mail. The South is improving amazingly since we freed the poor, abused, down-trodden colored population from brutal slavery."

It must be confessed a sucker was expected, from the prior correspondence, but not quite so soft a thing as this! I gazed at him, lost for one forgetful moment in stupid astonishment. But the next moment, remembering the strictest sect abolition school in which he had been *drug* up, I recovered; and, swallowing a risibilistic spasm, drove on—resigned, submissive, meek to any fate.

It happened we next came opposite the town school just as the bell rang and a hundred or more pupils of all degrees and sizes, but all *white*, were entering the building.

"Hold a minute! Stop! What does all that mean? What are they going to do there?"

"That is our town school," with solemn composure.

"School! School, did you say? You mean to tell me the native crackers away down here have such a thing as a school! And are they really beginning to learn to read and write and spell? Well, this tops anything! I must make a note and write to hum about it. How surprised they will be to learn that there are actually newspapers and schools away down here where the ignorant, diabolical slave-owners used to live! But hold on! Where are the poor dear negro children? I do not see a single one among all those children. What a disgraceful sin and shame it is that the old Southern prejudice is allowed to keep the black

child, simply on account of color, out of their white schools! Why, up North, as a matter of course, they all go together in the same schools. Will the South *never* learn humanity, and the social as well as political rights of the colored brother?"

I could have shown him negro schools, and could have told him the vast sums of money the Southern States had taxed themselves, and were still taxing our white people, to give schools to the non-taxpaying negroes; but I was silent. He made me utterly tired. I was on the point of turning back, putting up the team, and shipping him to some other parts more congenial to his ideas and tastes; but my curiosity was excited, and we drove on. Being an æsthetician, I longed to get him out in the country where other things were green.

As we were passing a dwelling, unfortunately, some giddy, thoughtless girl was skilfully playing some beautiful airy-fairy waltz on a rich, mellow-toned piano. That soft downy-pillow zephyr floated the billowy polu-phlois-boio-thallassas rhythmic cadences along and his ear caught the dreamful melody on the fly. He wildly snatched the lines, stopped short the swiftly-speeding steed, gazed one tense moment speechless, threw his eyes to the canops of hevving, and—fainted.

The evidence had proven too rapidly cumulative. His life time beliefs were toppling and crashing and falling and smashing so recklessly, that he was broken, wrenched asunder and overwhelmed. All this caused by thirty minutes' view

of Southern life and Southern institutions—a newspaper, a school, a piano!

Tenderly holding him in my arms, a very flat flask of Florida aqua vitæ was drawn from my inside coat pocket. It had been filled from one of the many fountains of perpetual youth left by old Ponce de Leon scattered round in Florida. Holding his nose till he opened his mouth, I drenched him good and well.

He electrically recovered—looked exactly thirty years younger—and, now resigned to conviction, said in whispering, exhausted dramatic accents:

“Tell me, oh tell me! Did I really and truly hear a piano? Such a thing as a piano away down here among these wild, rough barbarians;—hardly possible to believe my own senses.”

He looked dejected and disappointed, but, suddenly brightening, said:

“Oh, ah, er-yes! I now see how it is! That house where we hear the piano must be one of my abolition people from the North you wrote of as having settled here. Of course, that explains it. Look at those lovely roses and trellised wild flower vines! Every appearance of that place indicates that people of taste and the higher education live there. Say, do any of the native Southern people here really have such things as books and pictures, periodicals, libraries, decent furniture and so forth in their houses?”

He was not enlightened. I did not answer. Ephraim is joined to his idol. Let him alone.

His thoughts now were evidently of the said impossible Legree and his two fictitious diabolical negro foremen. He had become a study for me.

We drove on again. I tried my best now to get him out of town without striking up against anything else that might indicate civilization, but the first thing we struck was an old church, and it came near knocking him out of the buggy.

"Will wonders never cease? That is surely a church built years and years ago. People down here actually built churches and worshipped God. Say, I must get out and look at it."

Meekly resigned to any kind of a spasm, I went with him into the church.

"Well, that looks funny! What is that back upper gallery for?"

He was told it was for the slaves in ante-bellum days.

"What! Slaves permitted to go to church! Now you are trying to jolly me. You are from the North yourself, and you don't know what you are talking about. My people would never believe even if I wrote them such a thing."

Things had come to the crisis. I promptly acknowledged that I was Southern-born—my cradle rocked by slaves.

"O-er, excuse me, sir; please attribute all I've said not to any intent to give offense, but to my ignorance, my raising. I thought all the while, you were, of course, from the North."

He bought the orange grove, specially reserved for him, and became a citizen among us, and a good one, too. Many a time since have he and I laughed in good fellowship over his former beliefs and ideas regarding Southern character and life.

On the negro or "race problem," so-called, he

rapidly turned so many psychological somersets, that it was a caution. It was funny to watch him skin the cat. He was not now working tooth and toe-nail for political majorities in the Congress of the United States—specially in the Senate—in the matter of new States of the common territory coming in slave or free. He had retired from the Constitution-smashing business. He was not in politics—not even for any federal or presidential appointments. The first skimmins patch he planted he set the seed cane stalks out in rows like you would nursery stock. He is now still among us—an all-round good fellow—and we are glad to have him. Will trace his case further later on.

Now if the abolition writers and speakers really made thousands North believe what they wrote and spoke, this illustration of a Yankee coming to Florida is no hyperbole.

CHAPTER X.

SLAVE STATE LAWS—PROTECTION OF NEGROES, BOND
AND FREE—A PLANTATION DINNER.

Now, my truth-loving reader, don't get frightened and skip this chapter. The facts in it are interwoven with what has preceded and what will follow. Stick close with me and we will have a good dinner in the end, away back in 1859, with some real old-fashioned dough block beaten biscuit, cooked by Sukey and Merric.

A recent newspaper had an item of news, dated Evansville, Indiana, January 28th, 1901, as follows:

"Cities and towns along the Ohio river have begun a crusade against the negroes. The entire trouble dates back to the lynching of the negroes at Rockport and Boonville, for the murder of the white barber, Simmons, at Rockport, last month. The Board of Safety of this city has ordered the police to arrest all strange negroes and bring them before the Police Judge. If they cannot give any reason for being here, they will be sentenced to the rock pile. It is estimated that there are two thousand colored men in the city who absolutely refuse to work. They spend their time in the low saloons and dives of the city, and live the best way

they can. On election day they are in the market for the highest bidder. Other towns in Indiana along the river are taking steps to drive the worst element of negroes away. In some towns no negro is permitted to remain. Vigilance committees have been appointed at Grand View, Enterprise, Tell City and Leavenworth. Since the recent trouble at Newberry many of the colored people have left that town."

Now, if such conditions prevail and keep spreading throughout the North and West, as the press of to-day clearly indicates, the old ex-slave owners of the South and their descendants, whose sympathies have always been with the poor, deluded, misguided freedmen, will have to take steps and form societies for the better protection of negroes in the North. Just think of the negro-killing scenes in New York and Ohio the past year! Imagine what a state of affairs there would be if about all the negroes now in the Southern States should migrate and settle, or even attempt to settle, north of the old Mason and Dixon line!

The negro free, left to his own inclinations and devices, as a race, appears to be degenerating in morals, manners and industries in some sections. It was so in the Southern States so long as we were under carpetbag misrule and held there by negro votes. In Florida, as soon as this state of affairs was so reversed by help of the votes of Northern people who had become citizens and property-owners in the State, and the negro was practically eliminated as a potent factor in politics, his morals, manners and industry have improved.

The solution of the so-called race problem is for

our Northern white citizens of this American Union to simply acknowledge the glaring mistakes and blunders they have made and continue to make, regarding the political and social status of the negro race. They will eventually be compelled to eradicate all the poison and false notions instilled for years in the negro's mind by the evils of reconstruction, attempted social equality, and their mixed race schools.

They will be compelled to acknowledge the fact that color is not the only difference between white and black. That it is error to judge the entire black race by what a few exceptional individuals accomplish.

The negro is here to stay. He is a good and necessary laborer in his sphere. We want him and need him to perform his part in the development of the resources and industries of our section of the common country. Every sober, industrious, law-abiding and successful negro in the South—whatever his business or trade—that is decent and right, is respected by the Southern people.

Whenever the demagogue politician is forced to let the negro alone, and let us alone, the problem will solve itself, and all elements of society will seek and naturally find their proper and natural places. Actually, the negro race, under the protection and industrial system of slavery, was improving far more and faster than it has under freedom. The South, fully understanding the negro, has known all the while what was and is really best to do for the peace and happiness, not only of ourselves, but of the freedmen also. Whenever the North will recognize this fact, and will co-operate

with us, the country at large will have brighter hopes for the future of both races.

Had Lincoln lived and carried out his policy of reconstruction, or had Johnson's similar policy been permitted by a fanatic Congress mad with power, we never would have had any race problem. Why, my venerable abolitionist of the past, do you not know that it is a fact that the black man and the white man in the South to-day work more side by side in the fields, workshops, factories, mills, lumber and mining industries, cotton gins, fruit groves, and all departments of manual labor, than the negro is permitted to do in the North? Yet there is not among us any such thing as social equality of the races that you preach and pretend to practice. The negro of to-day, because we do not invite or permit such social equality, really has more respect for us than he has for you. Learn these things as true, quit your arrogant foolishness, and be good. Then we can play marbles amicably in the same yard. There is really to-day less race prejudice in the South than in the North. Your social equality teachings, coupled with your mixed race schools, have been the prime causes of a large per cent. of the lynchings of negroes North and South. In slavery days and during the four years of war we nor you were obliged to lynch negroes. Such crimes were not then committed.

But we started out in this chapter to give our Indiana friends some points in their difficulties with the negroes among them. Their Board of Safety and Vigilance Committees remind us of what we of the South were compelled to do in the

way of Ku-Klux Klans and Vigilance Committees during reconstruction and carpetbag days. About the best way that presents itself is to offer an epitome of our laws in slave States from 1823 to 1859, for the protection and government of negroes, whatever the abolitionist of those days said to the contrary notwithstanding. So here goes:

There were necessarily patrol laws for the surveillance of slaves found under suspicious circumstances away from their masters' premises without a pass. The patrol was selected by the Justice of the Peace of each Justice District, and served under a discreet and prudent commander. It was called out when deemed expedient, and regular returns and reports of its actions made to the designated and proper legal authorities. Any abuse of an innocent slave was punished. The police duty of the patrol was to protect both black and white.

Patrolling was a military service paid for by the county, and all its acts came under inquiries of grand juries. Law-breaking negroes were not punished in those days with anything like the severity of penalties now imposed on them by the courts and juries of every State in the Union for the same offenses. Then it was in nearly all cases, except murder or high crime, nothing but the whipping post. Now the same crimes make convicts of from one to twenty years and sometimes for life. The more the abolition agitators stirred up the spirit of arson, insurrection and murder among the blacks against their owners, all the more stringent were the Southern States forced to

make their patrol police laws. This was specially the case among the border slave States and all seaport towns.

Intermarrying of white with negro, mulatto or quadroon was forbidden under severe penalties. Any white who attempted to intermarry, or who lived in a state of adultery or fornication with any negro, mulatto or quadroon, or other colored female, was subject to heavy penalties and disqualified from exercising or holding any office of profit or trust or serving as juror or witness.

Any person or persons exciting or attempting to excite insurrection or revolt of slaves by writings, speaking or otherwise, he, she, or they so offending shall, on conviction thereof, suffer death. Stealing slaves or enticing them to run away was severely punished. Employing servant or slave in labor on the Sabbath day was punished by fine and otherwise for each and every such offense.

In the sale of estates for debt, all property, both personal and real, could be sold before the slave as personal could be sold, if owner so elected.

Slaves were so protected that in case of any wanton causeless assault made against them they were authorized by law to act in self-defense. Cruel or unusual treatment of a slave by owner, overseer, employer, or any person entitled to the service of the slave, was punished by law severely.

The branding of a slave in the hand, or maiming a slave, was not permitted, except when the slave was duly convicted of manslaughter or arson. And upon such conviction the punishment of so branding or burning in the hand was required to be done in open court, and nowhere else. So

we see that when a bad slave, after being so convicted and branded, escaped to Ohio or Canada, what a mighty tale of woe he would conjure up and pour into the ears of Abolition Societies, whose formation was to encourage and aid run-away slaves. And these would believe and proclaim as gospel truth every word of this escaped convict.

Keeping plantation or place in charge of slaves, with no white person there, was forbidden under penalty of law. When a slave was indicted for crime, and his master refused or failed to employ counsel in his defense, an attorney was appointed by the court to defend the accused slave. The law specified the charge of the court and form of oath for a negro witness in any trial.

The trial of a slave in the courts was under the same rules and regulations observed in the trial of white persons. There was a protection law in the interest of free negroes requiring those over twelve years of age to have a responsible guardian.

A law, also, whereby, under the guidance and protection of the courts, a free negro, when he so desired, could make choice of a responsible master.

There were cases where the free negro preferred to voluntarily become a slave, either for a term of years or for life. There was protection for them in slave States, and free States were open to them to go to at will; but some rather chose the abundance of the fleshpots of Egypt, and all their needs and wants supplied by a master, than to buffet the world for a living on their own free will and judgment.

So ends the law lecture.

We have strayed a long way from that old antebellum home and memory picture, and will have to hasten back to be in time for the dinner Merrie and *her* servants are preparing.

Mrs. Carswell had given her all the keys and told her that Bishop Pierce was expected at dinner, and possibly a dozen or so more laymen, Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Jemmy, and some of Shelton's and Lorna's school-mates.

Merric was supreme authority in her domain, the big kitchen. Just listen at her now:

"Here, you, Dennis! Andrew! Go fetch dem buckits o' water fum de spring 'fore I wears both on you out widder bresh broom! Emma, you en Lila en Anna dress dem two tuckeys and eight chickens while I put dis ham ter bile. Lemme see! Dere's steak ter brile, en wafers, waffles, aigs poached in butter, aigs hard, aigs saff, scramble, pickle aigs, cranberry pie, tater pie, punkin pie, rasberry dumplin', apple pie. De pound cake, raisin cake en sponge cake en lightbread wuz all bake yistiddy. Two chicken is brile, two fry, two smuvver, two chicken pie. Sukey! you tek dat flour en lard en milk, mix de dough and everlastin' beat it on the block. Whay wuzzer? Archerchoke pickles, cumber pickles, rind zerve, pear zerve, plum jelly. Gra' Marma, you look atter plenty sweet milk en cream en butter en fresh butter milk. Sot 'em in de spring to cool by dem milyuns. Muss keep plenty rasberry ter eat wid sugar en cream, too. Den der's butter-milk biscuits, pone bread, sweet taters, ash taters, okry, cabbage en slaw, sweet peas, mattices, snap beans, turnips, roasin-years, lettice wid bakin en

aigs and vinegar and cumpers, green peppers and garden sass en yarbs—sumpun else—Marster, oh yes, dem two ducks whut's got ready las' night; Marster likes um roas' en stuff wid chessnut. Here, Raymon, hull dem chessnuts, en if yer eats any I'll bus yo' haid widder shovel! Ben! you, Ben! Whay's dat raskul Ben? Mars Julius done spile dat nigger en got 'im mighty biggerty. Mos' think he white now. You Ben! Fotch a turn er oak bark to bake wid, dis minnit! Ben! Lord save me, whay's dat kinky-haid, good fer nuffin nigger gone?"

Ben heard but was hid behind the chimney corner, hoping Merric would call someone else. Marma had seen him, and quietly said, "Dat scamp is scroochin' round dat chimbly corner." Before Ben could realize fully what was happening, Merric had snatched up a brush broom, always handy for whipping or sweeping, rushed upon him, seizing him by the arm near the shoulder, unmercifully thrashed him till, as he danced and hollered, he seemed literally to smoke dust from all parts of his anatomy.

"Now, yer gwine do whutter told you? You black imp o' Satan! I'll tek dat biggerty outer'n yer lazy bones. Now go." And Ben hurriedly went for that turn of oak bark, howling and sniffing with pain.

I well remember on one occasion "Mars' Julius" was so bad in that same kitchen and exasperated patient old Marma so, that she took the brush broom and thrashed him. He struck back at her, and when his mother learned how it was she thrashed him again. Then he wished he had let Marma finish the job.

CHAPTER XI.

MUSIC OF THE DOUGH BLOCK.

You commenced the day industriously digging eel worm bait; went fishing on that same branch of water melon memory. You had Ben along, and your boy neighbor had his little ebony-faced Rastus.

After fishing, building a mud dam, making corn stalk water wheels and watching them turn; going in swimming, making bow and arrows and shooting tadpoles; climbing a tall dead tree with not a limb and robbing a woodpecker nest; going in swimming again, making corn stalk fiddles, running away over yonder and climbing that mulberry tree by the big gully; then daringly swinging on a long single grape vine out over the deep gully and back again, landing on the brink, resting awhile in luxurious abandonment under the great spread of shade of those mighty and grand old oaks nearby the gully; then going on the warpath away down along the muddy pools and seeing who could kill the most bullfrogs, regardless of the inevitable consequences of stumped toe nails; then sicking Ben and Rastus into a knock-down wool-pulling fight over a dispute

about the frogs; then arming with sticks, the two on each side a rail fence, you hunt that fence a long distance in the hot sun and murder green and striped and rusty lizards and blue-back, oily-looking scorpions; then away a long half mile or more to the peach orchard and apple trees—you get up a bet who can eat the most.

By this time the dinner horn blows, but you are too full already, so you go in swimming again. Then going to the blacksmith shop while no one is there, you take ax and hatchet and the cross-cut saw and go back to the branch hammock, laboriously cut down a black gum, and, sweating, puffing and blowing, you saw off wheels for a wagon, cut young hickory for axles and coupling and tongue, and go back to the shop and work like beavers till nearly sundown boring those wheels and making that wagon, and ruining every jack-plane in the shop, only stopping three times to run down that long hill to the branch and go in swimming. During one of these trips you desperately fought a wasp's nest, and only two of you got stung in the face, which swelled up like you had whole eggs in your mouths. During another of these swimming trips you crossed that old hillside May-pop place, and, dividing your forces, had a drawn battle, smashing the soft, mushy, ripe May-pops all over each other.

But the wagon was completed, and making horses out of Ben and Rastus, you rode by turns in triumph to the house. Your friend and his Rastus scurried on to their home, a mile up the big red road, and you for the first time realize how tired and hungry you are.

By this time Sukey is beating dough at the big kitchen on a high block just outside the door. Ben hunches down on the ground, and you sit on your wagon nearby and watch Sukey.

The quick regular strokes of the smooth hickory pestle in the hands of the strong, motherly-looking Sukey, with cheerful face and rounded arms, fascinate your hungry soul. She deftly turns the creamy white dough on the block without ceasing at all the rhythmic bump, vump, vamp, bimp, vamp, vump, bump, with occasional rat, tat, tat, tel, lel, lels, between the regular blows. And all accompanied by a melody of song that lulls and soothes and renders forgotten even that wasp sting and swollen cheek. You long to eat the very words, they sound so sweetly buttery and biscuity, and you draw a pitiful childish sigh at thought of waiting for the light creamy brown biscuits you know that dough-block music foretells.

Ben crouches nearer to you, and, when Sukey is not looking, eagerly whispers:

"Mars Julius, why doan yer *ax* her? She mos' froo terrectly."

You mournfully shake your head and sorrowfully gaze.

In your child mind, good Sukey beating dough personifies all the comforts in life. She becomes the most important person on the plantation. You gaze at her in longing, respectful admiration, mingled with hungering awe. Her voice melody, with that dough block accompaniment, surpasses, in your estimation, any music ever heard—even the sweetest of Sis Lorny's songs, that sometimes bring your heart up in your throat and

make you want to hide away and deliciously cry all by yourself.

As you wistfully gaze at Sukey beating dough, you dreamily forget marbles, tops, swings, kites, slings, birds' nests, bow and arrows, picture books, fishing, lizards, bull frogs, swimming, tadpoles, flutter mills, wasps, May-pops—even your new-made wagon, for just then Teln comes by and eagerly asks you to let her pull it, and, much to her astonishment, you let her take it and go rattling round the house, and without a word you sit on the ground by Ben and continue to dolefully watch Sukey.

She knows well enough what you want, but sings and vimp, vamp, vump, bump, and tel el lels right on, pretending to be unconscious of your very presence. She wants you to ask for it, and eyes you askant and smiles to herself as she merrily beats the dough.

"Hurrup, Mars Julius! I'se hongry ez pizen snaix."

You muster up indifferent courage, walk up close to her and begin:

"Sukey, please gi——"

"G'way fummere, boy! Doan' pester me!"

She says this so short and sharp and forbidding you almost jump back, and, with the tears welling up, resume the old dreamy, longing, forgetful pose. You feel hurt, and your child's face and quivering lips must have shown it, for Sukey soon says, brightly and soothingly:

"Cummere, honey boy! I'se got sumpun fer yer. Did you ax me fer a piece o' dough? Bless yer little heart, honey. Dere, teck dat now and g'way

whay yer gwine." And she hands you a good liberal piece of that dough.

When she first so abruptly rebuffed you, Ben had despondently lain down, face to the ground, as if hope and life had fled; but this happy turn in fortune electrified him, and you too, and you both hasten to a corner in the big kitchen fireplace, select a hot thin flat rock, blow off the ashes and dab on little thin pieces of the dough, and begin to eat together before the first lay-on is more than half done.

You are now on your very best behavior. Although you are the son of Merric's master, yet you know her power in that kitchen, and you are most respectful and careful not to get in her way or disarrange her fire. She sees it all, but pretends not, and indulgently lets you go ahead cooking dough on the hot rock.

Ben watches her in fear and trembling, the while he is eating the biggest part of the rock-baked biscuits. She sees Ben doing this, but neither says nor does a thing to interfere—simply bottles up her wrath.

When, however, she detects Ben hiding some pieces and, with his mouth full, asking for more at the same time, she pounces on him like a hawk on a chicken, trounces him up and thrashes him all the way out with that brush broom, saying not a word in explanation to Ben.

"Dere now, honey, cook en eat yer dough in peace like a good little boy. Dat rascal Ben so greedy he eat all the worl' up."

A few years back the writer was on a business trip to the capital of Florida—old-fashioned, red-

hilled, beautiful Tallahassee. It was late spring-time. Fragrance of blossoms and flowers—roses, roses, roses, yards full of roses, in most lavish and rare profusion. The sun sank low in the western horizon and dreamily disappeared over beyond the hills in a vast glow of roses. The long twilight gradually deepened and shadowed. The soil, the country, the scenery—all were so much like the ante-bellum childhood home among the red hills of Georgia.

A flood of memories, sweet and bitter waters mingled, swept along the backward tide of years. The past beckoned lovingly, caressingly, pathetically, to childhood again. White and black were calling with outstretched loving arms from a great shadowy distance, beyond and from across a turbid, raging river of blood. The living and the dead, both white and black, were faintly, huskily calling, "Come back! Come and be a child again as in the old days!"

To complete the imagery, just then was heard the plantation music of a dough block—negro woman, melody and all—and once again we were asking Sukey for a piece of dough.

CHAPTER XII.

HARD TRIALS—TRIBULATIONS.

MERRIC'S kitchen on Sundays was always visited by a half-dozen or more extra women and girls from the quarters. These volunteered their help and cheerfully obeyed her slightest wish. The extra fine dinner after the white family had eaten was one attraction for these volunteers, but they naturally loved to so get together to jest and talk. The unrestrained hilarity did not interfere with the business of preparing dinner. Work, jest, laugh and fun went hand in hand together.

In the midst of it all, Dennis rushed in with big eyes and excited face, stuttering and exclaiming:

"Jeff, he-he-he done it! I-I nebber tech 'em. Swar ter Gawd ef dat nigger ai' gwi' kotch it ergin! I seed 'im snakin' long twill 'e got dar, den 'e scrooch down en' teck 'e hat off dat kinky noggin en' put 'em in dat; den 'e run fer de barn ter hide, same ez skotch rairbitt, but 'e big foot kotch in Miss Teln swung, enne fall ker-bul-lub blam, er smashin' ebber one. En' when 'e seed me, he say, 'You tell, I gwine kill yer!' An' den e'-e'-e'——"

"Tuck *what*, you little yaller debble? Whut yer

blabbin' erbout all dis time?" was Merric's greeting, as a hush of surprise and pained astonishment fell upon all present, old and young.

"Yer all know dat ole speckle, judy-striped 'tucky hen what missus saunt Granny fer ter sot down dar back de ash hoppy in dat ole tater bank, an'-er-er——"

"Sukey, retch me dat bresh broom! I'll mek dat brat say whut's whut quicker'n shake uvver sheep's tail. Now, Mr. Gingy Bread——"

"Aigs! He tucken stole dem turriky aigs!" quickly cried the excited Dennis.

At this old Marma groaned in sorrow and bowed her head to her knees. This thief, Jeff, was one of her grandchildren. All her counsels and pleadings with the erring one in the past proved of no avail. Several times, by appealing to her master and mistress, she had saved Jeff from deserved punishment. Leniency did no good. Then the overseer's whipping for subsequent thefts availed nothing. Now Jeff had sinned again. At this time he was a great, big, overgrown boy—almost a man. Lazy, trifling, always behind in any work or task, a continual source of annoyance.

Marma's influence for good was great among old and young on the plantation, white and black. She was a sincerely good Christian woman, fully trusting in God and loving her mistress devotedly. Each child of the white family was dear to her and she dear to them. She had wept with her mistress in every grief and had rejoiced with her through every happiness for many years.

Nothing was too good for Marma. Her tasks

were light and easy in her old age, and only such as she wanted to do. The idea of the overseer's lash ever touching Marma, and also a large proportion of the good servants of the place, was foreign to the thoughts of all. The whipping post was for only such cases as Jeff.

When Dennis had told his bad news and then hid away as if scared, Sukey excitedly said:

"People, jess listen dat! De Lord hep. Whut fer he steal dem aigs beats me. He doan need 'em, he cai' sell 'em, he cai' do nutten widdem. Hit's jess rale ornery spite an' cussedness. De debble gwi' knotch dat nigger sho, en' sizzle en' brile 'im brimstone seben time het. Ain't I done tole yer all sumpen gwine hap', some sorry or death or patterrollin' count o' some fool nigger! A scrooch owell moan lass night in er tree close by de biggus, en' de dawg howl an' stretch on de groun' lack measure grave. A hen crowed en' nobody killed her. I dream lass week 'bout folks whut's daid, enner seed a jack-o'-lantern way over yander whay us buried po' Walter lass year."

As Sukey had proceeded she had changed from excitement to regular ghost-story, grave-yard tones and manner. All were silent and gloomy for several minutes, quietly continuing the cooking of dinner.

The negro character is very emotional. If it is joy, then a noise must be made in singing, dancing or hollering. If it is religion, noise of some kind, as shouting, clapping hands or vociferating an experience, must demonstrate it. Even sorrow, grief or superstition must find voice some way, generally in some moaning, wailing religious song.

Sukey was gifted in song, whether merry or sad, and now she struck the chord expressive of the present feelings by commencing in tremulous, wailing tones. All joined the chorus of "O, glory, hallylooyah"—

*"I wish I'd e'er died when I wuz young,
 O, glory, hallylooyah;
 I would not e'er had dis race fer to run,
 O, glory, hallylooyah.
 Tribulations!..Hard trials, tribulations.
 If you git dar befo' I do,
 O, glory, hallylooyah,
 You kin tell 'em I'se a-comin', too,
 O, glory, hallylooyah,
 My ole mistis said 'twuz best
 To live and die a Babitest,
 O, glory, hallylooyah,
 I met debble roun' er stump,
 Gin 'im er kick at ebery jump,
 Sister Mary! Hard trials,
 Tribulations, hard trials;
 Gwine ter git ter hebben bombye."*

When all started out with the song, each one vied with the other in making it inexpressibly sad. But very soon the melody began to rouse their drooping spirits. Before the dirge was half through there was such a volume of music, swaying of bodies, clapping of hands, and even dancing over the floor in time, that Jeff was forgotten, trials and tribulations were forgotten, and young and old, except Marma, wound up in peal after

peal of merry laughter. Ben brought the house down by piping out:

*"O dat water milyun, O dat water milyun;
Gwine ter git ter hebben bombye!"*

emphasizing his feelings by comic pantomime and winding up with a regular double-shuffle breakdown clog dance, in exact time and fit with the words.

Just as this roaring farce ended amid unbounded hilarity, carriages, buggies and horseback riders were seen coming from church. Merrie at once commanded silent and prompt attention.

"Ebry huff o' yer stop dat jawin' en' shut up yer moufs! Doan' stan' like a pack o' goose fools. Here, Dennis, hike to de spring en' git marser cole water rite outer de bile. Ress on yer teck dem cottin kyards, gwout dar hine de kitchen en' comb dem kinks on yer loon noggins. Teck long dat piggin o' water an' lye soap en' rinse yer black moon faces en' paws, den clap on clean apuns an' go sot dat dinner table inner jiffy. Sherr roun' mighty quick en' soople! Lord! ef dar ain't dat little huzzy Amy struttin' en' puttin' on arrs, same's ef t'ink hersel' white; singin' per slams lack er had 'ligion, kaze she been chutch wid mussus, enner bet her haid full o' nits rite now! Looker how she sidles long hellin up dat ambrill plikin' her wuzzer born rysticrat."

Merric saw with pride that a good crowd of visitors had come to enjoy her ample dinner. They were of both high and low degree in the social scale.

“Clarr ter Gawd, what missus brung dem ole tackey Unker Jimmy an’ Aunt Jemmy ter mux wid all dat squality, beats me! Gwi’ sot em rite down same table wid de bishup en’ all dem pooty gentlemen en’ leddies o’ Mars Shelton an’ Miss Lorny. An’ Miss Lorny, bress her heart, jess ez plite an’ sweet to dem ole white trash ez ter dat spruce broadcloth Mars George what Mars Shelton fetch ’long. Dat buckra been sparkin’ ’round here ’fore now. Cai’ fool dis nigger! He needen’ ’spec’ ter git our Miss Lorny ’ceppen he got lots o’ niggers ter wait on ’er. She so pooty en’ good dat she natu’lly born fer niggers to wait on en’ wuck fer her. En’ dey natu’lly lub ter do it, too.”

CHAPTER XIII.

YOUTH AND HOPE, LIFE AND LOVE.

JUST as Merric hurried from the door back into the kitchen, the yard and shady grove were brightened by a living, moving scene. Shelton and his schoolmate, George Woolridge, together with Lorna and her two friends, Lula Woolridge and Nina Howell, all pictures of youth and brightness, came across the yard in merry conversation to Marma's dairy, and made that old soul perfectly happy in supplying their polite pleadings for cool drinks of milk. Each one was richly though modestly dressed in the best mode of the day. Brimful of life and joy and hope, the young people drank mock-heroic toasts.

Shelton raised his glass, and, glancing at the sprightly blue-eyed Nina, said:

"Here's confusion worse confounded to Cæsar's bridge, Horace's head-splitting odes, Euclid's mazes and Homer's horrors; and perpetual summer vacations with Sis Lorna's lovely friends at Rural Shades."

Nina quickly followed, looking witheringly bewitching at Shelton:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard! You'll be unwept, unhonored, unsung. Here's deserved obliv-

ion to self-ease, and honors, and fame to the vigilant, the active, the brave."

"A-hem!" said George, in mock gravity. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, hear *me*!

*"The earth was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."*

Deliberately he drained his glass, all the while looking over its rim pathetically, imploringly ludicrous, at the now smiling Lorna.

Lula, gentle, lovable Lula, the pride of her class in elocution, now enthused to the occasion, raised a fair rounded arm and beautiful hand for silence, and, in a voice tender as a dream of fair women, yet clear as a golden bell, repeated:

"Let the storms of adversity gather around her! While man lies crushed and withered by the opening blast, woman is ever—

*"A beacon beaming from afar,
The weary wanderer's guiding star;
A balm to soothe the heart's unrest,
A rainbow on the storm cloud's crest;
A ray of light in sorrow's hour,
'Neath wint'ry skies a blooming flower;
An olive branch upon the wave
That bears us onward to the grave;
A priceless gem of worth untold,
Enshrined within the heart's deep fold."*

The fair speaker looked so lovingly at Lorna that the latter impulsively threw her arms around her and kissed her.

It was now Lorna's toast. She caught a devoted

look from the delighted old Marma, and said, with deep feeling in every word:

"Here's to our good, dear old Marma! My childhood's nurse, my ever loved and sympathetic friend—always faithful—always true."

This unexpected turn in the tide of exuberant spirits of the young people so overcame Marma that, forgetting all restraint, she gave a cry and clasped her young mistress in her arms, kissed her hands, her hair, her cheek, rocked her back and forth in her arms, sobbingly calling her her own darlin' honey chile.

And Lorna shed a tear as she in turn caressed the withered face, twined her young arms around the old slave's neck, and brokenly called her her dear old mammy.

Oh, Lorna dear! No one knew you but to love you. How could George Woolridge or any one else, help loving you!

A hushed, dewy-eyed sympathy fell upon the young living ideals of youth and love, life and hope, as they all then crossed the yard under the shade of the trees, and returned to the house for dinner.

George remained a little behind the others, thanking Marma for the drinks, and, under pretense of shaking hands with Lorna's old black mammy, he adroitly left a dollar in her hand. George was wise in his day and generation.

Marma, pleased with his gift and the sentiment and manner of its giving, watched his handsome form as he caught up with the others in time to devotedly conduct Lorna up the steps.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

As Marma rearranged the treasures of her dairy she talked to herself.

“Humph! Dat young Mass George peer lack berry nice genlum. He folks is berry scratic, too. Dey lib pompous en’ kin hole er candle long side de bess in de kentry. De Woollidges zide up in yether parts widder big plantation enner mighty fine biggus ter Atterlanty. Dey muss be scrumsius an’ some punkins, kaze marser and missus ’low Mars Shelton ’vite ’em here. An’ dat han’som buckra is sho newsen ter niggers en’ treat ’em ’mazin’ well. Good marster mek good husban’ an’ Miss Lorny——. Now listen dis ole black mammy fool! Dere’s scusin’ fer young fool, but ole fool *is* fool, tubbesho. Ma chile gwine free mo’ year ter collidge yit, en’ eben den she skacely be er grown ’oman. Dunno how many niggers de Woollidges owns, but I done tole de string dat dere’s white folks dat’s gemmen en’ leddies wheder dey owns niggers er not; en’ dem goose scorn de idee en’ say ole age mek me lose ma sense. Fuddermo’, dey say dey woulden ’long ter no white

man whut's so triflin' he ain't got narry nigger. Fo' dat dey druther eben be one dem onspecterbul free niggers.

"De good Lord sabe me fum dat sitterwation! Whutter gwi' do wuzzer free 'en hatter root hog-gerdie tryin' ter tote ma own skillet? Who gwine look atter en' keer fer ole Marma den? Hit wouldn't be 'specterbul. Den, ergin, ef all de free niggers is sich speslums as I'se seed, den mos' on 'em would be better orf ef de law mek dem as wo' wuck en' mek decent livin' own a mahster. I nebber knowed skacely any chillun o' free niggers grow up wuff anysing. 'Jority on 'em wo' wuck 'cep dey daddy an' mammy half killem. Dey's natu'lly no 'count, or udderways dey ain't got proper sense ter manage en' mek er good libbin'. Kaze dey free, mos' on 'em 'sume dey doan' hatter wuck. Dey gen'rally got ter be bossed one way or nudder, nohow yer kin fix it. Idle haid is debble wuck shop, en' de mo' idle niggers dere is, de mo' wuck shops de debble runnin'.

"Humph! Dat furrin pedler come froo lass year tole some mighty whoppin' tales. Sed 'e 'long ter Mass Chusit. Dat man Chusit better kep 'im home whay 'e 'long, stidder sauntin' 'em down here 'sturbin' peaceble, 'tented folks. Er notice he didn't jaw whay massa or any white folks wuz. Jeff wuz bad nuff ferninst he come larrovin' en' meddlin'. Jeff runaway en' wuz foun' way off wid dat furrin pedler. De patterollers whoop 'em both, an' I'd er like terseed dat sarpen squirm. I larn since he wuz 'tisin' Jeff to go sommers way 'cross er ribber ter de abolish. I know one fool nigger dat listen ter dere blatherin', and run away

'cross dat ribber. He nebber stay long, kaze de white folks dere run him outer der state, en' 'e wuz proud ter git back, teck his whippin' en go ter wuck ergin widder marster.

"Dat furriner wuz snaix tryin' ter pizen niggers. He 'low whay 'e come fum de *colored* leddies en' gemmen same en' jess good as de whites, an' weuns orter be dat way, too; dat *us* wuz good as Marsa en' Missus or Mars Shelton an Miss Lorny! Dat mek me mad, kaze I knowed it wuzzer lie. Atter dat I had no mo' 'pect furrin. En' when 'e call 'im Mister Jefferson! clare ter goodness, all on us laugh scornin' en' leff de cabin. Po, 'luded Jeff gwine fum bad ter wuss ebber sence. De Lord only knows what all pizen 'e stuff 'im wid."

Old Marma's body has long since turned to dust and her soul gone to God, but her race equality question still appears to worry some people, grapple some intellects and shorten some lives.

Some theoretic would be philosophers still insist that a square peg will fit a round hole.

Free negroes in Marma's days appeared objects of pity to the eyes of careless, well kept slaves.

The Abolition Society agent in guise of peddler attempting to excite discontent, false ideas, insurrection, incendiarism and murder in the minds of slaves, was abhorrent to Marma's class.

The negro to-day is more in need of industrial and moral training than of ballots and classics and untenable ideas of social equality.

Because a few of the race of mixed blood achieve eminence in church and State, the latter day civil and social race-equality-irrepressible-conflictors lose sight of the condition of the masses.

This clamor may be individual notoriety seeking more than genuine love or sympathy.

The real condition of the negro race in the South to-day regardless of all this polemic display?

He is everywhere evident on and in railroad trains, hotels, farms, shops, mills, factories, or employed as barber, hackman, miner, teacher of colored schools, and is an important factor in nearly every industry of the country. In many cases promoter and owner of his business. In none of these is he molested or made afraid.

In every community, if industrious, a competency for himself and family is certain.

He is largely evident also in criminal courts, jails and convict camps. He figures in the press often as victim of lynch-law for nameless crimes.

A large per cent. is floating class of laborers and loafers. Some with alias for nearly every change of locality. This class own no taxable property, nor do they care to own any. Their legend is "let us eat and drink to-day for to-morrow we die"—*vivere dum vivimus*. They care nothing for the ballot unless it be to sell a vote to highest bidder.

All classes, the industrious and civil as well as the idle and criminal, retain much of the *sans-souci* hilarity of the ante-bellum slave. In social relations among themselves very little in life is held sacred.

Gather a number as laborers at fair wages and they do excellent work in good humor. They are not prone to strikes. If one be detected with several aliases on as many pay rolls for same day's

labor, he only laughs as though it was but a slick joke.

Give one a pension and he won't work until the quarterly payment is blown in.

You have a press of work and go out to-day and engage fifty to come and work to-morrow. Each one will smilingly promise to come without fail. If ten come you are lucky.

Yet we manage, white and black, to get on quite nicely, thank you, and in general good humor. We are surprised that somebody somewhere is everlastingly discovering that we are entitled to a very serious and grave race problem.

We and our colored citizens who labor are prosperous and happy. The clamor of the non-resident political salvation army preaching civil and social equality of black and white in the South does not disturb our serenity.

CHAPTER XV.

A PLANTATION CORN-SHUCKING.

THE summer days at Rural Shades passed smoothly and happily on. There was one incident while Shelton and his friend George Woolridge were there that indicated a strong trait of the Southern slave owner.

Shelton had sent Raymon on his horse to the town after mail. When he should have returned an hour or two passed, and yet Raymon was missing. Finally the horse came back riderless. Uneasy about some accident to the boy, Shelton and George mounted horses and galloped off to investigate. They had gone hardly two miles when they met Raymon walking back, his face bruised and his clothes torn. He said that two strange white men had stopped him in the road, pretending to be patrols, and had pulled him off the horse and cuffed him because he could give no pass, although he showed them the Carswell mail he was carrying home.

No greater insult could be given the slave owner than for any one to ill treat his slave without just cause.

Indignant and burning with an eager desire to

avenge the outrage, the two young men learned of Raymon a description of the two impostors and the road they were traveling. Then, cutting a good hickory cane each and putting spurs to their horses, they gave pursuit. They had no other weapon, nor hesitated a moment on that account. Reaching the top of a hill, they saw the two in the valley below, about to ascend the next hill on their horses.

Utterly regardless of any danger of a stumbling horse, Shelton and George rode like a whirlwind down the steep, long hill, and, having the best horses, overtook the two strangers before they were more than half way up the next hill.

"Halt there, you infernal scoundrels!" shouted Shelton. "Why did you beat my servant?"

As the two strangers saw the raised hickory sticks and excited determination of the young men, they spurred their horses, and one of them turned in his saddle and fired a pistol at the two pursuers. Regardless of this, and knowing he could not reload, Raymon's avengers closed on them and furiously belabored them with the sticks. Fortunately the other one had no pistol. After striking them many times and knocking their hats and pistol to the ground, our warriors let them escape and quietly rode back home.

Now the crops of corn and cotton had received the last plowing and were "laid by." The wheat fields, ripe for harvest, were cut with hand cradles. Some six to eight stalwart negro men, experts at the work, swung with song and halloo the sharp, flashing cradle blades in diminishing circle round and round the golden brown waving grain. The

cradlers were followed by bundlers, and these in turn, by shockers.

Soon the corn fields browned and ribboned, and fodder pulling caused many exciting races between the dusky champion laborers. "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

Following the fodder pulling, the cotton boles are opening, and soon the broad fields are mingled green and brown and white.

Men, women, boys, girls, in talkative, jesting gangs, dot the whitening rows. Each one according to his ability and condition, and the state of the cotton as to how much is open, is expected to pick a reasonable number of pounds every favorable day's picking.

The overseer weighs each one's separate basket of cotton immediately at the close of the half day's work, noon and night. If the weighing shows laziness and trifling idleness and careless work on the part of any one, he is warned to do better next half day. If he still persisted in careless neglect of an easy task, he was promptly whipped by the overseer. The idle one was jeered and laughed at by the others as getting what he deserved. It was, with hardly ever an exception, only the thoughtless young slaves that brought these punishments upon themselves.

Peace and plenty reigned. Comfortably housed, clothed and fed; family cared for in sickness or health; no thought of to-morrow, the average nine-tenths of negro slaves were happy, jolly and content.

If crops failed and markets proved disastrous, all the worry and fretting, financiering and planning, fell upon the master. The negro knew he would be housed, clothed, fed, doctored, just the same.

Of all the political or humane factors in New England or elsewhere laboring so desperately for his freedom and higher rights, and losing sleep over and deploring his imaginary abject depraved condition as a human chattel, he knew little or nothing, and thought less.

Being under almost complete and wholesome control, the many sins and crimes of uncontrolled idleness and its inevitable vices were almost unknown.

The contentious, baneful influence of politics was not dreamed of.

There was rivalry between the slaves of different adjoining plantations, as well as between the masters, as to who could make the biggest crops. The negro assumed great pride when "our crap" was "better'n yourn."

It is now about the first of October at Rural Shades. Wagon load after wagon load of corn in the yellow-brown shuck has been dumped in an immense long half-moon circle in front of the big crib door. When a thousand or fifteen hundred bushels are so piled, a big corn-shucking frolic is going to happen. The gangs of corn-pullers in the fields and the teamsters, all in good humor, hurry the work. They know what is coming, and look forward to it like the lover or gambler in fine horses looks to the exciting races.

Every man and woman, boy and girl, pickaninny

and all, watches that increasing pile of corn, and smiles as he passes it to see it grow bigger.

Finally Willis is sent horseback to three of the neighboring plantations to request the owners to permit as many of their slaves who might voluntarily desire to do so to come to a corn-shucking the following night.

Willis was now in a fair way of marrying his sumptuous Loo, and living with his heart's delight in the new cabin under the same big blasted sweet gum tree. As he rode away, strong as Hercules, he felt light as a feather. Loo's people, and Loo herself, would come to the corn-shucking.

Mose was instructed to barbecue plenty of shote, kid and beef for the occasion, and Merrie was furnished with plenty of extra helping cooks to prepare all the bread, pumpkin pies, potatoes, vegetables and coffee for the expected crowd at home and from abroad.

Some unusually large pumpkins had been hauled in with the corn from a rich low ground valley field. Julian and Ben, secretly between themselves, were very much interested in those pumpkins. The noon of the day, when all hands were at dinner, they managed, unseen, to lug the biggest round pumpkin into the carriage house. Nearly the whole of that afternoon they hid way back in there, with doors shut, seriously, quietly, industriously working on that pumpkin with a bar-low knife.

Julian remarked that he would ask his ma for a candle.

"No, sar! Mars Julus. Doan' nebber thinker sicher axin', kaze dey smeller rat en' spile eber-

sing. Jess slip unberknownst lack en' teck one fum Mars Shelton or Miss Lorny room, whichsumdever dere's nobody in. Poker up yer slebe and sonter out wid yer han' in yer pocket, disserway; see? Den walk squar en' open rite back, whooslin' en' callin' de dawgs, Fido en' Shag, plikin' (playing like) yer didn' know er candle ebber bawnd in de worl'. Doan' fergit dat fine red papy. Slipper in top yer hat, disserway, see? En matches—lack ter fergittem. I'se got de rawsum ter stuck de papy on. Say, Mars Julius, wonner whedder debble got toofs?"

"Yes, 'cause ma read about the devil like a roarin' lion, and you know lions has great big tooths?"

"I'll fix 'em, den—eyes, toofs, mouf, nose, en' all. Say! but dishere punkin got lots o' innards, ain't er?"

We leave the two conspirators to their diabolical deeds.

The glorious October night is at hand. The big kitchen is all bustle and hilarity. Down in the grove Mose, with his helpers, is working around a pit of glowing oak coals, turning the barbecue and mopping it with butter, pepper, vinegar and salt. It is slowly browning crisp and fine. The delicious odor fills the air. Many a mouth waters and lips smack and ebony faces wreathe in smiles from ear to ear in anticipation. No one eats any supper at usual time—white or black—the feast comes about ten o'clock, after the shucking.

Mose is a power now, and looks seriously wise as Solomon and mysterious as the Fates. He fully believes that should the world lose him the

loss would be irreparable, and there never could be another barbecue. His black satellites obey obsequiously his every word and motion and seriously watch his every movement and face expression in silent awe. Unlike the noisy kitchen, the barbecue is solemnly wise and silent, as the great mystery gradually solves into morsels fit for kings and all the great of earth.

Elevated fire-stands are built down yonder about the great corn pile, with plenty of fat lightwood ready to touch off at the proper time.

Say, hold on there! Stop that noise! Every one is thrilled, and some dance in pantomime; others run for the fire-stands like black streaks through the night, and all bubble over in silent glee as they listen.

In the still night air there is heard away over the hills a deep-toned melody of many voices in concert, coming nearer all the while. From the opposite direction a similar musical sound is heard, and from still a third direction, a wild corn song by many voices in perfect unison thrills like a military band leading on to battle. In the three oncoming troops women voices mingle with men voices. Negroes, in their perfectly natural, unrestrained manner and full voices, in singing beat the world.

"Dey's comin', marster!" shouted Willis, turning a hand spring, then jumping in the air and knocking his heels together three times before hitting the ground, then running off a little distance, gave a prolonged whoop that made the stars blink and tremble.

At this everybody, big, little, old and young,

rushed out into the yard from everywhere, laughing, singing, hollering, dancing, to welcome the coming bands. A big torch fire lighted the yard and cast glares and shadows here, there and everywhere. The white family stood on the back porch enjoying the scene.

Meantime, as the three oncoming troops drew nearer, they each sang louder in rivalry, bones and banjoes clapping and twanging with their stentorian voices. When they all burst into the yard simultaneously, singing their loudest, there never was a more wildly frantic pandemonium of exuberant spirits. Women snatch other women in their arms and hysterically laughed and cried. Boys and girls danced in a mad whirl. Pickaninnies rollicked and rolled and pipingly screamed. Strong men singly seized other strong men, hoisted them astride their shoulders, and, like double giants, marched round and round, the top man grotesquely gesticulating, orating and singing like a double-jointed steam fog horn in a storm. Some one, above all the din, cried out, "Corn pile!" and all went pell mell to the big crib, where the torches now lighted the scene.

By common consent, Willis was named leader of one side, and Jake, his former rival for "dat lubly Cindy gal," was chosen leader of the opposition. Willis was cured of his "quile" so far as Cindy was concerned, and now faithfully loved only the sumptuous Loo. He could not help, however, wanting a little of the worst to beat Jake in some way, and now was his opportunity, and both Cindy and Loo were present.

Jake was older than Willis, heavier, but not so

tall, and generally got there by main force and boisterous bullyragging. He had a voice like a bull of Bashan, and never stinted its volume on occasion.

Our dude Hansom, as master of ceremonies, now picked up a chip, and, spitting on one side of it, sung out to the two captains:

"Will yer fling up fer fuss chice or rassul fer it?"

This instantly created a sensation. There were rapid cries in all keys of, "Fling up! flapperup! rassul! rassul! flopperup! flip up! Bet on Jake! flamerup! Bet on Willis, pitcherup; rasselup! flummerup! flangerrassul! flimmerupperflammer-rassulerup!" confusing in the extreme to Hansom, who now jumped on top the corn pile, and, making a royal wave, hollered authoritatively:

"Silunce, niggers! De empire 'cides de flim flamflum flip flappers has it, an I'se gwine flopperup! Wet or dry, Jake?"

"Dry!" promptly roared Jake, and the dry side of the chip was upward when it hit the ground. This was done three times, and Jake guessing wrong two out of three, the first choice fell to Willis.

Hansom then carefully measured the corn pile, stuck up a flag at the dividing center spot, and announced that each one would take his place on either side as chosen. All the men and women, boys and girls were soon ranged on rival sides, with just elbow room for each one. They were on the outside of the corn pile and facing the open space before the crib door, so that the ears of corn

would be thrown to this space and the shucks pushed behind the workers.

Hansom now proclaimed, "Big pig or little pig, root hog or die! Go it, boots?" and the battle commenced in dead earnest.

With a running start and one leap, Willis landed on top his half the pile, giving a war whoop that electrified his cohorts. The shucks tore and rattled and the ears of corn rained zip-zipping through the air.

Jake meantime had leaped up on his side, roared like a wounded lion, threw his hat in unknown space in one direction, snatched off his coat and let 'er go in another, seized two pairs of bones from his pockets—a pair in each hand—and danced up and down the pile to the stirring rattle of the bones, singing like a giant maniac, enthusing his army with frantic zeal.

It was strictly against the code of corn-shucking for any one to throw an ear so as to hit either captain, no matter how much or quickly he moved from place to place exhorting his troops.

All are working like mad, rapidly, skilfully, and a continual hailstorm of corn ears zips across the pile into the space before the crib door.

All at once Willis led off with a prolonged "O-o-o-row ray!" and instantly, like one voice, all on his side sung the chorus, "Row, row, ray!" Then Willis, like one possessed, improvised rapidly, each line he uttered being followed by that united "Row, row, ray!" Some of the hand claps were like pistol shots.

As well as can be remembered, his leading was about as follows:

*"De meat in de smoke house,
 (Chorus: "Row, row, ray!")
 De wheat in de wheat bin,
 De cotton fields is white a,
 O-o-o-o-o row, ray!
 De 'possum upper 'simmon tree,
 De coon in de hollow,
 De cattle on a thousand hill,
 De hoe-cake am a-bakin',
 De rasher am a-fryin',
 Dinah ain't a-cryin'.
 O niggers! row ray!
 Marser gone to 'Lanty,
 To git de plow so handy.
 Dis nigger is so happy;
 Gwi' ter beat ole Jakey!
 Row ray! Shuck dat corn!
 De hogs all a-fat'nin',
 De shoes am a-tannin',
 De gins all a-hummin',
 De broaches all a-spunnin',
 De looms all a-bummin',
 De banjoes all a-tummin',
 Christmus is a-cummin'.
 Roy ray, I say! Row ray!
 De taters am a-roastin',
 De barbecue a-toastin'!
 O-o-o-o-o row ray!"*

Each line, sung out by Willis in as many different attitudes and varying vociferations, was followed by the roaring chorus, "Row, row, ray," accompanied by splitting whoops and yells, crashing, tearing of shucks and rain of corn ears.

Jake, meantime, was neither outdone nor drowned. Soon as Willis struck up his corn song "Roy ray," Jake split the skies with a roar like a thousand bulls with another corn song of entirely different key and tune, "O-o-o-o, *who* laid de rail?" followed by a mighty swinging chorus on his side of "Who laid the rail?" Jake rapidly improvised, too, sometimes by the most grotesque pantomime, always followed in exact time, whether his lead was spoken or acted, by that cradle-rocking chorus, "*Who laid de rail?*"

With both corn songs going like mad at the same time, in different key and tune, it was nip and tuck not only which side would shuck out its half the corn first, but which could drown the other in voice. On a still night the chorus could be heard six miles away over the hills of Georgia.

For nearly three hours the rapid shucking went on, but with quite a variety of corn songs. When there was but little left on each side and the race close, the scramble and snatching for ears to shuck was simply crazy!

Talk about excitement at baseball matches and horse races where thousands of whites, men and women, go plumb wild! All such pale into insignificance compared to the vehement, exciting, roaring corn-shucking match between some two hundred negroes on a big plantation in antebellum days.

Willis's side finished first, just by the skin of a tooth, or, rather, to be a little more elegant, by the shucks of a few ears of corn. He was snatched up bodily by a dozen strong men and rushed round the place amid laughing screams by his women.

and yells and whoops by his men. Jake was also seized by as many on his side as could catch him by the arms and heels, and with a "One, two, three, let er go!" was sent as from a catapult some thirty feet through space to the top of a big shuck pile. He crawled out in good humor. It was a close race, and all was fair. He had enjoyed it hugely.

Cindy came up and praised him consolingly.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOGY-PUNKIN-DEBBLE-HANT.

Now, the carriage house, where Mars Julius and Ben had so mysteriously and secretly worked on that big pumpkin, was about midway between the corn crib and the kitchen, and some four hundred feet from either. The way between the two was directly by and in front of the carriage house, and it was somewhat dark about the latter. The big door of this house had been shut, but just as the exciting corn-shucking race ended, and Willis was being carried on men's shoulders in triumph, and Jake was being hurled into the great shuck pile, two small figures had slipped it wide open. The yawning blackness of the inside was visible to anyone passing by as he got directly in front.

Even before the door was opened, every pickaninny in passing would scurry by the dark place. Just now, when the coast was clear, Ben had quickly sneaked in that carriage house, struck a match, adjusted something, then, as if even afraid of the horrible spectacle left of his own creation, hurried out. He joined Julian, who had been hiding behind a big chestnut tree, and both boys, full of a dreadfully amusing importance, hastened

away and diffidently joined the crowd at the kitchen, looking as innocent as lambs

"Raymon! Lila! Ben! Emma!" cried Merric, "dey's froo shuckin' en' mos' done fetch up de barbecue. Run down dere en' tole 'em supper raidy."

Several small-fry volunteers joined those so commanded, and all hurried away in a scattering running black string. Raymon was in the lead and had nearly passed the carriage house, when he suddenly gave a yell of fright and simply flew on the wings of fear down to the crib, and fell there amid the crowd, trembling and incoherently crying, "O Lord-a-Massy, sabe us! Debble hant kaige house—seed 'em blood eyes—mos' kotch me—big ez fodderstack—O sumuæn hide me en' go tell massa!" And Raymon, in agony of fear, rolled, scrambled and crawled under the big shuck pile.

In consternation the crowd gazed at the bulging shucks as he pushed his way further and further under.

"Whay—whay de debble—whicherway he gwine, en' whay he cum fum?" cried nearly every frightened soul. The little niggers hustled under the shucks.

When Raymon had uttered his first blood-curdling yell, those with him had stopped right in front of that carriage house. For a moment they stood paralyzed, looking with horror into the dark house at the two great red eyes and open mouth of flame and red hot teeth ready to devour soul and body.

Lila and Emma and all the rest, with unearthly screams at every leap, ran back to the kitchen and

huddled around Marma and Merric, crying, "Debble hant—see de debble—kaidge house—run tell marsar—do please run tell marsa quick."

Ben, too, ran and hollered and trembled just as if scared out of his senses, and even won the pity of Merric, so everlasting frightened the little rascal appeared to be. Julian hid under the edge of the biggus behind a brick pillar and peeped out anxiously, watching further developments.

By this time some of the older men and women simultaneously started from the crib and from the kitchen, meeting each other at the carriage house. But quick as the foremost ones got far enough to see inside and caught a glimpse of the horrible red eyes and mouth and teeth of the dreadful spook, they incontinently screamed and fled back whence they came.

Mose and his crowd at the kitchen hollered to Willis and his crowd at the crib—the one to the other back and forth—to go see what in earth or heaven it was in the carriage house.

While this parley of mutual fear was going on, the wily Ben had slipped off away round and come up behind the carriage house and crawled under it.

Amy, alias Hop-and-go-fetch-it, because she limped, had meantime ran into the residence where her master and mistress were. This little negro girl, because of her lameness from birth, and because, also, of her cheerful and amiable disposition, was treated in many ways as a kind of household pet by all the white family. She made a picture worthy of an artist's brush, as she rushed in, all excitement and big eyes, and demurely said:

"Marser, Mistus, de debble done come en' gin all on 'em fites! He down dar in kaige house. De barbecue waitin' an all de niggers skaid to def. Dunno what 'e wants, ceppen hits Jeff fer stealin' dem tucky aigs. Ben's got lirious trimmins, en' nobody know whar Mars Julius. Emma say he eyes big ez——"

Amy's hearers were hurrying out and she after them, very much afraid of being left a moment alone. Even Col. Carswell was somewhat astounded and puzzled at the highly excited condition in which he found the slaves, old and young.

"Here, Mose, Merric, Sukey! What is all this foolish hubbub about?"

"Marser, dere's de debble, sho, in dat kaige house—kaze I seed 'im wid mer own eyes!"

"Nonsense, Mose! Here, come with me and we will pay our respects to his satanic majesty."

Meantime Mrs. Carswell had found Julian, and could hardly understand why the little fellow seemed only comically curious in the midst of all the excitement.

Mose followed his master, and a long string of black faces followed Mose single file, peeping over each other's shoulders and ready to run at a moment's warning.

Mrs. Carswell followed also, the more timid ones keeping as close to her as possible, some of the girls even holding on to her dress. Miss Teln was on Nellie's shoulders, holding on tightly with both arms around Nellie's neck.

Before this crowd arrived at the carriage house, the master called to Willis and Hansom down at

the crib to come on and stop all that silly foolishness.

Carswell now reached the front of the carriage house and stood looking at the horribly infernal glowing eyes and red open mouth and long pointed teeth of the frightful monster, so silently occupying the black depths.

Carswell solved the mystery readily, but did not tell his thoughts. "Here you, Willis, Jake! I'll give a dollar to any man who will volunteer and go in there and bring that spook, hant, devil, or whatever it is, out here to me. Come, who will go?"

Willis looked at Jake and Jake looked at Willis, both hesitating. They were both brave men, so far as earthly matters went; but where the uncanny spook or devil or haunt, anything unnatural, that worked on superstitious fears came in, they feared and quailed. Many of their race believe in being tricked or hoodooed by enemies or evil spirits. Let a negro, and some whites, too, believe, for instance, that a place is haunted, then love nor money can entice them there. The women moaned and cried out to them not to go a step into that carriage house. Loo and Cindy actually held on to them and hysterically pleaded that they must not go in there.

"I will give two dollars," said Carswell.

Mose was close and economical and loved money. The temptation was too great. So with a great bluster to screw his courage up to the sticking point, he boldly and loudly said, as if to frighten that very devil in there now:

"I'll go, Marster. Debble or angel, spook, boggy, or hant, I'll fotch 'im out."

And he courageously started in with a pitchfork held bayonet fashion. Nearly all the men and boys were armed by this time with stick, rock, hoe, shovel or knife.

Now, the rats had worried the coachman, Hansom, in that same carriage house, and he had set a steel trap on the floor therein. As Mose was moving cautiously inside with pitchfork set and eyes about closed to keep from seeing the horror he was facing, all at once there was a sharp "ker-zip" heard, and such another frantic kicking and smothered cursing and dancing by Moses, that all the negroes outside squalled and cried and moaned in mortal agony of fear, and many ran away as fast as their heels could carry them. Then when something hard hit the roof inside and knocked off a shingle, nearly every one scurried away despite Carswell's peremptory orders for them to remain where they were. Mose scrambled and tumbled out, leaving his pitchfork, and hopping on one foot. He was pale as he could be and almost speechless, until he was convinced by his master that it was only a steel trap that had nipped his foot. No encouragement of Carswell could get him to venture in again—not even three dollars.

All the while of Mose's combat with the steel trap, the boggy devil stared right on silently, with quivering, blood-shot eyes and most hellish grin.

The scattered crowd, when the word passed about a steel trap, again gathered behind master and mistress. Julian apparently had a fit of hys-

terics. He had whispered to his mother what the thing really was.

Jake and Willis finally agreed to go in together and divide the three dollars. And in they went, although their teeth chattered and knees trembled spite of all they could do. They had not gone far inside when something in the dark there, as if coming out of the hidden caverns of the earth, uttered a wild catterwaul shriek and ended with a moaning wail as a lost soul in Dante's Inferno.

Flesh and blood could not stand this, and the two brave captains tumbled over each other in their frantic retreat.

Ben, under the carriage house, chuckled to himself on the success of his voice, and Julian was so overcome that he came near betraying something. Carswell now saw that it was time to allay all fears, and when the crowd was once more gathered at a safe distance, he himself started in. Just then the devil seemed to give a flickering gasp and disappeared, and all was silent darkness.

Striking a match, the master, nevertheless, proceeded, and soon walked out with the pumpkin head in his hands.

The reaction with the slaves was instant and immense as they all now went merrily to the waiting barbecue supper.

Ben and Mars Julius got together and acted so wildly obstreperous that the whole thing was soon known to be their work.

Mose and Jake and Willis ate in subdued silence. Mose refused to let Marma put a meal poultice on his trap-wounded foot. The master gave them a dollar each, anyway.

Cindy and Loo laughed themselves into fits every time they looked at Jake and Willis.

Raymon and others were finally induced to crawl out of the shucks and come to supper.

Some of the mothers had to scatter the entire big shuck pile before they found the last missing pickaninny.

After supper all hands played games, danced and frolicked until nearly midnight; then the visiting bands could be heard singing in the distance over the hills, returning to their cabin homes.

And many a one in dreams that night, no doubt, woke up laughing in his sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMBITION AND POLITICS.

WHILE life was thus passing merrily at Rural Shades, with all its happy toil and successive joys, each in due season, the far Western village of Theodore Selkirk had undergone almost magic changes. Immigration, capital and speculation suddenly swooped upon it as a flood tide. The sleepy hamlet aroused, discovered its latent strength, brightened into throbbing energy, and went on a regular Western boom.

Our young lawyer suddenly found his services in great demand, and pocketed the large retainer fees voluntarily shoved into his hands by the pushing capitalist with an air as if he had been accustomed to such for years past. Within one short month his business amounted to more than he had expected for the next half decade.

With a glad heart he had sent the first hundred dollars to his friend of a day away down South, in Georgia. A warm-hearted letter of thanks and gratitude accompanied the remittance. He deeply cherished the prompt, encouraging reply of Carswell, and ever after remembered the day of its reception as a bright spot in his life.

As one hurries along through the years, absorbed in his own affairs, he little dreams of how great import for good an earnest word of approval and encouragement, spoken in due season to a struggling fellow mortal, may prove. To many a youth striving for a start in life, with no capital but his inexperienced head and mere physical strength, such a word fitly spoken may do more for his success than if you had placed in his hand a gift of a thousand dollars. •

Selkirk now found his long probation of patient study and self-denying economy fully rewarded. In this new rush of business he managed not to lose his head, and found the treasures of knowledge stored in a fertile brain during the past few years of inestimable value just now. His case demonstrated that knowledge is indeed power.

He was thrust forward in important business transactions that soon won him esteem and prominence, because of his bright usefulness, in a now rapidly growing town that promised to develop into a city of great business importance.

He hugged himself and thanked his good stars fervently that he had stubbornly and bravely persevered in hard study during the waiting ordeal period.

Micawber wasted a life waiting for something to turn up somewhere or somehow that would boost him effortless on to fortune and fame, wondering all the while at the stupidity of the world in not discovering and utilizing his self-imagined genius. Selkirk exercised a vivid working faith that man makes his own opportunities upon which to mount, and that he must always be ready and

have the courage to seize the time in the tide of the affairs of men at the flood.

The exciting political agitations of the day had caused him, during those past two years, to study with novel, untiring interest the history of his country. The study of the Constitution, the causes of its adoption, the lives, characters and motives of its original framers, the tenets and creeds of the different political parties, the motives and ambitions that moved each and were now even menacing the perpetuity of the government—all this possessed a peculiarly absorbing interest to the young lawyer. From aboriginal America to the recent raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, all was carefully studied and critically reviewed.

He was ambitious before. Now it is added with regret that he was inordinately so. The energetic aspiration to become an actor in the great public drama possessed him. He secretly determined, at cost of a twinge of conscience, that, with or without a saving moral grace, even, if necessary, to mount upon the selfish, stormy passions of men alone, he would play a conspicuous part on the political stage.

His adopted home was in one of the free States. The republican-abolition party was in the ascendant, and he grimly resolved to make of it his stepping-stones. Had chance or design located him where the democratic party controlled, he would have as grimly determined to cast his fortunes with it.

For his present feverish, selfish purpose, one party was as good as another.

This moral battle, ending in the weak decision to

smother principle under cover of unholy ambition was in bitter antagonism with his naturally candid disposition. He felt that self-respect was smirched—as if his better nature fled, and at a distance stood sorrowfully accusing. In his recent poverty and quiet, studious life the moral attributes were stronger. One month of unprecedented prosperity in close contact with the class who schemed, planned and fought for money-making almost to the exclusion of all else, had weakened the moral and stirred the ambitious elements of his character.

There are men who cannot endure adversity; there are others who cannot stand prosperity.

Selkirk compromised with conscience for the present by deciding to again review the history of political parties from a moral standpoint. To his vivid imagination and wide-awake intellect the so-called prosy facts of history assumed the form of an intensely interesting drama, tragedy and comedy blended.

ACT FIRST—BEFORE REVOLUTION—1760.

Colonies of Virginia and South Carolina: “Will your Majesty please stop the infamous slave trade and prohibit your merchants importing any slaves to sell in your colonies here? We do not want them.”

England: “I wonder at your presumptuous, impertinent petition. Of course we will not pay any attention to it. My people are largely engaged in kidnapping Africans, and making lots of money out of the business. Our American colonies give a profitable market for sale of these

negroes. It suits us to use it, don't you know. Wrong, you say! The traffic in slaves is six thousand years old. It is perfectly right as long as it is profitable."

New England: "Your Majesty is eminently correct. Our merchant marine is interested in this business, too. We hope you will not tolerate any such interferences on the part of any of your Southern colonies. Protestant England has for years, and is now contending with Catholic France for possession of and dominion over the New World of America. In the common defense of the Colonies, England has spent, and is spending, vast treasure and thousands of lives to curb the aggressions of France and her Indian allies. The grass is hardly yet green over the graves of Braddock and Howe and Wolfe. These petitions of Virginia and South Carolina and other Southern colonies against the slave trade are impertinent and absurd. There's millions in the traffic, and New England intends to pocket a full share. Your Majesty's American Colonies now number over a million and a half souls, with only some three hundred thousand negro slaves. With our vast landed possessions, we can sell and utilize millions of Africans in the future."

ACT SECOND—1763.

France: "Our hated rival, England, has forced us to relinquish to her American Colonies all territory east of the great Mississippi from its source to the Gulf of Mexico. But, by the memories of our Jesuit priests, of La Salle, of the blood of

Dieskau and Montcalm, we have arranged matters for a future American rebellion by which our arrogant rival will lose those same colonies. Our policy shall be to aid and encourage the spirit of freedom and independence in said colonies against the arbitrary rule of the mother country. This very Canada we now cede to great Britain will tend to strengthen the trend of the American Colonies for independence by increasing their power. It has come to our ears that even ten years back a young leader of American thought has said: 'In another century all Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us.' That booby, George III., is bound to do things to cause a hullabaloo muddle and quarrel with his colonies. And those fellows will fight! We know it from recent sore experience. The spirit of a George Washington of Virginia will never tamely submit to the arbitrary acts of such a character as George III. of England and the ministry he will choose."

ACT THIRD—1776.

[Enter Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, Robert R. Livingston of New York—a committee of Congress to draft a Declaration of American Independence.]

Chairman Jefferson: "Gentlemen, we must unite or perish. The Rubicon is crossed. Lexington, Bunker Hill and the siege of Boston leave

no hope for any amicable adjustment of our rights with the British Crown. We cannot safely depend at this crisis upon uncertain supplies and illy-regulated, insubordinate militia for the common defense. A declaration of independence must be severally and jointly agreed upon by all these colonies."

Just then the committee was interrupted by the entrance of France. "Excuse me, Messieurs, but I learn you are about to declare independence! Ha, ha, ha! I thought in 1763 it would come to this! I will retire and would not interrupt your work for the world. Good luck to you."

Jefferson: "I hold that we are created just as equal in all respects, and are endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in just as high a degree as Great Britain, or any other nation. The causes that impel this separation are many and exasperating to the highest degree, and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind calls for enumeration of the same. There is one cause that rather delicately concerns the general interest. The relation of master and slave exists in all the colonies. Back in 1760 Virginia and some of the other Southern Colonies, including South Carolina, most urgently petitioned the Crown to suppress the African slave trade and prohibit the importation and sale of slaves to our colonies. Among other matters, I had thought of inserting an article in our declaration condemning the foreign slave trade, and urging England's protection of it and forcing slaves upon these colonies as one of the main justifications of our rebellion. But I regret to state that at this period of our his-

tory some of the Southern colonies favor the slave trade, and many of our Northern brethren in New England are largely interested and engaged in the kidnapping and shipping of negroes for sale in our Southern markets. After mature deliberation, I have concluded that the best way out of it is to say nothing about the slave question in our common declaration. At the present crisis, when our safety and success depend on complete union, it would, in my opinion, be very impolitic to introduce anything so calculated under existing facts to engender dissatisfaction and sentiments of disunion. There is one other count, though, that I believe all will be agreed upon, and that is the attempts of the British Crown *to excite servile insurrections among us and to disturb our domestic peace and happiness. This count alone is sufficient to fully justify our rebellion.* A combination has been made to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislatures to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have adjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections. But they have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity.

"We, therefore, will solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States.

"Now, gentlemen, how shall we proceed?"

All (in concert): "We fully agree with your

ideas and sentiments as you have expressed them."

Benjamin Franklin: "Mr. Chairman, you and John, here, draw up the declaration. If it was about soap and candles, or printing, or electricity, I would do it myself."

John Adams: "No, Ben, I cannot write in strong, clear style, like Tom. Just let him fix the thing up. He knows the whole business."

So it was delegated to Jefferson to "fix the thing up," and he did it in a style that won the admiration of generations.

ACT FOURTH—1787.

George Washington, President of Convention: "Gentlemen of the Convention—After battling seven long, weary years, these United Colonies wrested their independence from Great Britain, resulting in the treaty of peace of September 3d, 1783. Since 1778 we have struggled, as the United States of America, under the Articles of Confederation. In the long fight for independence each of the States, from New Hampshire to Georgia, has toiled and sacrificed its full measure for the common safety and success. The object of this convention is to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. There is one question I shall call special attention to. Slavery now exists in all the States. It was forced upon us by England, aided by our own slave traders and pur-

chasers of slaves. It is well known that the sentiments of myself and of my State have been, and are now, against the slave traffic and for emancipation. I, myself, by inheritance or otherwise, own slaves. The number of slaves in these United States at this time are distributed about as follows: In New England, 48,000; in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, 649,000; in Delaware, 9,000. Prior to this convention Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina and Massachusetts have legislated against the African slave trade. South Carolina joined in the petition to the Crown to prohibit the slave trade. It is evident that a large preponderance of sentiment is for emancipation. North Carolina, in 1774, resolved neither to import nor to purchase slaves. Georgia, when settled in 1733, endeavored to prohibit slavery within its borders. Her Darien Colony, in 1775, resolved manumission of slaves, if possible, upon a safe and equitable footing for the owners thereof.

“It is with pride I inform this convention that Virginia has recently, in 1783, ceded to these United States her magnificent Northwest Territory to help us as a nation pay the debts incurred by the revolutionary war. An ordinance in connection with this munificent gift prohibits slavery, after the year 1800, northwestward of the Ohio River.

“Our declaration of independence does not emancipate one solitary African slave; nor does it even set up the forcing of slaves by England into the colonies as one of the causes of our late rebellion. It does not even hint at, or include, or con-

template the negro slave in any way, shape or manner.

"Now, with our eyes wide open, we have got to fix in our proposed constitution the legal binding status of the negro slave in these United States for ourselves and for future generations. Let there be no shenanigan or beating about the bush on this subject. Call things by their names, and don't whitewash any individual, community or State. And, of all things on earth, avoid sectionalism and petty jealousies."

The North: "Mr. President, direct taxes and representation have to be first agreed upon. Slaves are mere property, and cannot be numbered in apportionment of representation."

The South: "That view, if adopted, would cost us some numbers of representatives. We have millions of property values in slaves. You would not only lose us representation, but force us to pay an unjust portion of taxes, based on slave values. Slaves should be considered as persons."

North: "If they are considered persons only, then we would have the unequal burden of taxation, and lose fair representation."

South: "Well, let's swap horses on this muddle. We will agree to make the negro both person and property. That's toting fair, we reckon."

North: "Yes; guess so. But not all of 'em can be persons. We own so few compared to the many you hold."

Both (after private caucus): "Mr. President, we have agreed that three-fifths of the slaves shall be counted as persons, to add to the number of free persons in the apportionment of representatives."

Washington: "Very well, gentlemen. I warn you, however, that you are building a constitution that you and your posterity must sacredly and inviolably abide by in every particular. By this agreement you but strengthen slavery. But, after much debate, a great majority of you have adopted it, with the full knowledge of all it imports. I hope the interests of present and prospective slave trade have not influenced your final agreement in this particular. Here's a committee ready to report on something else."

Gorham of Massachusetts, Wilson of Pennsylvania, Ellsworth of Connecticut, Rutledge of South Carolina, and Randolph of Virginia: "Mr. President, your committee on exports and importations or migrations report, in substance, as follows: Every State shall, without tax or duty, take all the negroes it may see proper to buy; nor shall the slave trade supplying their wants be prohibited."

Washington: "Great Scott! Have the New England slave traders and the Southern buyers already formed such a coalition! This matter must be referred to a committee of one from each State. Cæsar's ghost! This thing is enough to give England hysterics of derision. It is to be hoped the general committee will curb matters."

Later the committee of one from each State reported in substance, through Livingston of New Jersey, as follows:

"Every State now existing shall admit and buy all the slaves it wants to until the year 1800; and all the States engaged in the kidnapping and shipping and selling of slaves shall be permitted

to continue the business until the year 1800. But a tax or duty may be imposed on every nigger so imported, at a rate not exceeding the average of the duties laid on imports."

Washington: "Well! This convention is following my advice about no shenanigan or beating about the bush with a vengeance that is refreshing, if not ornate!"

An amendment was offered to substitute the year "1808" in place of "1800." This was carried affirmatively by a vote as follows: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maryland, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, seven votes.

The negative votes were Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey and Delaware, four votes.

Washington: "Gentlemen! Allow me to express my astonishment that every New England State has voted to extend the slave traffic for at least twenty years longer. As little Rhody is the only New England State not represented here, I reckon she, too, would, if here, give the same vote as Massachusetts has just cast. It is well known that Rhody is also now largely engaged and interested in the slave traffic. This beats the Dutch! If you deem it necessary for the common good to vote this measure, not even prohibiting, but extending the trade of catching and selling of negroes, thereby fully establishing slavery in these United States, can't you fix the thing up and clothe it in such manner as not to permit the word 'slave' to appear in our proposed constitution?"

As finally passed, by the same vote on the amendment adding eight years, the proposition

appeared as Article 1, Sec. 9 of the Constitution of the United States, thus:

“The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importations, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.”

New England: “Mr. President, fact of the business is, our folks are largely engaged and have expended big capital in this slave trade business. To stop it suddenly would teetotally ruin lots of our slave merchants and shipping interests. The Southern States are our only and best market to sell the niggers we catch and ship from Africa. Nigger property don’t pay in the Northern States; climate don’t suit ’em. We calculate it will take at least twenty years to wind up the business and lose no money. And it pays big profits. After the twenty years we will join you in any scheme for the abolishment of human woes.”

Southern States Voting for the Measure: “Mr. President, we already have large property in slaves—some of us have it thrust upon us by inheritance. We have grown up with it, and believe it right, as naturally as sparks fly upward. Our climate and products suit the slaves and render them of immense property value to us. We will not adopt any form of government at this time that does not propose to protect fully our rights and property in slaves. We are attached by a thousand ties and memories to our faithful servants, and they are happy and content in their lot

in life with us. We will not now, nor never will, tolerate any interference on the part of the general government with our purely domestic concerns. We are willing that the slave trade be abolished. It suits our sister New England States to run it twenty years longer, and we readily agree. During that time those of us who may want to buy more slaves can do so. In the first periods of settlement our forefathers tried to prevent its introduction among us. Now, after so many years and the results of the revolution, it is here with us, and we are going to keep what we have."

("If the African slave trade had not been permitted to continue for twenty years, if it had not been conceded that three-fifths of the slaves should be counted in the apportionment of representatives in Congress, if it had not been agreed that fugitives from service should be returned to their owners, the Thirteen States would not have been able in 1787 'to form a more perfect union.'"
—Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress*, Vol. i., p. 1.)

We leave Selkirk for the present to his further search after truth, and gladly return to Rural Shades to relate a genuine story of love, tested by dust and suffering, and one girl's laughter, and another little maiden's sympathetic tears.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE AND DUST.

Do you remember that old school house up there at the cross-roads of adjoining plantations? And how the boys and girls would laugh, when, on a rainy, muddy day, little Sis Teln was brought to school perched on top of Nellie's shoulders?

There was a little old dried-up tallow-faced boy named John Jackson. He was wiry and smart, sober, staid, melancholy; and whipped several larger boys in fair fight because they accused him of eating clay. He looked so much like Alexander H. Stephens that he generally went by the nick-name of "Little Elic."

We had all heard the ringing voice of the great Georgian on some public occasions in the neighboring town. He stirred our souls, though we then, as children, but little understood the momentous themes he so truthfully debated.

Our school mate, Little Elic, was precocious, and evidently a voracious reader, considering his age. Somewhere or somehow he had got possession of a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was a friend of Julian, and one afternoon after school went home with him to spend the night. Little

Elic's mother was a poor "widderling," as Ben would say, and was another of Mrs. Carswell's proteges among the poor in her circle of good deeds.

John Jackson that night had this book in his school satchel. After supper Marma, Merric, Willis and sometimes several other slaves, would occasionally get Lorna or Julian to read to them in the kitchen. Lorna was away now, and this particular evening Julian had promised to read. His friend John said he had something he would like to read, and it turned out that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read, in part, to a negro audience.

John purposely turned to the most harrowing scenes depicted of slave suffering and most tyrannical persecutions of masters and mistresses against the so-called helpless innocent slaves.

The negroes opened their eyes in utter surprise and consternation and soon interrupted the reader with such expressions as "Who say dat?" "Whay dat happen?" "Lord! what a lie!" "Us nebber hearn o' sitch ez dat!" "Folks as writ dat is ignunt or crazy!" Finally it stirred Marma's indignation to such a pitch, as it associated ideas of that peddler abolition agent and Jeff's sins, that she could stand it no longer.

"Fer de Lord sake, chillun, doan read us enny mo dat kind o' nonsense. Whoever hearn uv sich masters and missus in dis worl'! We nebber seed em, an didnen know sich things ever happen. Whut's more, us doan b'leve a word of dat pizen. Dey mussa had a ax ter grind. En all dat in name o' de Lord! Here, teck dis Bible Miss Lorny gimme, en read us about de love of Christ. I

wants somefin' smoothin' atter dat rufflin' kind o' dose." All the others agreed with Marma, and so John took the Bible instead. They never tired, and regretted when he stopped.

But Julian had been particularly struck by one sentence read by John in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when the expression "a dam fine girl" was used. The little fellow remembered this and longed for occasion to use it.

The next day was Saturday. He loved his little Sis Teln, and thought out the problem of how he could work up an occasion to use that expression, or part of it. Teln that day went with her mother to town in the carriage on a shopping business.

The moment they were gone, Julian went hard at work to build a play-house for his little sister. Nearly the whole day he worked and tugged, and made a door on real hinges of old shoe leather, so it would actually open and shut. When at last it was all completed he impatiently waited the return of the carriage.

At last they came, and in great pride he got Teln to come look what he had for her.

The little girl was delighted with the house, and in great glee opened and shut the real door on hinges, while Julian stood by in pleased and complacent dignity enjoying her happiness.

Now was his time. "Say, Sis Teln, ain't that a dam fine house!"

The little girl looked at him amazed! Her brudder Julian, a Sunday-school scholar, cursing like that! after all the teachings of father and mother and Sunday-school! Her happiness all fled. She forgot the house and all his labor; forgot his

love expressed by it for her. "Why, Julian, you bad boy! I'm going right straight and tell mama what you said!" And she straightway went.

The little boy turned away in sorrow, surprise, and keen disappointment.

Love's labor was lost. He had not realized that the expression was in any way contrary to good morals. But he shed a bitter tear as he sadly interpreted his sister's hasty action as meaning no love or appreciation for him.

She had not gone far, when, on looking back at the forlorn, dejected little brother, a wave of love and repentance overwhelmed her sympathetic heart, and she as hastily ran back to him, petted and caressed him, and with eyes brimming with tears, pathetically said as she again admired the wonderful play-house,

"Yes, buddie dea, it is a dam fine house!" and then burst out crying at the enormity of her words.

The teacher of the school, Mr. Parks, was from the North. Years before, on account of a weak constitution, he had come South and accepted position of teacher offered him by the Southern planters. Before the abolitionists had succeeded in their plans to work up bitterness and sectional hatred between the free States and slave States, many teachers in Southern schools were from the New England States. Many Southern youth also were attendants upon Northern colleges. Many families with their servants were accustomed to spend part of each year at Northern watering places and summer health resorts. But owing to the success of the agitators on the slavery

question in estranging the free and the slave States, all this had practically ceased.

Mr. Parks had remained, however, through it all, had been benefited by the warm climate, and had become attached to his surroundings and new associations. He was an intelligent, well educated gentleman, and was neither a fanatic, nor mere politician, nor revolutionist, nor rebel against the constitution and established laws of his country. After many years residence among the Southern slave holders, he had no patience with the aggressive, meddling interference of parties in other distant States with the purely domestic concerns of the slave States.

In those days when moral suasion failed in the schools, there was no squeamish hesitation about using the switch on obstinate, disobedient pupils.

Julian and his solemn friend, John Jackson, were well aware of this fact from experience. They did no mean thing in school. Their energies were largely spent in managing not to be caught in overt acts of pure mischief or real disobedience to rules. These rules generally filled a couple or more pages of legal cap and were posted on the wall near the teacher's desk. The teacher was autocratic and adopted his own constitution and by-laws by his own individual vote without consulting in any manner the community of boys and girls he reigned over.

He was triune, legislative, judiciary and executive, and always kept his instruments of torture in full view of his subjects in shape of a bunch of switches. Fear, in many cases, was indeed the beginning of wisdom.

The solemn John had several times appeared so callous and unmoved under execution that his more sensitive fellow sufferers accused him of wearing raw cowhide underwear. He did not deign to enlighten them on the subject, and they did not dare any forcible means to know for sure.

One drowsy, regular bumble-bee and buzz-fly sunny afternoon, while Mr. Parks was conscientiously and patiently laboring with a class of the big boys and girls in the intricacies of algebraic equations, "Little Elic" and Julian, sitting behind their desk back midway the long building, were industriously comparing marbles, stone bruises and sore toes. Some one from somewhere threw a wad of chewed paper pulp and it stuck on John's nose. He sat up straight and let it stick there, hoping the teacher would see it. It fell off, however, and he again gave his undivided attention to Julian and a game on the seat between them, where squares were penciled and white and black buttons used as men.

The two boys became so absorbed in the game that both forgot to keep even one eye on the teacher and the possible close of that algebra recitation.

Like the impossible clap of thunder in a clear sky, in consternation they heard the teacher peremptorily command,—

"John Jackson and Julian Carswell! Come up here."

The whole school giggled. They afterward learned that the teacher had calmly watched them a full two minutes before he ordered them to exe-

cution, thus calling attention of every one to their absorbing game.

Now, when Julian first went to school he had fallen dead in love with the biggest and oldest young lady of the pupils, because, we suppose, she petted the little fellow, and even kissed him one day behind an atlas right in the teacher's presence. But after a while the roguish little black-eyed, curly-head brunette, Susie Wiggins, lavished a few smiles on him, and she was all the world of brightness and love. Then the sweet little blue-eyed, dove-like blonde, Carrie Turner, with her soft gentle manner and angel face happened one day to look lovingly in his direction, and he at once felt that she was his Paradise. While the bewitching Susie teased and laughed at him, the adorable Carrie would gaze at her in silent reproach, and show by a lovely violet-blue glance that she was not so heartless. One day a great big boy took a middle sized boy on his shoulder and this middle boy had seized Julian on his shoulders, and thus had the little fellow away up near the ceiling, and had him frightened. Susie got mad as blazes and fought the big boys like a tigress protecting her young; while Carrie ran away and hid so she could not see him suffer if he fell, or, perhaps, to hide the tears from the public gaze.

By this time the first big girl love was forgotten and he was deeply enchanted by both the little girls. Something decisive must happen, for, to save his life, he could not tell which one he loved best.

This decisive something was now about to happen as he and John reluctantly marched up to take

the punishment both now knew was utterly unavoidable under the rules.

They were ordered to sit down on the front bench, in full view to await execution, while the autocrat deliberately proceeded to finish that everlasting algebra class recitation, only taking a casual glance first to see if the instruments of torture were in place and good supply.

The most trying time to even bravest of men is the dread waiting under orders at commencement of a battle, inactive within range of the enemy's guns, with a comrade dropping dead in the lines here and there. Then again how extremely unpleasant the moments must be to the condemned criminal while the noose is being tied, the cap placed, and the awful waiting for the trap to spring. Or the excruciating, horrible sensations of one about to be electrocuted as the chill braces and wires are clamped upon the throbbing temple, and the momentarily expected death current!

Our little school boys were none of these classes. They could not fight, nor were they to be hanged, or killed by an electric bolt.

Neither did heroic memories of dying as martyrs to duty or principle sustain them. But they were to undergo switch execution.

As they sat there, observed of all, Julian cast a quick glance across the room where Susie and Carrie sat. The former seemed very much amused at his predicament, while the latter's head was bowed on her desk.

It had not rained in some time. The playground and roads and everywhere were dusty, very dusty. John did not play much, but Julian,

from marble and ball playing and wrestling and being rolled in the dry red clay dusty earth, was chock full of dust from head to heels. His little round jacket was heavy and alive with dust. You could hardly touch him anywhere but what a little cloud of dust would fly off.

The sun was in the west, and through the tall and broad windows flooded parts of the school room with great flakes and shafts of light. In these clearly demarked rays every particle of floating dust could be seen. The beams came right across the stage where the boys were to be thrashed.

At length the class was through and went to their seats. The teacher deliberately selected a switch, and standing on the stage ordered John up first. Little Elic took his whipping without a flinch or twinge or change of countenance. He made some dust, but not much.

Our little Mars Julius was then ordered up. The little fellow put on a brave air and determined to get through, about like a nervous party takes his place to have a tooth pulled. Some laughed and snickered, but others felt sorry for the trying ordeal the little boy so pitiably tried to brave.

The first stroke of the switch on that round jacket floated a million or more particles of dust in that broad shaft of sunlight. By the third to fifth stroke a cloud of dust almost hid the boy from view. Another one or two did hide him and the teacher had to stop and sneeze and walk aside to breathe a moment. By this time the cloud had floated and enveloped others and they began to sneeze.

The brilliant little brunette, Susie, with a keen

sense of the ludicrous, could control herself no longer, and burst into wild peals of uncontrollable laughter.

Sweet little sympathetic Carrie simply cried aloud like her heart was broken. Between sneezing, laughing, crying, coughing, the whole school was soon in an uproar.

Meantime Julian stood in the panoply of dust and coughed and sneezed, too, wondering what had stopped the switch; and the teacher, who had weak lungs, had tried several times to tell him to go to his seat, but could not for coughing and sneezing.

Finally, when the little fellow understood the situation, he, too, burst out in a most comical laugh and called John, asking him where he was. John came and piloted him out of the cloud and to his seat.

Mr. Parks joined in the general laugh and dismissed the school.

Amid it all, though, Julian had heard Susie's laugh and Carrie's cry, and he exultingly felt as though he would take ten thousand thrashings, dust or no dust, if only to thus win the loving sympathy of that now dearest of all girls, the girl of tender tears. The decisive crisis had happened and true love had been tested. To crown it all, to make him ineffably, blissfully, unutterably happy, before parting that afternoon after school he had managed slyly to throw a kiss at the beautiful Carrie, and she had thrown one back to him like a sweet rose petal from a dainty niche in Eden's blooming bowers.

Next day, overcome by the poesy of love, he

scrawled this Romeo and Juliet verse and bribed Teln to deliver it:

To Carrie:

My love for you shall ever flow,
Like water down a cotton row.

—From Julian.

If those two little sweethearts are still living, and these pages should happen to be read by those brilliant black eyes and those violet blue eyes, we know each will excuse the liberty of using her real name in connection with childhood's memories so dear.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETROSPECTION.

DID you ever, after a quarter of a century or more, after childhood had budded into youth, after youth had bloomed into manhood, after the halcyon romance of love and marriage, after long and bitter struggle with fortune, after your own happy children had grown to youth about your own dear hearth and home, revisit your old native State, childhood home? There on the old plantation paradise where mother rocked you to sleep after kissing away your little troubles and heartaches, where father prayed for you around the sacred family altar, and rode you "on a trot horse to Banbury Cross." If such a place exists in your life, go to it at once, no matter how far away. Parents and some sisters and brothers may long since have slept the sleep that knows no waking here. A father, a brother, a boyhood friend, may fill some unknown soldier grave among the hills of Virginia or some other battle scenes, or their memories cherished in some known spot by the beautiful and pathetic annual decoration days. Yet a visit to your cradle home spot of yore will repay by the deep and good and dreamy and soothing emo-

tions it will not fail to inspire in the human heart.

There will be disappointment as to sizes and distances as the eyes of mature age gaze upon the scenes and places treasured so long in the memories when a child. The long neglected, dismantled appearance of the old mansion, caused by extreme poverty as a resultant of all the sacrifices and losses and deaths and seizures and "contrabands" of the war; the almost total disappearance of the once happy and hilarious negro cabins; the wastes of brown sedge and saplings over broad hill slopes; the valleys where once the cotton and corn grew, and fields of grain once waved in mimic billows as the southern breeze whispered a caress as it passed; fences all gone, except some half charred remnant of the heart of oak visible beneath briars and tangled wild vines silently testifying the devastation of Sherman's raid.

A stranger owns what is left of the old place, and ekes out a living by cultivating a one-horse farm in scattering patches here and there. You ask permission to look through the house. It happens that he knew your father before the war and you are made welcome to do as you please—go wherever you would like to.

You pass from the hallway to each room in turn, below and above. Involuntarily you feel as if walking in your sleep, and try to persuade yourself this is not a dream.

There in mother's room must be the identical old fashioned high post bedstead you remember being tied to once upon a time when you ran away and was caught. She had late one afternoon tired herself down running after you way across that "big

burdoom" valley and up the forest slope beyond, loving you so much even in your childish error and disobedience that her heart was terribly frightened at the idea of your getting lost in those woods and night coming on. All the household servants and every field hand in hearing had joined in your pursuit until a string of them reached from the house across the valley and up the opposite slope. You kinder got scared yourself to go further and hid in a gully where she found you.

Of course she would have to switch you, and there you are tied to that very same bed post you now gaze at; and there, too, is old Aunt Jemmie Jones pleading for you, and old Marma, too, comes in and says she knows you will not run away again, and please let you off easy this time. And now, twenty-five to thirty years after, you look at the same room, you just shed a tear and laugh at the same moment.

Down in the parlor you still hear dear Sis Lorna's music and sweet singing echoing about the walls and the merry laugh of her school girl friends, Lula Woolridge and Nina Howell. Bud-die Shelton and George Woolridge were killed in battle fighting for home and protection of rights under the constitution of their country—and Lorna—wasted away and died in those days of grief and poverty,—and—we are again anticipating.

You learn there is one negro tenant on the place up near the cross-roads, where the school house is, still remaining. You want to see again where you and John Jackson got the thrashing under dusty difficulties. So after musing an hour in that same school room and reading yours and

John's initials cut there on that same desk, you look up the colored brother tenant.

Some distance back from the road, with only a path leading to it, there appears a ramshackle shanty, everything about it indicating poverty and careless neglect. Out on a red hill slope an old negro man is seen plowing an ox.

You don't know who he is, and approaching you say, "Good morning, uncle."

"Wo, dur, Pharo! Wy, cappun, mornin', sar."

Where have you heard that voice? When and where have you seen that face? You want to hear it again as you closely scrutinize that good natured black face.

"Well, uncle, how is your crop, and how have you got along since the war?"

"Consequence de crap fuss, boss, der ensamples yer deserves rite proxmary doan contest wid mer tetotle crap. I'ze gittin' erlong poly fernenst o' usin' sens judgematically. Yes,su, cap, weuns don't intolerate wid nuttin' but farmin', en its er hard scrabble ter boss merself en wuck too. Newster do nuttin' but driv caige. Sukey, dat's mer ole lady yander, low times is mo harderer dan befo' de dissipation. I try ter swage her by sayin' us is free do, but her doan swage. Her git moan en mo swunken en swunken. De high and mighty am fallin', en we'se rejuiced ter plow a Pharo ox o' de lean kine."

You know now who he is, and grasping his hard, black, dusty hand in yours, you call him Hansom and tell him who you are.

The old negro's eyes fill with tears as he holds tightly to you and huskily calls:

"Sukey! Sukey! run here! Bless God, Mars Julius, fer seein' you once fore I dies. Sukey, praise de Lord! Her's our own little Mars Julius us newster tote eround en druv in de caige!"

By this time Sukey of dough block memory, now an old woman, has you by the hand, has you in her arms, and crying and laughing, nearly eats you up in her vociferous happiness at seeing her little boy once more. They both forget you are a grown man, and lead you to the little old shack, each holding one of your hands all the way, and protesting love and joy, and asking a thousand questions about missus and marster and all the family they were attached to in their slavery days.

And your heart is touched and filled with love and pity for them.

And when Sukey insists on preparing you something to eat out of their scant and meagre stores, and both stand about the humble table to wait upon you, your emotions are such that you can hardly swallow a morsel, but you bravely do so to please dear old Sukey.

CHAPTER XX.

WAS SECESSION THE SOUTH'S ONLY OR BEST REMEDY, OR A MISTAKE?

VIEWED from a cool, dispassionate, historical standpoint, free from the exasperating and aggressive aggravations of the day and time against the South on the part of the radical republican-abolition element that elected Abraham Lincoln as a minority President, one is inclined to think that it would have been better, perhaps, to have followed the lead of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. The South still held a working majority in the Senate, and possibly enough in the House disposed to abide by the Constitution, to check outrageous and violent intentions of the radical fanatics. Stephens, while admitting the anarchic and rebellious faith-breaking supporters of Lincoln, still hoped the Union might be preserved through the actions of Congress.

Now, forty years after, with no motive except the love of truth, we leave the question to the candid judgment of the present generation after following this true story to its close.

Here in actual touch of natural interests, and contact with the South, both white and black, the

scales drop from prejudiced eyes, like Saul of Tarsus of old. And some will shed tears of regret over the Southern martyrs the elements of his party persecuted for thirty years prior to the war, and unto death and desolation during and even after the war.

We turn to Selkirk in his study of the Constitution of his country.

ACT FOURTH CONTINUED—1787.

Washington: "Well, gentlemen of the Convention, is there anything more on the slavery question? You have extended the slave trade twenty years. Every State now owns slaves."

The South: "If any of our niggers run away into any other State we have got to have the right to get them back or have them returned, regardless of any State laws."

The North: "Yes, and if any of our niggers get away from us or our slave traders we are going to follow them up and catch them as our property, no matter into what State they go. You see, Mr. President, our slave traders in carrying their human stock in trade from one State to another to sell them have got to be protected in their rights. And you know in cases where the nigger don't pay in our climate, we can, during this twenty years, sell 'em all to the South. We can't afford to lose any of 'em in transit. We have our slave selling agents in all the Southern markets."

Both: "Neither of us will enter into this proposed Union unless all these matters are fixed to our satisfaction."

Washington: "I see you are all determined to make the Constitutional Union depend upon the recognition and protection of your slave property interests. Draw up the clause and let's be done with this part of the business. Don't put the word 'slave' in it, however."

So the following was duly and formally adopted as a part of the Constitution of the United States, upon the sacred observance of which on part of all the States the continuance of the Union in peace should depend:

"No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor shall be due."

Washington: "You plaster it up very nicely; but of course it all simply means that every fugitive slave, no matter where he may be found, shall be restored to his owner; and any State impeding in any manner such delivery and restoration will be in clear and open rebellion."

The North: "Say, hold on! We ain't through with our niggers yet. We won't agree to any amendment to the Constitution on this twenty years' slave trade license before the time expires. You don't catch New England napping when dollars can be made. We expect to do a big business shipping and selling Africans while the license holds good. There shall be no amendments whatever to interfere with the nigger trade prior to 1808."

The South: "All right. We will agree and

stick to you on that, too. If we plan to buy and use a lot more niggers during the twenty years, our plans shall not be interfered with in any manner."

So there was added a "proviso" to Article V. of the Constitution absolutely prohibiting any amendment prior to 1808 that shall in any manner affect the slave trade meantime, or taxation thereof except as already stipulated.

Washington: "You have thus legislated for the increase, extension and protection of slavery in your fundamental law—the Constitution of your country. This kills forever the cherished hopes of many, myself included, for any general restriction or emancipation of slavery in this country."

ACT FIFTH—1790.

Pennsylvania: "We present petitions and memorials for abolition of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery in these United States."

Congress: "In the name of William Penn, the Quaker! You really cannot understand what you ask! Your great Founder wrote his treaties in the hearts of men, and kept faith inviolate, though the heavens fell! The print of the Constitution ratified and adopted by you is hardly dry, when you come here in a spirit of anarchy, petitioning us to disregard its obligations and our solemn oaths to support and defend it!"

Pennsylvania: "Our State was founded on the principle of universal brotherhood of mankind, without respect to color or religion. We specially petition that you strain to the utmost the powers delegated you by the States, for the discourage-

ment of traffic in and enslavement of our fellow men."

Congress: "Go back home and do as you please about such matters in your own State. You cannot come here interfering with the rights under the Constitution of any other State or States in this Union. Are there any of your fellow men held as slaves now in your State?"

Penn.: "Well, ye-e-s. But we adopted a plan of gradual emancipation in 1780. No slave shall breathe the air of our State!"

Congress: "Now, let's see this emancipation act of yours. Here it is. We notice you carefully and economically make it fully fifty years after 1780 before this gradual emancipation can go into full effect. In that length of time many of your fellow men will not only breathe but die as slaves in your State, unless you meantime sell them all to the Southern States, or set them free. Quakers are rated as lovers of peace and opposed to war. Yet you come here asking a thing, which, if granted, would promptly bring on disunion or civil war, or both.

"Here is our answer:

"Resolved, That Congress has no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or in the treatment of them within any of the States; it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require."

"Remember, after this, that we are sworn to support the Constitution of these United States and don't come here again asking us to perjure ourselves."

Penn.: "But we did not vote for that clause extending the slave trade twenty years."

Congress: "That's all right. Neither did Virginia. But you adopted the Constitution with that clause in it, all the same. In 1639 we find that your people formally adopted the Bible as their constitution. Better go home and read up a little on truce-breaking and the keeping of covenants."

ACT SIXTH.

England: "We discover that our late American colonies have organized a republic, and have presumed to abolish the slave trade by 1808. We will then lose our best slave market. We must repent and reform, and work up a moral revolution on the subject in this realm. Take the lead in denouncing slavery as a great crime. Have Parliament enact statutes prohibiting the traffic by 1808 anyway. Proclaim to the world that a slave cannot breathe the air of England. Get way up on the moral sublimities, don't you know.

"They have established slavery, and now we must cry out against it and fight it in every way possible. Our policy shall be to cripple their business, to weaken their government by sowing seeds of discord and sectionalism and disunion. This question of slavery will prove our opportunity. Once work up jealousy and fanaticism, and enlist the church in the crusade, and the mere politicians, and a lot of hysterical women statesmen! These will drag in and entrap a lot of the really virtuous and conservative elements who will believe they are serving God by disregarding and destroying the

Constitution of their country and sacrificing the lives of their fellow citizens. Ha! ha! ha! Just imagine how the old blue-law Puritan of Massachusetts will exasperate the warm blooded cavalier of Virginia until they come to blows! This mighty rival in America must be curbed and broken at any cost."

CHAPTER XXI.

SOUTHERN VIEWS IN 1860.

THE lights and shadows of another year have passed at Rural Shades. It is the season of Christmas, 1860. All the happy family are at home. Shelton and Lorna again have as guests their young friends George Woolridge and his lovely sister, Lula; the brightly intelligent Nina Howell is there, too—her very presence an inspiration of joy and love and gladness to all, both white and black. Every servant's face beamed in ivory and shining eyes if she but looked at them. There soon arose jealous rivalry as to who should serve her most, attend her room, make her fires, wait upon her at table. Tender thoughtfulness for all—always cheery words fitly spoken—was her secret power.

Mr. Parks, the school teacher, lived with the Carswell family, highly respected by every one. Some time after he came south from New England, he had been solicited by the abolition press to write up Southern plantation life and scenes for a stated compensation for each article. His instructions were to describe it all true to life, and to give in detail every feature of the horrid "slave

oligarchy" and the dreadful condition of slaves "panting" for the boon of freedom.

Mr. Parks, charmed by his new Southern friends and surroundings, wrote his first article, picturing truthfully the condition of slaves and their treatment by Southern owners as he actually found it. Much to his surprise, the article was returned unpublished with a curt note to this effect:

"Your namby-pamby effort is rejected by our publishing company. Either you wilfully misrepresent matters or all our other paid correspondents in the South lie by wholesale. If you cannot send us sensational and harrowing scenes of torture and degradation, you may consider our offer for your services withdrawn. We do not want Paradise idyls—we want lurid hell and a lot of it."

Disappointed, shocked and disgusted, Mr. Parks wrote no more. He was not reduced to the level of selling his soul for thirty pieces of silver.

This Christmas time all the negroes on the place had, as customary, a week's holiday. All general labor ceased and the week was given up to frolic and dance, visiting other plantations and receiving visitors. If there was press for time in hauling the cotton bales to the shipping depot, the master would hire his own slaves to drive the teams during Christmas week.

After one of Merric's delightful suppers, the white family gather in the big parlor. The broad fireplace glows in live golden-red coals of oak and hickory, emitting here and there little blue flames of purring content. The stately and big brass

andirons glisten as the soft warm glow of light outlines their polished shafts and burnished globes. There is a light snow outside, and Dennis and Ben bring in a new supply of hardwood logs and pile them in the ample fireplace. The soft purr soon changes to bright mellow roar of flames and singing of heated sap at ends of the logs. The lighted candles about the piano and tables and book cases shrink and fade in humble dismay as the light of the fire fills every part of the big room.

Nina had waltzed with Shelton from the dining-room door up the entire length of the broad hallway, singing music for the step all the way, and added her own bright self to the other lights in the parlor just as Dennis and Ben had renewed the fire and Emma and Lila had lighted the candles.

"Oh! how delightful and cosy. Ben knew precisely how I wanted that fire made (broad, pleased grins from Dennis and Ben), and I know Emma and Lila thought of me when they polished those andirons (delighted giggles from Emma and Lila). Shelton, your adorable mother has the best and most thoughtful servants in all Dixie land."

"And what of my mother's son?" said the smitten Shelton, looking at this girl friend of Lorna's as though he would like to eat her up.

"Oh, there are sons and sons, you know," exclaimed the girl, as she hurried to the piano and teasingly improvised a song similar to the later: "You are not the only pebble on the beach."

Lorna and Lula and George came in, followed by Julian and Teln, Mr. and Mrs. Carswell and

Mr. Parks. The latter was a favorite with all the young people present because of his gentle refinement. They loved and pitied him, too, because of the ill-health that was slowly but surely ebbing his life away.

So when he suggested what pleasure it would give him to hear some of their duets and quartets, they gladly sang for him.

In view of the seriously dangerous political state of affairs in the country, the exciting canvass of the past months resulting in the election of Lincoln, the Abolition President, Mr. and Mrs. Carswell and Mr. Parks could not help feeling very grave and serious. As they listened to the voices of the young people, sweet and mellow, rich and skilful, blended together in melody, they could have wept in sorrow and fear at thought of what a near future might bring down upon these devotedly loved young heads and hearts.

Some thought-wave must have conveyed the tone of their feelings to the others. As Lorna attempted to sing something about, "When other lips and other hearts their tale of love shall tell, then you'll remember me," she could not complete the first verse.

The tender, impulsive Nina took her in her arms away from the piano, kissed the unshed tears, carried her to a seat near the cheering fire, and sitting there, hand clasped in hand, the two girls gazed in premonition at their future of sorrow and despair.

"My dear young folks," said Carswell, "let's turn this evening into one of our studies of public men and measures. You know we have been ac-

customed to discuss literature together. One evening the subject was Robert Burns, another it was Shakespeare, then Poe, then the History of America, of England, and of other nations in turn. We have discussed George Washington, Cromwell, Gladstone and others. Now, the burning question of the hour is, What are we of the South to expect from the government of these United States in the hands of Abraham Lincoln and the class of people who supported him? Our subject to-night, therefore, is Lincoln."

Mr. Parks' wasted but intellectual face flushed and his eye kindled as he said:

"As the election of Lincoln by a minority popular vote is, in one sense, an accident in politics caused by the division of the opposing forces, yet it is the culmination of the abolition aims and purposes that have disturbed the peace of the country for many years.

"Any departure from and violation of the terms of a written constitution will, if unchecked, finally destroy any republican form of government. When a people find their sacred fundamental law disregarded, they lose faith and patriotism turns to discontent. You will remember I visited my native State in New England the past summer vacation for the first time since coming South. The Lincoln supporters were maddened even if the Constitution and the rights of slave States under it were but mentioned.

"One argument used by the Lincoln party was that the slave labor of the South was hostile to the interests of workingmen in the free States, and that the abolition-republican party was the free

State laborer's friend because it opposed all forms of labor in the way of his better remuneration. Also, that hostility to slave-labor in the territories was but favoring the 'protected' labor in the North. How all this conformed to the pretended all-absorbing love and sympathy for the negro slaves in the South, I failed to see. But this line of argument carried Pennsylvania for Lincoln."

"Why," said George, "those very fellows who, to win votes, go about shedding crocodile tears about freeing the negro and giving him as a brother man, equal rights, social, civil and political, actually refuse to let him settle as a freeman in their States. But if the negro be a fugitive slave, they receive him with open arms. John Randolph, of Virginia, gave freedom to his slaves. A farm was bought for them by his executors for nine thousand dollars in the State of Ohio—a part of the very territory dedicated to freedom by Virginia—and when his freed negroes went there to take possession, they were driven off by men of Ohio armed with guns and pistols, and never permitted to settle upon the land that had been purchased for them.

"Mr. Parks' remarks about a written constitution and strictly abiding by its terms, reminds me of Washington's farewell address, wherein he says that, 'The constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all;' and that any departure therefrom, under whatever character, 'is of fatal tendency, serving to organize faction, and put in the place of the will of the nation a small but artful and enterprising minor-

ity, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government.' ”

“The utter contempt of the Lincoln party,” said Shelton, “for the rights of all the Southern States under the Constitution, and their derision and disregard of even the United States Supreme Court decisions, convince me that it will be utter folly for the future and blindness to the past for the South to hope for anything but evil and continued robbery at the hands of a sectional faction so calculatively and methodically mad. Why, if Willis and Mose and Hansom were to rush in here this moment and cleave our heads with axes and burn this house over our bodies as a funeral pyre, their John Browns, Giddings, Garrisons, Sumners, Birneys, Sowards, Phillips, Stowes, and ‘Thompson’ British allies, and all their preacher-politicians and anti-slavery societies, and John Brown sympathizers, would shout and praise God for joy that some slave-owners had perished; just as Cotton Mather thanked God fervently that some witches had been murdered. I tell you——”

“Oh! my son, all the abolitionists in the world combined could not induce one of our servants to rise against us in murder or arson. Any insurrection of slaves in the South need never be feared in the least, no matter what else may happen. The slaves would sooner fight for their owners than against them. Why, John Brown tried for months to induce the Virginia negroes to join in his attempted insurrection, and not a single slave joined him.

"You are right, mother dear, but you do not realize to what wild and bloody orgies a few selfish, jealous, ambitious leaders can induce a mass of religious fanatics. Think how the designing Mather and Parris duped the people into hanging innocent persons as witches because the poor victims were in the way of those two saints' worldly ambitions. The paid British agitator, Thompson, proclaimed to cheering audiences in Massachusetts that every slave-owner ought to have his throat cut!

"As to any slave insurrection, they have been trying their best for over twenty years now to incite such and have failed. Look at the class of literature with which the abolition press has flooded the country, all to no avail.

"Their enlightened Christian consciences soar above loyalty to their country's constitution. With immense sanctity they confess being guided by a 'higher law,' and their governors and state legislators and congressmen solemnly take the oath of office to abide by, protect and defend the Constitution of these United States, with a mental reservation as to any guaranteed rights of the Southern States.

"The only safe way to judge what the South may expect under Lincoln is to analyze the backing and following of Lincoln. The history of Lincoln shows him up weaker than some republican-abolition party leaders, and he as President will inevitably act as these leaders dictate.

"Here is a specimen of the kind of campaign literature used throughout the North and West to promote the election of Abraham Lincoln. I will

read you some extracts from this 'Impending Crisis of the South, and How to Meet It.'

"Within itself it is not worth a moment's notice, as it is on a par with the carloads of similar abolition literature.

"But this work is endorsed by the written recommendations of sixty-eight republican members of Congress, besides a large number of leading men in the republican party, members of the republican committee, abolition societies, and the abolition press generally, as a fine campaign document to circulate in the North and West to secure votes for Lincoln.

"W. H. Seward, of New York, gives it his written endorsement, dated 'Auburn, N. Y., June 28th, 1857,' when it first appeared, in which he gives it his unqualified approval after having carefully read it. Sherman, of Ohio, signed its endorsement. All of the Sumner, Chase, Giddings and Lovejoy element heartily approved it.

"Now, Sis Lorna, you and Nina quit gazing at the coals so wistfully, and listen at these beautiful extracts. They will cheer you up.

"Charleston and all other Southern towns and cities are mentioned as 'niggervilles' in a most disreputable part of our common country. Here on page 26 are these words: 'We are not only in favor of keeping slavery out of the territories, but we here unhesitatingly declare ourselves in favor of its immediate and unconditional abolition in every State in this confederacy where it now exists.'

"Throughout the book I read as follows:

"'The peculiar institution has but a short ex-

istence before it. Each revolving year brings nearer the inevitable crisis. The sooner it comes, the better; may heaven hasten its advent.'

"'Henceforth and forever guard our legislative halls from the pollutions and usurpations of pro-slavery demagogues.'

"'Slave-owners a villainous oligarchy.'

"'Every white man in the South who is under the necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow is treated as if he were a loathsome beast and shunned with the utmost disdain. Would be deemed intolerably presumptuous if he dared to open his mouth in the presence of an august knight of the whip and the lash.'

"'Every slave-owner is repeatedly described as 'lords of the lash, haughty cavalier of shackles and handcuffs, slave-driving ruffians.' 'No man of genuine decency and refinement would hold slaves as property on any terms.'

"'Would as soon apply the word gentleman to any pro-slavery man as to a border ruffian, thief or murderer.'

"'We do not recognize property in man—you must emancipate them—speedily emancipate them—or we will emancipate them for you! Would you bring upon yourselves, your wives and your children a fate too horrible to contemplate? Shall the South furnish a more direful scene of atrocity and carnage than the massacre of St. Bartholomew? The negroes, in nine cases out of ten, would be delighted with an opportunity to cut their master's throats. We are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards.'

"'It is the full and fixed determination of a

majority of the more intelligent and patriotic citizens of this republic that the presidential chair shall never again be filled by a slavocrat.'”

“What!” interposed Nina, “the great republican ‘union’ party endorse rank rebellion and treason like that? Whenever the South modestly claims any of its constitutional rights, they all, with one accord, call us disunionists, while they, at the same time, are guilty of a thousand acts in violent rebellion against the union.”

“That last extract reminds me,” said George, “that John P. Hale, a leading republican, said in a speech in Massachusetts last October, that ‘The union was more likely to be dissolved if he (Mr. Lincoln) was not elected.’”

Mr. Parks: “You might add that the same John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, while United States Senator, on February 1st, 1850, presented a petition in Congress, signed by the people of Pennsylvania and Delaware, asking Congress ‘to devise and propose, without delay, some plan for the immediate peaceful dissolution of the American Union.’ And on February 25th, 1850, Giddings, of Ohio, offered the same resolution in the House. Such petitions were frequently offered for a period of years to the legislature of Massachusetts, requesting it to intercede with Congress for a peaceful dissolution of the union. You can imagine the biting sarcastic irony of Daniel Webster when Hale presented the petition in the Senate, when the great expounder of the Constitution suggested a preamble to such petition as follows:

“‘Whereas, at the commencement of the session, you, and each of you, took your solemn oath in the

presence of God and on the Holy Evangelists that you would support the Constitution of the United States; now, therefore, we pray you to take immediate steps to break up the union and overthrow the Constitution of the United States as soon as you can.'

"Seward and Chase voted with Hale for the reception of said petition. The same Seward and Chase were candidates before the republican convention in Chicago last May for President of these United States. Lincoln was nominated, but on the first ballot Seward received 173 votes. Lincoln 102, and Chase 49 votes.

"Listen at this same Seward in a speech at Rochester, N. Y., October 25, 1858, scaring the Northern masses with that political spectre, the 'slave power,' and dreadful 'slave oligarchy,' as though it was a monster about to consume the entire country. He says:

"'Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will be ultimately tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become the marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men!'

"Unholy ambition for place and power and the spoils of office could carry no man to deeper depths of the wily politician fooling the people than this specimen. Such as this, in full knowledge of an immense Northern preponderance in

population and wealth—in ever increasing majority in the electoral college—in the Senate—in the House—increase, too, of free States to nearly double the number of slave States—the South restricted in the territories and the North unlimited—in fact, an absolute, dominating, increasing majority in the North, and a diminishing minority in the South. And yet these designing leaders parade before their dupes the bogy ‘slave power’ and ‘slave oligarchy,’ in order to either rule or ruin the entire country, or both.”

“Oh! why do they not leave us alone?” wearily said Lula Woolridge. “Our general government as it was agreed to by all the States. Why all this quarrel? Are the business interests of the South interfering with those of the North? Is all sense of moral obligation dead in the North?”

“Why should they fret and fume about our affairs? They have restricted our rights in the common territory, arbitrarily taxed us to support their manufactures by a class system of tariffs, and now they propose to rob us of all our slaves. They would own slaves yet if their climate had allowed slave labor profitable. They will not let the negro go to their States, and they won’t let him live in peace here. If they free them, then what will they do with them, pray?”

“On that score,” said Shelton, “listen to another extract in this delectable book, approved by the Lincoln supporters:—

“‘For the negroes and other persons, of whatever color or condition, we demand all the rights, interests and prerogatives that are guaranteed to corresponding classes of mankind in the North, in

England, in France, in Germany. Any proposition that may be offered conceding less than this demand will promptly and disdainfully rejected.'

"You see by this that their design is simply to create political factors out of our slaves by giving them the right to vote, making them our social and political equals in all respects. Then on page 178, here they propose to force the slave owners to pay a tax of \$60 per annum on each and every slave, and keep increasing the tax until slavery is taxed out of existence; the money to be paid over to the slaves. When freed, they propose further to keep the negroes in the South and confiscate our lands and even personal effects, and turn it over to the freedmen. All this is set forth here on pages 178 to 180."

"Oh, Shelton!" exclaimed Lorna, "what can be the good or use to pay any attention to such wild vagaries? We all remember what Lincoln positively asserted in his speech at Charleston, Illinois, on September 18th, 1858. I shall find it and read it. Here, now; listen:

"I will say, then, that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And, inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they

do remain together, there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race. I do not understand that there is any place where an alteration of the social and political relations of the negro and the white man can be made, except in the state legislature—not in the Congress of the United States.’

“And here at Quincy, Illinois, October 13th, 1858, Lincoln reiterates, as follows:

“‘My own feelings would not admit a social and political equality between the white and black races, and that, even if my own feelings would admit of it, I still know that the public sentiment of the country would not, and that such a thing was an utter impossibility. I will say here, while upon the subject, that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid them living together on the footing of perfect equality.’”

“That is all correct,” George interposed, “but if you examine fully all that Lincoln said at the time in those Lincoln-Douglas debates, when the contestants were rival candidates in Illinois for the United States Senate, you will find Lincoln equivocal and vacillating—catering in Chicago to one class and in Southern Illinois to another class. While he was giving utterance to what you have

read, his party and following were in another portion of the same State advocating total abolition and total equality. But putting all that aside, his denunciations of the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case brands Lincoln an extreme agitator in open and dangerous revolt against the Constitution and the supreme law of his country.

"This decision declared that acts of Congress prohibiting slavery in the territories were void and unconstitutional; that slavery was as much entitled to protection in any portion of the common national domain as any other species of property. It was a terrible rebuke to the unlawful aims of the ambitious abolition politicians and religious zealots, and they violently rebelled.

"While Justices Grier, of Pennsylvania, and Nelson, of New York, concurred with Chief Justice Taney, of Maryland, yet they escaped censure, and all the republican-abolition vials of wrath and hate were poured upon the devoted head of Taney.

"Lincoln in his anger so far forgot himself as to publicly denounce and accuse two Presidents, one Senator (his rival) and a Chief Justice of the United States of a conspiracy and malfeasance in concocting the decision for political purposes. He made speeches stirring the passion and opposition of the masses against the written, adjudicated supreme law of his country, because it did not fit or coincide with his personal political views."

CHAPTER XXII.

SOUTHERN VIEWS IN 1860—CONTINUED.

WE add to George Woolridge's views in 1860 the following from James G. Blaine, a leading republican, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," 1884:

"It (Dred Scott decision) was received throughout the North with scorn and indignation. Effect was to develop a more determined type of anti-slavery agitation. It was popularly believed that the whole case was made up in order to afford an opportunity for the political opinions delivered by the court. This was an extreme view, not justified by the facts. Chief Justice Taney was not only a man of great attainments, but was singularly pure and upright in his life and conversation. He had proved a most acceptable and impartial judge, earning renown and escaping censure until he dealt directly with the question of slavery."

Mr. Blaine then describes a scene in Congress, in 1864, when, upon the death of Roger Brooke Taney, who for twenty-eight years had been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the customary proposition in such cases, to pay respects to his memory, was rudely and savagely attacked by Sumner, Wilson, Hale and Wade,

with such expressions as, "Taney should be hooted down the pages of history;" "had degraded the judiciary;" "had degraded the age;" "the abhorrence, the scoff, the jeer of the patriotic hearts of America;" "would rather pay two thousand dollars to hang the late Chief Justice in effigy than one thousand dollars for a bust to commemorate his merits;" "Taney should never be recognized as a saint by any vote of Congress." The proposition was withdrawn.

Mr. Blaine then continues:

"The Dred Scott decision received no respect after Mr. Lincoln became President, and, without reversal by the court, was utterly disregarded. When President Lincoln, in 1861, authorized the denial of the writ of habeas corpus to persons arrested on a charge of treason, Chief Justice Taney delivered an opinion in the case of John Merryman, denying the President's power to suspend the writ, declaring that Congress only was competent to do it. The executive department paid no attention to the decision. The Chief Justice, though loyal to the union, was not in sympathy with the policy or the measures of Mr. Lincoln's administration."

We return to George, who continued:

"You know, good people, that Lincoln is recognized as an abolition President. In 1831, the leading abolition journalist, William Lloyd Garrison, established a paper, 'The Liberator,' in Boston, Massachusetts, and is still its editor. The motto of his paper is, 'The Constitution—a Covenant with Death, an Agreement with Hell.' No disunion, no treason, no flagrant rebellion in that,

is there? No wonder it is folly for the South to appeal to the Constitution with a class who do not recognize that instrument except to turn all their batteries against it.

"Lincoln saying he was opposed to the intermarriage of white and black races reminds me that for over a century and a quarter the Massachusetts laws forbade such intermarriage, but in 1840 and 1841 the abolitionists petitioned that State's legislature to repeal the law. More than five thousand white men and nearly five thousand white women signed the petition. And in 1843 the law was repealed."

"George!" exclaimed his sister Lula, "if you can't think of more decent points for this discussion, you better hush."

"Well, sis, I thought history should always dare to tell the truth. Let me proceed with these delightful extracts in this highly and extensively recommended campaign document. Here, Shelton, give me the book."

"No, no, no!" objected Lorna. "Such nonsensical vagaries are insufferable. We don't want to hear any more of it, do you, Nina?"

"Well, as a literary curiosity, I don't object to hearing it all, if Shelton likes to read it."

Thereupon Shelton proceeded as follows:

"The manual exercise of these slave-holding tyrants are wholly comprised in the use they make of the instruments of torture, such as whips, clubs, bowie knives and pistols."

"Our motto is the abolition of slavery and the perpetuation of the American Union. We have no modifications to propose, no compromise to

offer. Fret, foam, prepare your weapons! Strike, shoot, stab, bring on civil war, dissolve the union—do what you will, sirs, you can neither foil nor intimidate us. Our purpose is as firmly fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven; we have determined to abolish slavery, and, so help us God, abolish it we will!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Nina; “that is rich! Go on, Shelton; my curiosity is excited.”

“If Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and others could be reinvested with corporeal life, and returned to the South, there is scarcely a slaveholder between the Potomac and the mouth of the Mississippi that would not burn to pounce upon them with bludgeons, bowie knives and pistols!”

“What a—colossal!” demurely said Nina.

“Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,” continued Shelton, “are denominated as venerable old fogies, and Southern ministers of the gospel as—clerical lickspittles.”

“Horrors!” cried Nina, stopping her ears.

Lorna laughed now and told Shelton to read on.

“‘Compensation to the slave-holders for the negroes now in their possession: The idea is preposterous; the suggestion is criminal; the demand is unjust, wicked, monstrous, damnable! Shall we pay the whelps of slavery for the privilege of converting them into decent, honest, upright men? No, never!’”

“‘The non-slave-holders expect to gain and will gain something by the abolition of slavery.’”

“In one sense, I suppose that means,” said Carswell, “that if they carry out their design of forcible emancipation and negro equality, they will gain

the negro votes to help perpetuate their political power. Imagine the innocent, ignorant, easily deluded negro voter in the hands of people of such satanic piety!"

Shelton continued:

"'Not to be an abolitionist is to be a wilful and diabolical instrument of the devil!'"

Everyone in the room laughed heartily at this.

"'Inscribed on the banner which we herewith unfurl to the world, with the full and fixed determination to stand by it or die by it:

"'No co-operation with slave-holders in politics;

"'No fellowship with them in religion;

"'No affiliation with them in society;

"'No recognition of pro-slavery men, except as ruffians, outlaws and criminals;

"'The greatest possible encouragement to free white labor;

"'Immediate death to slavery.'

"'It is our honest conviction that all the pro-slavery slave-holders deserve at once to be reduced to a parallel with the basest criminals that lie fettered within the cells of our public prisons.'

"'We are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards—in defiance of all the opposition of whatever nature it is possible for the slavocrats to bring against us. Of this they may take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.'

"'We believe it is, as it ought to be, the desire, the determination, the destiny of the republican party to give the death blow to slavery.'

"Finally," concluded Shelton, "this saintly writer, after four hundred pages disparaging the South in every conceivable imagination, pantingly

winds up his globe-size ball of yarn by naming, among others, as the future successive Presidents of the United States, John C. Fremont, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner and Cassius M. Clay. As a finale, he hurls dire threats of battle against any oligarch who does not quietly submit.

"Such is the character of the campaign literature endorsed and recommended, as I first explained, by the republican party elements that most largely promoted the election of Abraham Lincoln.

"To the credit of the Congress of the United States, Sherman, of Ohio, in 1858, was defeated as a candidate for Speaker of the House, because it was discovered that he had signed approving testimonials of this book, from which I have read these extracts.

"During the debates in this same Speakership contest another pamphlet of like character was brought to public notice, and upon motion of a member, portions of it were read in the House. This pamphlet had been largely circulated by the abolition secret agencies. Here are the debates and the portions read from said pamphlet:

"To land military forces in the Southern States, who shall raise the standard of freedom and call the slaves to it, and such free persons as may be willing to join it.—Our plan is to make war, openly or secretly, as circumstances may dictate, upon the property of the slave-holders and their abettors, not for its destruction if that can be easily avoided, but to convert it to the use of the slaves. If it cannot be thus converted, we advise its destruction. Teach the slaves to burn

their masters' buildings, to kill their cattle and hogs, to conceal and destroy farming utensils, to abandon labor in seed time and harvest and let the crops perish.'

"There's philanthropy in saintly garb!

"And when any of the secret agents of these Pecksniffs were caught in the South distributing such pamphlets, and tarred and feathered, or shot on the spot, as they deserved, their newspapers North were filled with startling accounts of 'Another Southern Outrage.' 'O tempora! O mores!' Catiline was a saint in comparison to these Pecksniffian abolitionists."

Carswell: "Mr. Parks, you are well-read, and no doubt thoroughly posted in past and current events. Can you recall any instance in all the public utterances of Lincoln wherein he denounces or condemns any of the revolutionary acts of his party—of any abolition movement, no matter how treasonable to or in utter variance with the Constitution and laws of the country? Has he ever uttered a word against the many nullification acts of the legislatures of all those Northern States as to the fugitive slave law, or the publication and dissemination of such literature as we have just listened to, or the petitions from Northern States for dissolution of the union? In 1844 Massachusetts 'resolved,' 'That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the union.' The same State in 1845 announced nullification and secession rights, refusing to acknowledge or recognize the act of the United States Congress admitting Texas. The same year

this Puritan State denied any validity to the compromise measures of Congress of 1820.

“Is Lincoln, in fact, like the balance of his supporters, who seek to excuse their rebellion against established and present law by amiably confessing moral beatitudes away and above and beyond the Constitution of their country? Why, but recently, last summer, Seward, Lincoln’s right hand man, said in a speech in Boston, that Lincoln ‘confessed the obligations of the Higher Law, contending for weal or woe, for life or death, in the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery.’”

Carswell, carried away by indignation, roused by a doubting amazement at the sanctified, meddling, insulting attitude of the Lincoln party for years past regarding the South, regarding himself, his property, his family, his every right, his home and fireside—forgot that he had asked Mr. Parks a question, and rising to his feet, proceeded rapidly:

“The hope of this republican-abolition party from its inception by disappointed politicians, was appealing to division, sectionalism, free States against slave States, a solid North against a solid South, greed and jealousy, the fanaticism and weakness of mad-brained zealots.

“George Washington saw how the seeds of such folly could germinate, and warned the new republic.

“John Adams appealed for equal and impartial regard for the rights, interests, honor and happiness of all the States in the union, without pref-

erence or regard to a northern or southern, an eastern or western position.

“Thomas Jefferson advocated the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.

“James Madison had to call the attention of Congress to the refusal of the governors of Massachusetts to furnish the required detachments of militia for the common defense in the war of 1812. The call was made in conformity of acts of Congress alike applicable to all the States. But these States refused on the ground that no State was obliged to comply with such call unless by its own consent! The war interfered with their shipping interests and they preferred to truckle to all the wrongs of the British Crown rather than lose dollars and cents. Their State sovereignty was then, in their opinion, over and above any national sovereignty.

“James Monroe afterward described in no sparing terms this act of rebellion and treason.

“John Quincy Adams deplored the collisions of party spirit founded on geographical divisions, adverse interests of soil, climate and modes of domestic life, as dangerous elements.

“Andrew Jackson, in 1837, striking from the shoulder at the discordant work of the American abolitionists, in collusion with their English abettors, in his farewell address, scored their systematic efforts to sow the seed of discord in different parts of the United States, to place party divisions directly upon geographical distinctions, to excite the North against the South and the South against

the North, spoke of artful and designing men always found ready to foment these fatal divisions and inflame jealousies; of efforts to cast odium upon the institutions of the South, disturb their rights of property, put in jeopardy their peace and tranquillity. He speaks of the kind of 'philanthropy' assigned as a reason for such unwarrantable interference, and warns all the goody-goody weepers that the leaders in this work of discord were unworthy of confidence, and deserved the strongest reprobation of all thinking men.

"Martin Van Buren follows in Jackson's lead in denouncing these agitators and public enemies.

"William Henry Harrison fitly described them as looking to the aggrandizement of a few even to the destruction of the whole.

"John Tyler, in referring to the same abolition agitators, said that all advocates of the union must ever cultivate the important guaranties of the Constitution of the domestic institutions of each of the States and the privilege of each State to attend to its own domestic affairs.

"In a communication to Congress, February 20th, 1845, he calls attention to pious England, and how charterers, brokers, owners and masters of American vessels, in collusion with British factors and agents, were still carrying on the slave trade. These vessels were loaded in England with British fabrics for Africa, which were exchanged there for slaves. Africans captured at sea on these slavers by American cruisers are restored to Africa. But British merchants and capitalists furnish means of carrying on this slave trade; manufactures for which the negroes are exchanged are the products

of British workshops. But when the slave vessels are captured by British cruisers, the slaves found therein instead of being returned to Africa, are carried to British colonial possessions in the West Indies and kept there for years as slaves under a 'system of apprenticeship.' And the English government actually pays her officers and crews so many pounds sterling per capita by way of bounty on the number of slaves so captured and so transported to British colonies!

"Doubtless the American and British subjects who have large capital in this collusion trade are the loudest in their sympathetic cries for abolition of the slaves in these Southern States. They shout the loudest and pray the longest in the abolition meetings, and profess holy sanctification in the mental reservation 'higher law.' They sit in the same pew with that class of abolitionists who, when their States passed gradual emancipation acts, took calculating care to sell all their slaves to the South.

"James K. Polk, in 1845, understanding their aims to use a simple domineering majority, declared it his aim and purpose as President of the United States, to guard against the dangers to this republic in substituting mere majorities for powers which have been withheld from the federal government by the Constitution; that the majority rule right was to be exercised in subordination to and conforming with the written constitution and not otherwise. He denounced the misguided persons indulging in schemes and agitations to abolish slavery regardless of law as guilty of atrocious treason in lifting hands to destroy the union.

“Millard Fillmore announced to Congress and the country that no citizen desiring a continuance of the Constitution would fail to firmly resist any interference in the affairs left to the exclusive authority of the States. On February 19th, 1851, he called attention of Congress to violation of law and high-handed contempt of authority of the United States perpetrated by a band of lawless confederates in the city of Boston, Massachusetts. The legislature of this State had abrogated and nullified the fugitive slave law acts of Congress intended to carry into effect an article of the Constitution of the United States. Encouraged by such legislative act, the citizens of that State attacked the duly authorized Deputy United States Marshal, and by violence and bloodshed forcibly took from him a fugitive slave. In his second annual message, speaking of mobs resisting the fugitive slave law, he says: ‘It is worthy of remark that the main opposition is aimed against the Constitution itself, and proceeds from persons and classes of persons many of whom declare their wish to see the Constitution overturned. It is not to be disguised that a spirit exists and has been actively at work to rend asunder this union.’ Yet all these Northern States, who, by their nullification legislative acts, thus defy the Constitution they are sworn to support, bray aloud ‘disunionists’ at every Southern man who contends for a solemn constitutional right!

“Compare the weak, hedging, gnat-straining sophistries of Lincoln in his attacks upon the Supreme Court decisions and a Constitution-recognized slavery, to the utterances of a Daniel Web-

ster! Here I have that able lawyer and patriotic statesman's speeches. Listen to him in June, 1851, in the State of Virginia: 'How absurd it is to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision, and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest! I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side. I am as ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts.'

"Here in a speech in the Senate of the United States, March 17th, 1850, he scathingly remarks, 'My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations and the solemnity of judicial decisions.'

"He calls attention of all conscientious men of the North to their sworn constitutional obligations, condemns the baneful effects of abolition petitions, societies, and their press literature; ridicules the strained qualities and turn of benevolence and Christianity exercised by these abolitionists misled by a strange enthusiasm. 'If their perspicacious vision enables them to detect a spot on the face of the sun, they think that a good reason why the sun should be struck down from heaven!' This last expression was used by him in his cutting description of the very holy clergy and laity of the Methodist Church, North, in their pharisaical re-

fusal to commune or have fellowship with their slave-owning publican brethren of the South.

"After this speech defending the Constitution, Webster, like Chief Justice Taney, was denounced by all the abolition pigmies.

"Franklin Pierce, in his inaugural, 1853, said:

"'To every theory of society or government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, I shall interpose a ready and stern resistance. While the people of the Southern States confine their attention to their own affairs, not presuming officiously to intermeddle with the social institutions of the Northern States, too many of the inhabitants of the latter are permanently organized in associations to inflict injury on the former by wrongful acts, which would be cause of war as between foreign powers.'

"The election of Lincoln will prove the actual beginning of execution of all the wrongs his infatuated following has been for years threatening the South, in addition to the thousand exasperating persecutions our people have already suffered at their hands. They sever every cord of love, affection, patriotism and pride in our once united country, and call us traitors, rebels, disunionists, if we but dare to flinch at the fratricidal cutting!

"By the shades of Washington, Calhoun, Clay and Webster! I for one do not propose to submit longer to such a dishonorable, humiliating union with a horde of such faith-breaking, scheming violators of law! Have they not prayed and planned for years to incite my faithful slaves to

rise in the dead of night and murder myself, my wife, my children? Now, if they are allowed to take full possession of this country under Lincoln, do you suppose their designing leaders will hesitate at any crime on the part of their strangely infatuated zealots? I have no fears whatever from the negroes of the South, but what protection to life and liberty and property can be expected at the hands of a class of people who utterly ignore a written constitution? If tears would avail, I could weep in sorrow and keen disappointment at the ignominious downfall of this once happy and united republic.

“Regardless of what Lincoln may say, total abolition of slavery in all the States is the outspoken determination of his party at any and all hazards. The slave property value of the South is estimated at some fourteen hundred million dollars. Do they expect any people on earth to quietly yield to the confiscation and destruction of such vast wealth without a struggle?

“The North has aggravated such a storm on this slavery question that it has gone out of control of any conservative class of citizens among them. The abolition salvation army, men, women and children, have been taught to believe their very soul’s redemption depends on freeing the negroes in the South. The history of the ages teaches that religious (?) frenzy halts at nothing, no matter how atrociously bloody. We have no alternatives except secession and disunion, or wholesale robbery and forced subjugation.”

Such, Oh impartial reader, lover of truth, student of history, were the earnest and serious con-

victions of the people of the South when Abraham Lincoln was declared elected President of the United States as an abolition candidate.

As Carswell ceased, a timely diversion was created by the appearance at the door of one of the black apples of discord in the nation in the shape of Ben's grinning face.

"Mars Shelton, Raymon en' dey all saunt fer to know is you en' Mars George ergwine rarbit huntin' widdem tomorry?"

"Come in here," sternly said Shelton. "You Forbidden Fruit, you Apple of Paris, you Helen of Troy, you Wooden Horse, you Abolition Idol, you Slavocrat Bogy, you Politician's Catspaw, you Oligarchy, you Church Spittle, you Spot on the Sun, you National Stain, you Fanatic's Joy, you Higher Law (following the amazed Ben around the room and pointing at him tragically), you Pharisee's Boon, you Pigmy's Stepping Stone, you Clerical's Unction, you Lasher's Delight, you England's Hope, you America's Disunion (Ben backs against the wall and with a dry grin blinks and bats his wondering eyes at each name, staring at Shelton), you Ambition's Opportunity, you Mental Reservation, you Constitution Smasher, you Nullification, you Fratricide's Excuse, you Created Equal, you Irrepressible Conflict, you Diabolical Master's Ben, you Southern Slave! Now, you black rascal, what about that rabbit hunt?"

Ben's astonished face at once relaxed, and laughing in relief, he stuttered:

"Sakes erlive, Mars Shelton! you skaid der ray-bits outern mer haid. Lemme reckermember. Raymon en' Dennis en' Willis en' Jim, enner whole

passul fum de string, want you en' Mars George ter go long en' shoot de rairbits ferninst de houns skaid 'em up."

"Oh, Shelton, let us go, too!" cried Nina, Lorna and Lula. "We can go horseback and see all the sport. You know how we can ride."

"Look here, Ben, you——. Hold on, I won't call you any more names. Tell 'em we will all go."

"Yasser. Dem niggers sho happy ef all on yer glong."

"Say, Ben, which of these young ladies is the prettiest?"

"Deys all purty, Mars Shelton, but you know Miss Nina de purtiest."

Ben was wise.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MORALS OF POLITICS.

THEODORE SELKIRK's promotion in politics was as rapid as the sudden growth of his Western village. The abolition leaders soon discovered his abilities, and at the same time his weakness of being easily led by his inordinate, inexperienced ambition.

After getting him committed as a candidate for the State legislature, and after he had delivered several political speeches, wildly applauded by the extremists of a solid North against a solid South, on the slavery question, our young orator caught himself dreaming of being governor of his State, then United States Senator, then—who knows—Chief Justice or even President! Should his legal knowledge of the Constitution, of the clear rights of the South under it, of the wrong he was now aiding and agitating, deter him by any squeamishness of conscience from mounting the glorious rounds of the ladder of fame? Did he not see many men of all political shades and creeds, not only in his State, but in all the Northern States, Democrats as well as Republicans, fawning and bowing and clinging to this abolition wave in order

to mount upon some one of its foaming crests into political interest and power? Why should he neglect to take advantage of such opportunity? Morals! Politics had no morals, so far as he could see at the present hour.

About this time, in the midst of the excited Lincoln presidential campaign, one of the big political henchmen from an Eastern State called at Selkirk's newly-built and elegant law office.

"Ah, Selkirk! Glad to meet the rising man of this Western State! Need no formal introduction between friends. Saw your speech in the papers. Fine effort. Noticed in some of our leading Eastern papers! Keep it up, my boy; give it to 'em! This slavery agitation works like a charm. Nothing like it since the days of Peter the Hermit. Ha! ha! ha! The nigger is our Holy Sepulchre—our Holy Land! The slave-owners of the South are our infidels! More than three thousand of our New England clergymen have long since taken up the cry. With their pulpit philippics, and our mere political tirades, and the thousands of women and children anti-slavery societies, we have managed to make all the uninitiated zealots really believe their only way to heaven is over the total freedom of the Southern slaves."

"Yes, but," timidly interposed Selkirk, whose eyes had never before been so opened, "the Constitution."

"O, damn the Constitution! We have repudiated that old obsolete relic of barbarism, and have a higher law. Like the Pontiff Urban, in the Crusades, we have all the faithful crying aloud for the freedom of the slave by saying 'It is the will

of God! It is the will of God!’ And let me tell you right now, my young friend, you can never succeed in politics on the abolition band wagon if you are foolish enough to pay any attention to or have any scruples upon what that old Constitution recognizes on this slavery question.”

The old, unscrupulous, experienced politician read in Selkirk’s astonished countenance signs of repugnance and backsliding in the Lincoln party faith and creed. So he adroitly changed his manner and knowing the neophyte’s weak point, continued:

“Now, look here, Selkirk, my brilliant young orator and statesman! Do not let conscience make a coward of you at this the turning point of what promises for you a magnificent future. Why, Lincoln himself threw down the gage of battle on this slavery agitation in his speech at Springfield in 1858; he said: ‘In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.’

“You see our only hope for political power is based on keeping alive this division of North and South. Shut the door and let me tell you in most secret confidence what, all along, have been our ambitions. In order to control, finally, this government, we have to control both houses of Congress. And by the way, I hope to see you a member of Congress at no distant day. To accomplish our purposes, the plan was to enrich and populate the North as much as possible at the expense and disparagement of the South—first, by the protective

tariff system, second by keeping the South out of the Territories or acquired States, to get a majority of States on our side, get control of the electoral college and every department of the government.

"The South never was so calculating as the North, so we forced them by hook or crook into the several compromises which give the North up to date nearly three-fourths of all territory outside the original thirteen States. The subject of slavery has been a God-send to us in these measures. We have played upon it as a harp of a thousand strings. Ha! ha! ha! After every such compromise, when the agitation appeared settled by act of Congress, or court decision, some of our fellows would suddenly bring on the same old fight, and the row would grind through again, giving us in the end the grist and the South the chaff.

"To keep the abolition elements all on our side, thirteen of the Northern States, to enrage and exasperate the South and to please the Abs., have enacted laws in utter disregard to the constitutional bonds of the union as to fugitive slaves. Bless your life, every runaway nigger received and protected and made a hero of as an escaped martyr, and coddled and petted by the Abs., was worth ten thousand or more votes to us. Every lie the escaped slave—sometimes escaped murderer—told, as in duty bound about the South, was worth thousands of more votes.

"Why, you can hardly realize the power over the people we have obtained by this slavery agitation! Beats that of Mohammed over his Saracens! It is simply marvelous. In Massachusetts John A. Andrews has just been elected Governor

of the State, and he an open and avowed sympathizer with that crazy fool John Brown! Ohio and Iowa refused to surrender to justice some of the escaped raiders at Harper's Ferry. And yet the Northern press tried to create belief in the South that old Brown had no sympathy North!

"I tell you this agitation carries old as well as young. Old Josiah Quincy, in June, 1856, proclaimed destruction of the Constitution and forcible possession of the government at all hazards—even dissolution of the Union itself, if the free States failed to carry the presidential election!

"One thing puzzles me, though, and that is, with all the inducements offered and encouragement given by us, the slaves in the South have never made an insurrection against their owners nor any concerted break for freedom!"

"Why," said Selkirk, "I was South once—in the State of Georgia—little more than one year since, and I saw nothing to indicate discontent among the slaves nor cruelty of masters. On the contrary——"

"Stop! Walls sometimes have ears. A public announcement of what you have just uttered would defeat your election! Be cautious on that subject! It suits our plans to aid and encourage every fanatic belief to the contrary, no matter how wild and unreasonable. Back in 1854, under the lead of Lincoln and others of the faithful, a solid geographical party was formed—free States vs. slave States—all the anti-slavery element united as Republicans to fight everything pro-slavery as Democrats. The South claimed equal rights with the North, under the Constitution and

Supreme Court decisions, to settle in Kansas and Nebraska or any common territory. But we determined that they should not, even if our opposition smashed the union into smithereens!

"Of course our actions naturally forced a solid South against us—just what we wanted. Then we made the welkin ring by crying aloud against a sectional, geographical, disunionist, clannish, slave oligarchy South trying to snatch the entire government from the free North. We managed in this way to scare the Northern masses like the Moslem hosts frightened Christendom. They beat us, though, by electing Buchanan on the issue of right of South to settle with their slaves in the territories. But now the opposition is hopelessly divided and we are going to elect Lincoln President. Ha! ha! ha! It amuses me to hear Lincoln say it is not his intention to interfere with slavery where it already exists, but only to prevent its spread, when he knows as well as I do that the full determined intention of the party nominating and voting for him is the total abolition of slavery in all the States and everywhere in these United States! We have agitated such a storm on this subject that our hope to retain the reins of power after we seize them is to do this—force complete emancipation."

"But how can you do this," asked Selkirk, "without dissolution and civil war?"

"O, well, the South won't fight, and we will do it simply by the rule of might and a dominant majority. Have they not time and again 'compromised' with us to preserve the union, instead of fighting to preserve their constitutional rights?"

What can they do when we control the President, the Congress and the army? Officers and soldiers of the army know nothing but obedience to superiors, as a rule. They are trained to obey orders, and not question the morals or politics of war. Rather than risk a court-martial and reduction in ranks, or lose a chance of fame or military glory, most officers and soldiers would shoot their own kith and kin, in an unjust war, if ordered to do so.

"If it does come to blows, why, we will get up a great hue and cry of saving the union, and all our following will rush to the rescue to save the 'glorious union' and 'protect the flag,' regardless of whether it be a union under the Constitution or not. This will result in the forced freedom of the slaves, or more likely they will hasten to 'compromise' again with us by agreeing to free their slaves. Then what can hinder us from giving the freed negroes power to vote, and thus control the present slave States as well as the free States? I tell you, it is a grand political scheme and will place you and me on the top rungs of the political ladder!"

Selkirk thought of his friend in need, the generous Carswell, on that Southern plantation away down in Georgia. What a wrong all this would bring upon him and his! As if talking under the baleful influence of a basilisk, he pathetically, mechanically asked:

"Why not stop at the line of preventing the further spread of slavery in the territories? Why interfere with the slave owner's property and domestic affairs in his own State? How does the existence of slavery in the Southern States interfere with the business interests and labor and prosperity

and progress and happiness of the North or any State wherein slavery is prohibited?"

"Why, you a—acute questioner—that would be instant political suicide—take the wind from our sails and leave us in a dead calm. All our religious zealots incessantly and frantically pray on the abstract moral principle of universal freedom of slaves and confiscation, destruction and death to the fiends in human form who own slaves. It would be like taking hell out of the Bible at a nigger camp-meeting—there would be no more collections, no more converts, and more backsliding than Carter had oats! No, sir! the religious element in this crusade against the South must be kept warm, burning hot, fanned to a flame, and kept at a white heat."

The big political party manager warmed up with his subject and grew still more confidential. Leaning toward Selkirk, he continued:

"You see, we know the hot-blood cavalier spirit of the South. So long as you treat 'em open and fair they are generous and brave and will lavish upon you every favor and concession for peace and union. But let 'em catch you in unfair, underhanded double dealing in matters clearly their legal rights, they go for you regardless of consequences. By extreme abolition movements in our State legislatures, and in a thousand ways, we have purposely exasperated some of them to hate and despise a union whereunder their lives and property are forever threatened and their domestic tranquillity always being disturbed. No wonder some of them boldly swear they will not remain in such a union and begin to plan how they

can separate themselves from it. It's a matter of self-protection with them. So you see we have the abolition dissolutionists in the North and the secession dissolutionists in the South."

"What!" exclaimed Selkirk, "you mean to tell me your design is to dissolve the union?"

"That depends! One thing dead sure is that so long as the Constitution is faithfully adhered to we have no hope for any immediate, or hardly remote, political ascendancy at all permanent. Hence our 'irrepressible conflict.' If through Lincoln and an abolition Congress we force the freedom of the slaves, and then make them voters, without dissolving the union, all well and good. If, however, a separation of North and South is the result—whether peaceful or bloody—then we will pose before the strong and populous North as the heroes, statesmen and patriots who were instrumental in separating it from the vile South with all its slavery pollution. In either event we come out on top and hold the places of high political degree. If we cannot rule over the whole, we will hold sway over the biggest half! You see, the abolitionists and the secessionists are necessary in order to aggravate and bring on that 'irrepressible conflict.'"

Selkirk felt depressed, humiliated, as the bare skeleton of inordinate, unscrupulous political ambition was thus exhibited to his young eyes in all its selfish horrors. For the moment his soul sighed for a return of the poverty and hard struggles in the former little old shack of a law office, when Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun and Webster were his ideals.

The big manager meantime glanced at his watch, hurriedly arose and said:

"Come! It is time for our meeting and your speech comes first. I shall introduce you in fine style as not only the coming member, but the possible future Governor or United States Senator!"

Selkirk walked away with him, deeply pondering. After all it would be best to yield to circumstances—do evil that good may come—ride into office, no matter what the means—and then, when power was his, to turn it upon the kind of politicians this big manager was! With self-contempt, irritation, madness whirling in his brain, the young lawyer mounted the platform and in reckless eloquence made a stirring speech against the expansion of slavery.

He then attempted to retire—he wanted to walk alone out in the night under the stars—but the big manager stopped him.

"Say, Selkirk, my young Demosthenes, such a speech as that has elevated some men to the presidency! But I wanted you to stop and see and observe. We have here to-night an escaped slave, who came with one of our 'peddlers' from Georgia. He is a sulky-looking, burly black young negro man, and looks to me like the devil was in him. Between you and me I do not doubt he committed some crime and ran away to escape punishment. The local committee posted notices of an escaped slave being here to-night, and you see doubtless every man, woman and child in the town, who could possibly leave their homes, here to gaze at and sympathize with this curiosity. We are going

to take him to other meetings in the State. Look! there he comes!"

The local chairman led to the front the described negro. He appeared in travel-worn dust-stained tatters, worn shoes and a generally worse-for-wear look.

"You now behold, fellow-citizens, in the flesh, one of the poor sons of Africa, held from his birth in cruel, inhuman, torturing bondage by that soulless, pitiless slave oligarchy of the South. By the aid and guidance of one of your humane society agents he has escaped from his diabolical enslavers and flies to you for refuge and protection."

At this point the chairman appeared overcome by his emotions. The large audience, men and women and children, were deeply affected. Many shed tears of pity and sympathy. On the part of the masses, outside the knowing, designing politicians, this wave of divine human sympathy was genuine, deep and sincere.

The same beautiful, tender-souled women and girls, who then and there shed tears of pity at sight of this escaped slave, would have wept aloud later on could they have beheld Mrs. Carswell, as she with a mother's undying love moaned and agonized in unspeakable grief over the battle-stained dead body of her boy, her Shelton, her hope, her pride, her joy, cut off so early in his fair tide of youthful life.

The big manager now advanced to the side of the escaped slave, shook him cordially by the hand, exhorted him to be of good cheer—he was now among friends and brothers—and requested him

to tell all these good people his life in the South and how he escaped.

The negro only looked confusedly down at his feet, and said nothing.

"Look up, my boy, and tell us your name."

"Jeff, sar; but dat ere peddle man he caw me Missur Jeffersing."

"Well, Mr. Jefferson, what was your late master's name?"

"De white folks say Kernel Carlse, sar, but us niggers call 'em Mars' Eddard."

At this Selkirk became suddenly all eager attention. Col. Edward Carswell was his Georgia friend, and this negro was evidently a runaway from that dearly remembered friend's plantation.

Yes, this is our same lazy, trifling, turkey-egg stealing Jeff; our faithful old black mammy Mamma's source of sorrow. The overseer had whipped him one night for refusing to do his appointed work and being impudent and sulky in the refusal.

Instigated by the peddler's teachings, Jeff had stealthily set fire to his master's barn and run away. Willis happened to see the fire in time to put it out before any damage was done.

"Now, Jeff," continued the big manager, "tell us all about your life as a slave and why you ran away."

"Atter I done wuck all I could fum fore day twill atter dark all de week, en' half starve, dey whoop me ever day kaze er didnen wuck mo. En' whenner couldnen wuck all de day Sunday, too, dey puddennigh whoop me ter def.

Denner crawl off en' hide, en' git er way wid dat peddle man."

And Jeff looked injured innocence and martyrdom personified. Selkirk boiled in inward, silent rage, at the, to him, evident wholesale fiction of the darkey.

Under the manager's skillful leading questions, the elastic, pliant Jeff pictured slave life on the Carswell plantation with all the harrowing fancies of the most popular abolition writers and speakers. Carswell and his overseers were as bad as Legree and his infuriate black henchmen in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Selkirk left as Jeff received an ovation, and walked for hours out under the stars, cursing himself as a weak ingrate poltroon!

Since his eyes had been opened by this big manager to some of the secret ambitious designs of the mere politicians in fomenting this slavery agitation with such selfish purposes in view, his memory recalled the solemn warnings of that venerable lawyer, statesman and President, James Buchanan. How in his inaugural of March 4th, 1857, he congratulated the country upon this whole territorial question being settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty; that all were agreed that under the Constitution slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power except that of the respective States themselves where it exists; that it was hoped, then, that the long agitation will cease, that geographical parties will speedily become extinct; that for twenty years this agitation had proven no positive good to any human being, but a prolific source of great evils to the master, to the

slave and to the whole country, alienating and estranging people of sister States and seriously endangering the very existence of the union; exhorting every union-loving man, therefore, to exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which, since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object.

Then in his third annual message in December, 1859, alluding to the Harper's Ferry incident as showing symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind which may break out in still more dangerous outrages and terminate at last in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South; of the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land; that those who announce abstract doctrines subversive of the Constitution and the union must not be surprised should their heated partisans advance one step further and attempt by violence to carry those doctrines into practical effect. That so long as the peace and safety of the domestic firesides throughout fifteen States of this union is threatened and disturbed, in vain will you recount to these people any political benefits of union. Self-preservation was the first instinct of nature.

Then again in December, 1860, in his fourth annual message, President Buchanan says that the long continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States has at length produced its natural effects; that it cannot be denied that for five and twenty years the agitation in the North against slavery has been incessant; that in 1835 pictorial handbills and inflammatory appeals were

circulated extensively throughout the South of a character to excite the passions of the slaves, and, in the language of General Jackson, "to stimulate them to insurrection and produce all the horrors of servile war;" that this agitation has ever since been continued by the public press, by the proceedings of State and county conventions, and by abolition sermons and lectures; that the term of Congress has been occupied in violent speeches on this never ending subject, and appeals in pamphlets and other forms, indorsed by distinguished names, have been sent forth from this central point and spread broadcast over the union.

That all for which the slave States have ever contended is to be let alone and permitted to manage their domestic institutions in their own way; and that if Northern State Legislatures refuse to repeal at once their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments regarding fugitive slaves it is impossible for any human power to save the union.

Selkirk had looked upon all this slavery agitation simply as partisan politics that would live its day and die out, just as other debated political issues had. He had never dreamed of possible civil war. He had never known before meeting the big manager to what lengths demagogues will dare. Now the words of Buchanan appeared of momentous weight. He remembered that in the same message the President had said that the Southern States, standing on the basis of the Constitution, have a right to demand this act of justice from the States of the North. Should it be refused, then the Constitution to which all the

States are parties will have been wilfully violated by one portion of them in a provision essential to the domestic security and happiness of the remainder. In that event, the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the government of the union; that the right of resistance on the part of the governed against the oppression of their government cannot be denied, as witness our own declaration of independence. Our union can never be cemented by the blood of its citizens shed in civil war.

“O, why,” muttered our young lawyer, pondering for the first time deeply and seriously on the possibility of a great nation being torn asunder and forever estranged in its parts by the horrors of a fratricidal war—“why am I such a moral coward as to permit sordid, corrosive ambition to place me in the position of consenting to and actually instigating an unpardonable wrong against my friend Carswell! Why did I not rise in all the power of just and indignant wrath and defend my friend when that wretch so defamed his noble life and character! Why do I suffer myself, knowing what I do now, to be an accessory in this treasonable scheme to even dissolve the union of States in this grand republic, if necessary, in order to boost myself and such men as this big manager into political office and power! To play upon the virtues of my people, their sympathies, their religious zeal in order to excite hate and prejudice in the free States against the life and

character and home and fireside of such men as Carswell in the slave States!"

Humanity can hate sin and yet go on sinning.

We hold in contempt and strong condemnation the acts of some poor wretch discovered in his criminality, yet go on ourselves and commit the same acts.

Repentance often comes only after discovery.

Selkirk had discovered himself, but that was quite different from being discovered by the public. So, under the cloak of assumed righteous indignation against slavery, himself was led an abject slave chained to ambition's car.

The Pope saw in the fanatic zeal of Peter the means to turn the crusades into religious warfare with resultant benefits to the church and increase of the papal power. Mahomet, at first a zealous, sincere worshipper of God, fell a victim to ambition, threw aside the preacher's garb and donned the warrior's armor. Under the guise of spreading the new faith he conquered, plundered and murdered even the people of his native city.

The early Christians disdained all other forms of worship as heathenish, impious and idolatrous, arrogating to themselves the sole possession of divine knowledge, some refusing even to pay taxes and conform to laws on the plea that the government was not Christian. History was only repeating itself in the position assumed by the Northern abolitionist regarding the Southern slave owner.

The same spirit of intolerance and bigotry exists to-day among the Christian churches—some condemning all others as sure of and worthy of hell because of a difference of interpretation and

exegesis of merely ritualistic points. Some converts profess a higher law, "second blessing" of perfection, and unctiously charge old white-haired veteran servants of God with never having been converted because they do not confess this "second blessing" theory.

As Selkirk restlessly wandered that night under the star-glittering dome of the heavens his mind almost unconsciously pursued this trend of thought: The ambition of the lowly, reverent Christian is to dwell with God forever up yonder in mansions not made with hands: The ambition of Persia of old was an immortal existence up there in a land of supernal light peopled by the fairest and loveliest: The warrior Goth hoped for an eternal feast of heroes in the burnished palace of the god of war: The ancient German held death in contempt and hastened to shake off this mortal coil to enjoy forever a heaven of immortal drunkenness: The ambition of this atom, this Theodore Selkirk is to build his little pinnacle of fame upon the sacrifice and ruin of his friend Edward Carswell.

Concluding that his mind must be vaguely wandering, he sought forgetfulness in sleep. The last thought of his tired brain was, "Honesty is better than policy, truth is better than falsehood, courage is better than cowardice."

CHAPTER XXIV.

NATURE, LOVE'S SILENT INTERPRETER.

THE morning at Rural Shades following that evening's discussion of Lincoln was bright and cold and clear. The light snow spread its mantle of white over yard and park and broad fields and distant valleys and hills and slopes. The stately oak, hickory and chestnut, with bare branches clearly defined against the vast deep blue of sky, stood at rest in the pure, still, noiseless air. The big white mansion, with smoke curling dreamily upward from its chimneys, looked a picture of comfort, life and home. Looking from its broad eastern piazza over the stretching fields and rim of forest toward sunrise was a vista of soft radiance and sheen of sparkling light.

Down on the "string" of negro cabins at regular intervals small columns of blue smoke from each cabin chimney lazily crept up in the still air. At the last new cabin to the right, under the now bare sweet-gum tree, you can see the strong athlete Willis swinging his big ax as if a toy into the heart of an oak log, cutting a supply of wood for his "sumptuous" Loo, now his bride, who stands in the doorway talking and singing and laughing at and

with him in that perfectly natural, hearty, careless, nothing-to-fear way and manner characteristic only of the thoughtless, happy negro slave. Loo comes out to help bring in a turn of wood, and fills her round arms with it. Willis has his left arm full with heavy sticks ready to "tote" in, but to keep Loo from "totin'" hers, he deftly takes her up bodily, her turn of wood and all, in his strong right arm, and triumphantly totes in the whole business. Then they have a merry dispute as to whether she toted her wood or not. Loo happens to remember that little episode of Willis' toting the sack of corn on his shoulder while riding Mars Eddard's horse to keep the horse from getting tired so he could get to go to see her that Sunday, and squelches him in the argument. Her ringing laugh, so unutterably full of amusement, was an inspiration and panacea tonic to all the discontented of earth, could they have heard it that Christmas week morning on that Georgia plantation in 1860.

As snow enough for coasting down hill is a rare occurrence, Ben and his Mars Julius are early at that same punkin-debble carriage house, hard at work on two one-by three rough plank sleds, on which they are going to slide down that steep hill to the spring.

During that morning Ben managed to get all the marbles and toys his young master had, and all the cakes and goodies he could safely promise, by repeatedly hauling his master's sled back to the top of the hill for another slide down.

It is yet early, but there goes Mose, of barbecue fame, always wide awake to make dollars, driving

his educated team of twelve oxen with a big load of cotton bales to market. He has hired himself to his master during the holidays.

Col. Carswell never would allow cursing and swearing on the place. Once when Mose, with a four-mule team, was hauling a heavy load of plantation supplies shipped from northern manufactures, his wagon bogged down, and no amount of moral and corporal suasion could make the mules budge it. The master happened to be present and waited to see results. Mose appeared much hampered by Carswell's presence. It was a severe trial to halloo at and vociferously encourage those mules to pull and not cuss a little bit. He mumblingly said aside to his fellow teamster:

"Sno use prodjerkin widdem slong es Marse Eddard here. Dem mules ai gwine do nuttin twill dey gits er rale stampede thudern lightnen cuss-in! Hits natur uv de beast en dey knows it. You jess wait twill Marse lebe ennu hab chance ter cuss a passel er blue streaks o' sulfer en bremstone at em, en dey gwine to move outter dae!"

Sure enough, when the master got out of hearing, Mose vociferously turned his furious hose of brimstone and sulphur and blue streaks in regular hurricane style, and the team, under the excitement, promptly pulled out. Mose was known to boast that he had the thing down to such science that, given a good six-mule team and a loud popping whip, and unlimited space for his profane literary pyrotechnical recitations, he could pull Hades from the hidden caverns of the earth. But Mars Eddard would have to be two miles off.

While we have been discussing Mose, his ox

team and big load of cotton have turned out of sight up the road at the school house forks. This part of the plantation was known as the "Jones field," because purchased in years past from a man named Jones. And this reminds you of Raymon's immense mental strains in trying to learn the alphabet under his Master Shelton's tutelage some years prior to the opening of this true tale.

There, in the Summer time, out in the yard under that big oak tree, sits Shelton, and on the ground beside him his pupil, Raymon, with one of Webster's old and excellent blueback spelling books. The young slave, with all sorts of facial contortions, is trying to learn the Roman capital letters, and traces hieroglyphics of them with his finger on the smooth ground. The sweat drops trickle over the fat, smooth ebony face as Raymon works hard to impress on his memory each letter.

"Clar ter gorrimity, Marse Shelton, disshere de hardess wuck dis nigger ebbu tackle! Wuckin' de craps wid yer sense all free en loose like is play side o' dis. Huccome de white chillun larn it, beats me all holler. Cullate hits kaze nigger skull too thick. I kin but froo a big barn do an not hurt, en ef you do dat your haid buss. Dis fuss top o' de line iz A, yer say?" repeating it over and over many times. "Ef she jess riccomember aigs mebbe her member A. Den B, dats er bull foot enner bumble bee. Den C,—dunno how ter fix dat. Dis am E, en dat minds me o' eels us kotches in de branch. Dis nex iz er stunner! F. F. F., ef I gwine ter de Jones field. Next G.—lack gee up dar ter a mule plowin. Dat nex ker-flummux H, I nebber spec to member, ceppen I'se

got de seben-year eech. O shucks! Mars Shelton, less go feeshin! Sno usen gwine crazy. I druther kotch horners an poke for turkles in de branch!"

And master and slave went fishing, free and loose from all the martyrdoms of learning.

Speaking of Raymon's trying to learn the Roman capital letters reminds us of a Florida statesman as a member of the State Legislature. It was somewhere in the eighties when the eight-box ballot law was passed. The object of the law was doubtless to protect the black or negro majority counties from the ruinous effects of the illiterate, ignorant, non-property-owning black vote. While the election of Drew as governor in 1876 had freed the State at large from carpet-bag rule, yet some counties, known as the black belt, continued to suffer all the ills of carpet-baggism in their county affairs.

Our statesman was a good party man and had worked like a Trojan for his party in local county political matters. When, therefore, a county convention was called to nominate a legislative ticket, our good man thought his party owed him something, and he straightway announced himself a candidate.

He was not the man the convention wanted, but they did not want to cut him off too short. So the chairmen of the different district delegations consulted wisely together and decided to give our "horny-handed son of the sile" a complimentary vote on the first ballot to make him feel good, and then drop him easy like. They wanted him as a party worker, but did not want him as a representative.

But lo and behold, when the first ballot was counted he was actually nominated! Those wise men had forgotten to count noses in that intended complimentary vote. There was no getting out of it now. He was surely nominated, and as solidity of party was necessary to beat the enemy, they had to elect him. A nominee of the party just simply had to be stuck to and elected regardless, else for that county there might be ignorant negro justices of the peace, constables, sheriff, superintendent of schools, county judge and negro representatives. No split in the party would do under any circumstances. It was plainly a gopher case.

So our statesman was duly elected, and found himself in the hall of representatives in Tallahassee with full privileges of the floor when that eight-box ballot bill was presented for wise consideration.

He favored the bill, as he expressed it in a speech, "teetotally with tooth and toe nail and both feet a-goin' and a-comin'."

Unluckily for him, some member, a stranger to him, in the heat of the discussion offered an amendment to the bill to the effect that the names of the candidates should be printed on the ballot boxes in plain Roman letters.

This, to our statesman, was a stunner, a scheme of the devil, a plot of the enemy to again foist upon the State ignorant negro dominion, led by a few leading carpet-bag thieves called politicians.

"Mr. Speaker!" yelled our man, regardless of who had the floor, and oblitative of any rules or parliamentary usage. "Mr. Speaker! I have managed to live in Flurridy and make buckle and

tongue meet and pay my honest debts even throughout them tryin' robberin' years from soon after the war up to 1876. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, sirs! I'm agin that amendment tee-totally with tooth and toe nail and both feet flat-footed a-goin' and a-comin'! Have we not suffered enough by niggers repeatin' votes and carpet-baggers stuffin' ballot boxes and a-goin' back of their returns! Now, what devilish scheme is this to print the names of candidates on the boxes in the Roman language? There ain't a white man, nor a nigger either, in my county that knows a letter of the Roman language, much less how to read the derved stuff! If you pass that amendment to this bill you will disfranchise every man, woman and child in Bradford county! The object of the bill to squelch ther ignunt black vote and let white folks what can read rule this State will simmer down into evulastin' defeat. If you carry that amendment you put the nigger on a perfect equality with the white man at the polls. Don't you know the nigger knows jest as much about the Roman language as the white man? Why, sirs, I wouldn't know myself who nor what in thunder I was votin' for if the names on them boxes was in the Roman language!

Amidst a perfect tornado of roaring applause, that had grown and increased with each sentence he had spoken, our statesman paused. He then hurriedly rushed downstairs into Governor Bloxham's office, and excitedly asked this big hearted political adviser how in the nation he could make the proper motion to squelch that Roman language

amendment, and to hurry up about it, else they might pass it any moment in his absence.

When it was explained to him that plain Roman letters meant nothing but the capital A, B, C letters in Webster's blueback, our statesman gave a sigh of relief and departed after a most hearty handshake of thanks with the amused but wisely solemn Governor!

He did not go back to the assembly hall, but loitered about the beautiful grounds of the old massive capitol building. Taking it in from base to pinnacle, with a slant of his eye around and upward, he remarked to himself:

"Humph! Some o' them fools up there still howling at my Roman language speech, think they could move this capitol. Be Joe Brown if all the oxen in the State could budge it!"

On the way to his boarding house he met a State official, who, knowing he lived in the country, commenced to debate upon the pleasures and profits of farm life in Florida.

"Do you know," continued the official, "that the profits from poultry raising in the United States exceeds even the entire cotton crop? I should like you to try it. Your farm must be an excellent place to raise poultry, is it not?"

"Don't know, Colonel—never tried it. But if you'll send me some seeds, I'll plant 'em. But, blame my cats, I just know the ole woman's chickens will scratch every bit of the dern stuff up."

Coming back to that snowy holiday scene, breakfast is over; the horses for George and Shelton, Lorna, Nina and Lula, are saddled and

brought round to the front gate by the delighted Raymon, Dennis, Jim and others. The pack of hounds, eager for the hunt, frisk, bark and caper about. Some fifteen or more negro boys, and some few grown negro men, are all ready and eager to guide the hunting party where rabbits abound away over in that old red clay broom sedge field and down the branch valleys. There were also partridges, doves and squirrels to shoot. Only George and Shelton carried shot guns.

The girls were all excellent riders, and enjoyed the sport, the fast riding, the cool bracing air and beautiful scenery with the rare carpet of snow. After two hours of successful shooting, Shelton gave his gun to Jim, and he and Nina galloped away together over the hills and down the valleys, pictures of young life, in glowing spirits.

Nina Howell, on that crisp, fair day, in a riding habit on a spirited horse, formed a picture worthy of all the love and adoration thumping and bumping in Shelton's heart for the beautiful, brilliant girl.

Of all the gifts of God to man to brighten his life and render happy his days, woman is supreme. What sacrifice will not your devotion make for her? How much purer and better and nobler your life is for her! Her presence is love and light and bliss and inspiration. And her love, her welcome, her kiss, are for you—for you!

Oh, Nina Howell! Do you know how irresistibly attractive and lovable you are? And would you, could you, will you, love me as I adore you?

Such were Shelton's thoughts that he all but

spoke aloud as he and Nina gazed from the open top of a big hill at the surrounding country miles away on every side. Here and there could be seen the mansion sites of other plantations than Rural Shades.

"Oh, Shelton!" exclaimed Nina, intense emotion vibrating in every word, "I love every hill, dale and mountain in this, my native State of Georgia! Just look——"

"Then I wish I was a mountain or a——"

"Nonsense! Look what an entrancing vision of peace and country home life and love and——"

"Love! What is love?" asked Shelton, in rich, meaning tones, expressive of the rhapsody that filled his soul.

"Can't you talk rationally for once with that panorama spread before your enraptured gaze? Does no appreciative State pride fill your soul?" rather imperiously.

"My heart is filled with rapture," meekly replied the young man, as he gazed at the girl instead of the snow-clad hills.

It was now midday, and the youth and maiden sat silently upon their horses and dreamily gazed in the clear sunlight from the hill top. Shelton knew that he loved her better than life, and the girl realized for the first time a love for his protective presence, and that he was fast becoming a part of her life.

Nina looked away at the distant hills, and Shelton, as he watched the now animated, now sad, now enthused, but ever-changing expression of the beloved face, thought he could look forever. Sometimes when her glorious eyes met his, he

could hardly refrain from then and there declaring his great love for this fair worshipper of nature, and claim her as the purest, best work of creation.

At last they rode slowly homeward, and reaching there, he took her in his arms in helping her down. Had no others been present, he would have crushed her to his heart and whispered the old, sweet story.

And she, perhaps, would not have been much surprised if he had.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST GUN.

OUR story opens again on April 16, 1861, four days after the first gun fired upon Fort Sumter, and one day after Lincoln's proclamation for troops.

The beginning of war did not affect Rural Shades so far as the farm work was concerned. Plowing, planting and cultivating proceeded naturally and smoothly as though there was no war nor rumors of war. So far as they understood matters the full sympathies and wishes of the slaves were with the views and feelings of the master.

Col. Carswell returned late from the town with the momentous news, driven proudly by his dude coachman, Hansom. The master was grave and serious; the slave was exhilarated and full of a mighty pomposity.

While Hansom was unhitching his team there gathered about him some half dozen or more other servants, and full of importance our coachman thus delivered his pent up and panting aspirations for freedom:

"Lemme tole you what's what, niggers, dem Linconite free sotters kotch hail Columby at

Sumty in Cullina yether day! Well, ez I kotch on hit wuz disserway. Here de fort hel' by the sotters (marking on the ground), an' here Charleston wid guns big ez hogsed, an' long ez dat chestnut trees loaded ter de muzzles! Way up here summers old Mars Abe Linkum says he gwine wision Sumty. Summere down here ole Mars Jeff Davis he says, says he, yer dassent do it, kaze ef yer do, I'll hatter tech off dem big gun en blow it into flinderations! Den Mars Abe he kinder hole back, and saunt word he wouldn't wision. Den Mars Jeff went on bout he business, but widder chip on he shoulder dassening de sotters ter knock it off.

"Den it pere like all the yether Bolishers overretch Mars Abe, en suade 'im ter saunt ships to wision unberknownst like. Dat wuz same ez knocking off dat chip, ceivin like, and the big guns wuz teched off! Ha, ha! heah, heah! If de Bolishers wanted Mars Jeff to fire de fuss gun, dey sho got it!

"Now dey say de Bolitioners is coming wid a big army to whoop de Cessioners. But, Lord, nigger dey cai do it. Mars Eddard en Mars Shelton en de Bonners en Woolidges en Howels, en all de ress, ai gwi let em'; kaze dey foutin fer dere homes en plantations en dere niggers. Humph! Dem Litioners dono who dey foolin wid."

"Ef Mars Shelton go in de fight, I'se gwine wid-dem sho," said Raymon loyally.

"Whut you say, boy?" said Willis, contemptuously, "Mars Shelton want a man to go wid him like me. enner gwine ax Mars Eddard ter lemme go."

"Mars Eddard," said Hansom, with great pride, "done tole me he gwine lebe Missus en Miss Lorny en little Mars Julius en Miss Teln en de caige en horses under my keer en pertection, enner gwine to do it or die tryin'."

Meanwhile Col. Carswell and Mr. Parks talked earnestly together in the deepening twilight on the broad front piazza.

"As for me," spoke Carswell with a sigh, "I am glad the 'irrepressible conflict' our enemies have so long wrought up and insisted upon has at last taken actual tangible shape and form. I would rather fight it out and have done with it than continue in such trying and harassing suspense. I do not think the anti-constitutional party that has elected Lincoln will find the North by any means unanimous in the support of the abolition war party.

"The one and a half million votes in the Northern States cast against Lincoln are doubtless supporters of the Union under the Constitution. A close study of the history of this presidential election shows that fully three-fifths of this American nation are in active sympathy with the South in this controversy. The marts of business and trade in the North, working in harmonious reciprocity with the South, look upon this abolition craze as a marplot."

"From my observations and researches, what you say is undeniably true," remarked Mr. Parks, "but it is a great pity this clash of arms could not be stayed until opportunity is given for other congressional elections. Such elections, I believe, would put it out of the power of the abolition ad-

ministration to wage war upon the South. The executive branch of the government would be powerless in case of an adverse congress."

"We have done everything that honor and self-respect would allow," answered Carswell, "to avoid secession and war. Persistently refused our undeniable rights in the Union, we are compelled to go out of the Union. The South secedes only to preserve her constitutional rights. Jefferson Davis, soldier in frontier Indian wars, hero on the battlefields of Mexico, able statesman in the national congress, capable secretary of war, orator, pure patriot and Christian gentleman—and now our beloved leader for the rights of his people under the Constitution—see how he has struggled in vain to preserve the Union! In Faneuil Hall, Boston, on October 10, 1858, speaking of the abolition agitation, he declares it has been insidiously working the purpose of sedition for the destruction of that Union on which our hopes of future greatness depend. He appealed, in behalf of preservation of the Union, to the hope of mankind in a republican form of government, and sacred regard for obligations which the deeds and blood of our fathers entailed upon us.

"At Jackson, the capital of the State, we find him last fall opposing secession as long as any hope of a peaceable remedy remained.

"As a member of the Senate Committee on the 'Crittenden Compromise' he was active and earnest in trying to preserve the Union of States. But you remember how the Republican members rejected any and all propositions the Whigs and Northern and Southern Democrats agreed on, al-

though these propositions were strictly under and in accordance with the Constitution and the Supreme Court decisions. The Republicans refused consent to any measure promising settlement. Senator Douglas eulogized Jefferson Davis as one seeking to preserve peace and union, and challenged those Republican senators to say flatly what they would do to prevent disunion, but they failed even to reply.

"After South Carolina seceded, Virginia February last called a congress of states to see if the Union could be preserved. In this 'Peace Congress' Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, a distinguished abolitionist, and active supporter of Lincoln, bluntly told the Southern members that the party which had elected Lincoln would not under any inducements or circumstances regard the decision of the Supreme Court on the slavery question, nor any obligations under the Constitution as to the Fugitive Slave Law!"

"How can Union exist, then, where the rights of so many states are to be utterly ignored? My national pride is bowed, bitterly disappointed, in the ruins of what I had hoped would prove a perpetual grand republic."

The two men sat silent for several minutes. Mr. Parks proposed going in where lights were. He wanted to read some press clippings.

"Here is one from the New York Journal of November 30, 1860: 'There is imminent danger of a dissolution of the Union. This danger originated in the ambition and cupidity of men who desire a Southern despotism, and in the fanatical zeal of Northern abolitionists who seek the

emancipation of slaves regardless of consequences.'

"Here on December 13, 1860, the mayor of Philadelphia at a largely attended called meeting, said: 'The misplaced teachings of the pulpit, the unwise rhapsodies of the lecture room, the exciting appeals of the press, on the subject of slavery, must be frowned down by a just and law-abiding people.'

"At the same meeting the State Supreme Court Judge, George W. Woodard, said:

"The inexorable exclusion of slave properties from the common territories, which the government holds in trust for the people of all the States, is a natural and direct step toward the grand result of extinguishing slave property, and was one of the record issues of the late election. . . . Everywhere in the South the people are beginning to look out for a means of self-defense. Could it be expected that she would be indifferent to such events as have occurred? That she would stand idle and see measures concerted and carried forward for the annihilation of her property in slaves? . . . The Northern States abolished their slavery, and so gratified their innate love of freedom—but they did it gradually, and so did not wound their love of gain. They sold out slavery to the South; and they received a full equivalent, not only in the price paid, but in the manufacturing and commercial prosperity which grew up from the production of slave labor. . . . Whence come these excessive sensibilities, that cannot bear a few slaves in a remote territory until the white people establish a constitution? What does that editor or preacher know of the Union,

and of the men who made it, who habitually reviles and misrepresents the Southern people, and excites the ignorant and the thoughtless in our midst to hate and persecute them? Let me not prophesy smooth things and cry peace when there is no peace. Let the truth be spoken, be heard, be pondered, if we mean to save the Union. . . . To-day every upstart politician can stir the people to mutiny against the domestic institutions of our Southern neighbors; the ribald jests of seditious editors like Greeley and Beecher can sway legislatures and popular votes against the handiwork of Washington or Madison, when the scurrilous libels of such a book as Helper's become a favorite campaign document and are accepted by thousands as law and gospel both—when jealousy and hate have extinguished all our fraternal feelings for those who were born our brethren and who have done us no harm.'

"In the discussion at this same mass meeting a Mr. Isaac Hazlehurst said:

"We are here for the purpose of endeavoring to preserve the union of these States. . . . It is not a question of must be preserved, but in the language of General Jackson it "shall be preserved." I say, fellow citizens, that Pennsylvania has been true to the Constitution and the Union. She has always been loyal to it. There is no doubt upon that subject. She has nothing whatever to repent of. . . . I care not where the traitors are—I care not where they hide themselves, the first arm that is raised against the Constitution and the Union I will bring all that I have to their

defense—all that I have to secure the enforcement of the laws.’

“This last speaker spoke thus about Pennsylvania, when at the time and long prior, her statute books and the actions of her people were in open defiance of a national constitution and the national Supreme Court decisions on slavery matters.”

“I can only repeat,” answered Carswell, “that since all peace measures offering only the constitution as a compromise have been obstinately rejected by the Lincoln party, it is a relief to appeal to the arbitrament of arms. So let their armed forces come to subjugate us! We will meet them face to face on the battlefield.”

“Here,” continued Mr. Parks, “is the eloquent and strong speech of Robert Toombs of Georgia in the Senate of the United States on January 7, 1861. South Carolina had seceded on December 20th previous. Georgia had not seceded. We will read this masterpiece some other time, just now I will read only the closing words:

“‘You will not regard Confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State a free State? We are freemen; we have rights, I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws and is determined to exclude thousands of millions of our property from the common territories; that it has declared us under the bann of the Union and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us

from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our defense.

“‘All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of heaven itself upon the justice of these causes. I am content whatever it be to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause.

“‘We have appealed time and again for these constitutional rights; you have refused them. We appeal again!

“‘Restore us these rights as we had them; as your court adjudges them to be, just as our people have said they are; redress these flagrant wrongs seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity and peace and unity to all of us.

“‘Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you: “Let us depart in peace.” Refuse that and you present us war.’

“Mr. Toombs thus at the last moment, as from the first, together with Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, earnestly appealed for nothing but what the Constitution guaranteed and the Supreme Court adjudged. They met with nothing at the hands of the Lincoln party but absolute denial. The real conspirators against the Union went so far as to charge the Southern men with conspiracy to disunite the government.”

At this moment Shelton and his friend George Woolridge entered the room. They were just from the town, where they had been drilling in a company of volunteers.

The moment Lincoln's proclamation for troops had been flashed over the country, that moment, as of one accord, every hamlet, village and town in Georgia and throughout the South commenced the organization and drilling of volunteer troops.

The non-slave holding whites volunteer as readily as the masters of slaves, because they were as firmly opposed to the abolition doctrine of negro freedom and equality and negro citizenship and negro amalgamation and miscegenation as slave owners were.

A large portion of the people of Georgia owned no slaves. But they resented the purposes and aggressions of the Republican party under Lincoln as bitterly as slave holders did.

Ninety per cent. of the people of Georgia were devoted to the Union if the Northern States would comply with their sworn obligations under the Constitution.

We leave Shelton and George in animated discussion with Col. Carswell and Mr. Parks.

Mrs. Carswell sits in the room with Lorna and old Marma. There are traces of tears on her face. She has heard all the momentous news, and knows that husband and son are preparing to leave home for scenes of battle and wounds and death. Mr. Waller, the overseer, was going, too. The plantation was to be left in charge of the slaves. The wife and mother, the daughter and sister make no plea against their going. Their hearts are as full of resentment and indignation against the arrogant, aggressive and insulting invading foe as that of husband or son, father or brother. But the heartache is pitifully terrible.

"Missus, honey," spoke old Marma, with full heart of gold and faithfulness, "we-uns ken teck keer o' you en de chillun, and de running ov de crap jess same ez if Mars Eddard here all de time. Mose en Jim kin run de place same ez Missur Waller. Willis an Hansom will be rite here ter look atter de biggus an horses en all de critters. Merc'll boss de kitchen jess de same, and Sukey'll sho make dese house niggers sherround soople en tidy. An bress you heart, Miss Lorny, mer own honey-chile, you knows s'long ez dis black mammy live ter potect, dars no harm comin' nigh you en missus en de chillun. I gwine sleep on a pallet right in here across dis do ebbu night marser gone."

"Oh, mammy, dear," cried Lorna, between tears and laughter, at the same time rushing over and sitting like a child in the old black servant's lap, and seizing her wrinkled, withered black hands in her own soft white palms.

"Doan do dat, honey," huskily whispered the slave, "kaze it meck me cry en gin up like. Doan you see hit done meck missus cry!"

When Mrs. Carswell recovered control of her voice she spoke gently, lovingly to the faithful slave:

"My dear Marma, your devotion gives new courage to my heart in these times of sore trial. You have always been as much my sympathizing friend as my servant. Not only you, but every negro on this place would do all that is possible to prevent harm coming to me and my children. But you, best of all; and we love you best of all. I know the management of the place will run

smoothly, just as you say, and everything be faithfully done.

"I fear nothing whatever from any source here at home. My only fears and anxieties are for the safety of my husband and son, exposed to the hardship of the march, the camp and the dangers of wounds, and perhaps death on the battle field. If it were possible I would rather fight side by side with them, and share every peril, than be left here to suffer heart-breaking anxiety.

"We must cheer up and bid them good-bye as bravely as possible. We can trust in God and pray for them and for all the brave boys and men who go to fight for our homes and firesides."

"Das rite, missus, honey, das de sperit. Us niggers'll pray fur 'em, too."

Amy appeared at the door and announced, "Missus, supper raidy," and hippety-hopped away to announce the same message in the parlor.

Mother and daughter quickly bathed away all traces of tears from their faces, and pathetically cheerful, went to meet their loved ones at the table.

As the wily Ben washed his Mars Julius' feet that night he was surprisingly mum and gloomy. He did not even tickle his young master's toe a single time.

"What's the matter, Ben? Has somebody caught you doing sumpen you ortern to? Has Merc been a brush-brooming your hide ergin? It can't be watermelons, 'cause they ain't hardly tenintytinies yet. Has you killed a bull frog or a toad frog?"

And the young master looked anxiously into Ben's solemn black hatchet face.

"Wussern all dat, Mars Julius. I'se way down in de low grounds o' sorrer. Yer knows dat taller-face John Jackson dey call Lil' Elic; de one what got whupped wid yer in school dat dusty time yer tole me about? De one what wear piece er dry cow hide under his jacket? Woosher hadder whole bull hide unner mer close some time when Merc kotch me!

"Mars Julius, iz yer notice dem bresh brooms is all new dese days en lots of leafs on dem? I gwine tole yer sumpen, if yer swar to nebber tole."

"I won't tell, Ben, you know I won't."

"Well, den, fuss peat atter me, en den I tole yer. Say 'Hoper may die——'"

"Hope I may die——"

"En de debble kotch me——"

"And the devil catch me——"

"En spokes hant me——"

"And spirits haunt me——"

"En scrooch owls moan——"

"And screech owls moan——"

"En de hoodoo trick me——"

"And the hoodoo trick me——"

"Ef er ebber tole."

"If I ever tell."

"Well, den, now I splain. S'long as dars er whole passle er leafs whuts green on de bresh dey doan hurt; but I hollers all de same, a plikin lack mer hide peal. But when leafs dry en drap en frash off, den de bresh stung lack pizen snaix, en dat holler ai no bluff. So er skuns mer eye on em mighty close ebber day ter see wen de leaf

gin ter turn. Dat minit ole bresh is sneak out an new bresh snoke in.

"One day missus seed me brungin new bresh, en say prasin lack, kaze I so smart! Lawd, how dis nigger grin. Swartergawd, er hatter sift san lack skotch raybit way down ter de barn sose er kin laff en holler!

"Dis all berry well summers, kaze deres plenty leafs. Dunno whut'll do winters, ceppen kin fool em wid broom straw sweeps stidder bresh." And Ben mournfully proceeded with the foot washing.

"Tell you what, Ben, ther's some kinds of brush that have leaves in winter too. But what did you start to say about John Jackson?"

"De Lord hep—dars de rise o' all mer sorrer! Shorly de worl gwinter en. Dat boy iz little an taller face, but he knows a blame sight o' things tubbesho. Ai gwi hab no mo barbycue, no mo corn shuckings, no mo milyuns, no mo Nellie wid-dins, no mo dancin frolics, no mo cotton an corn feels, no mo Mars Julius, no mo nigger Ben, no mo nuttin."

"Why, Ben, what do you mean?"

"Mars Julius, er done tole em er diden blebe it, narry word, tweller hearn yer paw and Mars Shel-ton low dey gwinter war. Dat soolk weskit, big blab-mouth Hansom, he uppen loud Mars Eddard gwine ter war to. Dat taller John say de free sotters is coming wid seventy-five hundred bil-lions uv armies ter tek de kentry wid swodes en guns, an cannons dat'll shoot touzen mile; endey gwi teck all de niggers fum all de marsters, en sont us niggers way fum de plantations ter root hogger-die. Dat weuns ai gwi own no marser to look

attus work en wide fer us, but will hatter mek our own libbin or starve ter death. Sholy, sholy, Mars Julius, tell me hit's a lie! Whay we gwine, en whut'll us do? Ef dey sont me off I'll runnerway en come back ter you, I drudder resk dat bresh broom winters wid no leafs dan be sont erway."

And poor little Ben wept in sorrow and dismay at the idea of being separated from his little master and all the protections and comforts of Rural Shades.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARS AND CUPID.

THE company of volunteer soldiers wherein Shelton Carswell and George Woolridge enlisted had drilled but a few short weeks, when suddenly the order came for it to quickly join its regiment in the town and thence be transported by rail to the distant green fields of Virginia.

Shelton's father had already gone to the front as captain of a company in another regiment. Mrs. Carswell had bravely bid farewell to her beloved husband, and now had to undergo the ordeal of parting with her idolized boy.

What a scene of military activity that old Georgia town presented on this memorable day in the queen month of June! Burning with resentment against and eager to meet the invading foe, the soldier volunteers grimly rejoiced when the order was announced.

The beating of drums and strains of martial music, the parade of the regiment and the cause for which they were to fight, the flying colors, the waving handkerchiefs of fair women, the loud huzzas of thousands of spectators rendered white and black wild with enthusiasm.

Joy and grief, resentment and pain, insult and injury, exultation and defiance, pride and heart-ache, reigned commingled in every breast.

The slave owner and the sons of slave owners, and the hardy sons of Georgia who never owned a slave marched side by side in the ranks, equally determined to meet and stay the march of the arrogant abolition invaders from the North.

A crowd of negro coachmen and body servants whose masters were in the ranks, viewed the scene in wondrous delight and sorrowing regret. Our dude Hansom was loudest among them.

"Ha, ha, haw! heyaw! hu-ar-r-r! hi-yi! Niggers, jess lookee dar at our Mars Shelton! He tallern de ress by er haid, an 'de finess lookin soljer in dat whole corporosity! Hoo-ray, Mars Shelton! We-uns braggin on yer! Us knows you'll do us proud an come back a ginerall!"

Shelton smiled as he passed at Hansom's high top beaver waving frantically at arms' length above the faithful slave's proud black face.

The envy and admiration of all their fellow-servants were the lucky slaves who were going with the regiment as body servants of their masters.

Shelton and George had decided to take only one between them. Col. Carswell had selected the slave for them before he left for the front.

You remember our good, sober, reliable black Jim who married Nellie? Jim, who used to tote us on his broad shoulders 'possum hunting in the dark woods when 'simmons were ripe in the gaudy, beribboned rustling Autumn! Jim, whose back no master's or overseer's lash had ever touched in all

his life! Oh, Jim! we loved you then, and we will love you, please God, forever!

Yonder stands Jim, all dyked up in his army clothes, proud of the honor conferred on him. Nellie and Marma are close beside him and are bidding him good-bye, for Jim has immediate duties seeing to all his master's traps and getting them safely on the train.

The last parting words of Marma were for him to take care of her boy, Mars Shelton, and bring him back home safe.

The tender hearted Lorna and impulsive Nina and sympathetic Lula had worked with Nellie on Jim's outfit with almost as much care and solicitude as they had ministered to the wants of Shelton and George. Jim was to be with and near their loved ones in march and camp, in sickness or wounds or death. They honored and trusted Jim implicitly.

At this crisis in their lives all our young people were again together at Rural Shades. Do you remember how on that day mothers and sisters and sweethearts waved flags at their soldier boys, hiding behind the flags the tears that would dim their eyes! And when these soldiers passed out of view, how they cried in each other's arms! Lorna finds herself locked in the embrace of old Aunt Jemmy Jones; Nina and Lula are twined in each other's arms; Marma climbed into the carriage to comfort her mistress.

While man needs woman's smiles and cheer, her fortitude and self possession are marvelous. But so soon as opportunity comes her bravery dissolves in tears.

Nina and Lula had come to the town horseback, attended by Willis as groom. The girls did this from love of riding, as well as the desire to give Marma and Nellie places in the carriage with Mrs. Carswell and Lorna.

Nina had for weeks previously wrought with needle and heart upon a flag to be a surprise to Shelton's company, whenever they marched away. The girl had sewn into the silky waves of that flag a thousand sweet emotions and anxious heart throbs. Now when separation attended by danger suddenly came between her and her young soldier lover, all coquetry died out of her heart, and she whispered to the flag that she loved him! She had placed the flag in the carriage, wrapped upon its staff, and the dearest event of this day to her was to present it and see Shelton's company march with it at their head.

In her excitement the flag was forgotten; they had passed without it, and were now distant up the long wide street in the midst of the regiment. Without thought or pause this girl of impulse thrust Lula aside, rushed to the carriage, shouting to Willis to bring her horse, and snatching the flag, was in the saddle and away, almost at a dead run, down the thoroughfare lined all the way with thousands. The flag unfurled and trailed back, a flash of stars and bars, amid a deafening roar of cries and cheers. When she rushed like a comet by the rear of the regiment the thunderous greeting of the soldiers almost caused her to lose presence of mind. Blind to everything for the moment except the object in view, the horse and rider and flashing silken folds

reached Shelton's company just as the command of "halt" was given.

"Here, Shelton!" cried the excited girl, "where is your captain? Here is the flag for you soldiers of Dixie!"

Shelton, the captain, George, and a dozen others broke from the ranks toward the beautiful girl to receive the flag, while butternut hats and caps filled the air, and cheer after cheer rolled up and down the extended ranks of gray. Before any one could express thanks—with the hurrying idea of only getting away—with peach-flushed cheeks our young lady sped back down the line, while strains of Dixie were drowned in the roar of cheers!

The wondering Willis received the spirited horse, and the girl hid in the carriage, crying and sobbing in Mrs. Carswell's arms.

To get away from the hundreds crowding nearer to see again the girl of the flag, Mrs. Carswell bade Hansom drive off towards the suburbs of the town.

Meantime Shelton had obtained permission of absence for one hour, escaped in the prolonged enthusiasm, and hurried to Willis, looking in vain for Nina or the Carswell carriage.

"Willis! Where is Miss Howell?"

"Deed sar, Misses done gwine tuck her in de kaige down disherway, sar! Yassar!"

"Give me your horse."

"Yasser, here he, stirps jess rite, yer laigs long ez mine, Mars Shelton! Wo, Cæsar! Dar yer is—oo-oomph! how soople e ride! Jess zackley lack I newster gwine see mer Loo when 'dat quile wuz singin hallylooyah!"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Carswell! Have I done any-

thing wrong or unladylike, or rendered myself conspicuously ridiculous?" sobbed Nina in wretched distress, as the carriage rolled slowly on.

"No, dear; every soldier who saw you feels his heart nerved to brave deeds in defense of such patriotic girls as you left behind."

But Nina would not be comforted. She knew from memories of that snowy hill top that Christmas holiday, that Shelton loved her. Since then she was guilty of baffling and toying with his evident devotion.

Blessings brighten as they fade; and now he was called away to fight the battles of his country, in danger of being lost to her forever, and never to know that he was indeed so dearly loved in return! How could she let him leave her so—it was dread agony and breaking her heart!

And that wild ride to him with the flag—what would he think of her? Did all those people see by this how she loved him! So in heart-sore mortification, poor Nina only sobbed and sighed the more as Shelton's darling mother tried gently to soothe her.

Just then the carriage was stopped, and Mrs. Carswell was surprised and delighted to lovingly welcome Shelton to a seat beside her.

Nina gave one hasty glance, and her sweet face burning in rosy blushes, was all the more hid in Mrs. Carswell's arms.

"Nina, dear," said Shelton, "have you no word nor look for me? In one short hour I am to leave you, and now I come to——"

He was interrupted by such heartbreaking sobs from the bowed head of the woman he would

readily sacrifice his life for, that he seized her hands and gently tried to raise the dear head as it lay buried on his mother's arm.

"Nina, darling, you do love me at last!"

"Yes I do, and you know it, the whole town has seen, and I hate myself, and everybody is laughing at me!" quickly and savagely wailed our flag heroine.

"Give her to me, mother dear! She is mine!"

This girl of surprises then suddenly, to the bewildering happiness of Shelton, raised her radiant face, kissed Mrs. Carswell, and seeing Shelton dangerously near her rosy lips, threw two loving arms around his bending neck and kissed him into the seventh heaven, wherever that is!

Mrs. Carswell laughed and cried in joy equal almost to her son's bounding heart throbs.

"Oh, Nina, darling! I have found you and all your pure wealth of love only to bid you farewell!"

We leave the soldier boy to the last lingering fond caresses of his Love and his Mother, as the short hour of bliss, mingled with pain of parting, rolled remorselessly by.

The music and marching ceased as the soldiers are halted in front of the grand stand, where Robert Toombs, renowned and favorite son of the South and of his native State of Georgia is to deliver an address before the troops are marched to the waiting trains.

The large throng of citizens and attendant slaves crowd up near and around. Hundreds of fair women sit in open carriages and wagons of every description in sight and hearing of the speakers' stand. Every phase of Georgia society and life is

represented—the rich, the poor, the great, the small.

Together sit the wife of the owner of broad plantations and a hundred or more slaves—her son a soldier in yonder ranks—and some poorer wife or widow who owns no slaves, whose son is also there. A common sympathy makes them close akin as they discuss their boys in gray. The richer mother secretly vows that her poorer neighbor shall not suffer want while her son is fighting side by side with the other's son in their beloved country's cause.

Yonder is clustered a score and more of kind hearted old plantation negro men who have come to see their elder or younger master, or both off to the war. These trustworthy slaves are to be the stay and prop and management of the plantations while master is away in march and camp and battle.

It was pathetic to note the last warm grasp of white hand with black as the master speaks a friendly good-bye and tears moisten the black faces at the parting.

Faithful, trustworthy slaves! God and history know how well you, and all your color kept the faith reposed in you during all those years of carnage and death.

Whether masters returned, or whether they died in distant prison or were killed in battle, there is not recorded against you any wrong or evil toward your white mistress or her children and property, left in thousands of instances solely in your care and under your protection.

And while the enemy's guns and his ships were

often in hearing or sight of you on the border and along a thousand miles of navigable waters and seaboard, and inducements of freedom were held out to you to desert your owner and your charge, yet you remained true and faithful!

The desertions on your part were rare exceptions, so long as the plantations were not overrun and destroyed by the invading hosts. Your conduct was a living, stinging rebuke, all those evil years, to those abolitionists of the North who had for many years tried, and who still endeavored, to excite you to insurrection, arson, desertion and murder. We have often wondered, in view of all the facts, whether or not any rebuke or twinge of conscience ever smote the breast of a Stowe, a Sumner, a Beecher, or any one of their higher-law and irrepressible conflict converts in church or State.

In this year 1901, like the old veterans of the Blue and Gray, the ranks of the old plantation slave are fast thinning under death's remorseless scythe. The polite, true, law-abiding, God-serving ante-bellum plantation negro will soon live only in history. While there are many excellent, reliable and progressive negro citizens to-day, highly respected throughout the South, yet a very large and startling percentage of his color, born since emancipation and growing up without wholesome or moral restraint, are a thousand times more the violators of good manners, morals, and human and divine law, than his race was under slavery prior to 1865.

O, ye abolitionists and politicians, who for so many years posed before the world as so full of painful solicitude, and who apparently suffered

so much agony of heart vicariously for negro race as slaves; now is your opportunity to save from immorality, degradation and crime the resultants of your furious agitation.

Spend now one-tenth of what you did formerly to incite discontent and insurrection in establishing missions, Sunday schools and churches. Have the heads of the different denominations weed out the thousands of ignorant, dawdling, lazy, non-progressive drones who infest the pulpits of so many colored churches; dismiss forever the impossible doctrine of social equality of the two races in the South; have the negro trained to habits of obedience, morality, honesty and industry while he is young; teach him no false social and political ideas; train him in wholesome principles of virtue and truth and self respect, and to have some purpose and some worthy ambition in life suited to his capacity or possibilities; teach him some regard for the sacredness of human life, some regard for truth and honesty in business obligations, some feeling of shame and disgrace under convictions of crime; teach him thus to realize that all officers of law and order are not his enemies, but are his protectors.

The South has taxed itself millions for his education for apparently very little good effects. Immorality and crime increase among his race. Jails and convict camps are fearfully and increasingly full of these unfortunates.

His incapacity for self-government, or for even participating in politics, or for controlling evil passions, is becoming so pronounced that a large majority of his race will soon become practically

disfranchised in every State where they exist in large numbers. Too many negro parents to-day still teach their children the false prejudice and racial hate instilled by the heartless carpet-bag politician in the mind of their parents during reconstruction days.

If the missionary spirit of the churches, North and South, would worry less about the distant disciples of Buddhism and Confucius, of Hottentot and Fiji, or other foreign nondescripts, and spend their labors of love and their resources more upon the moral training of the negro and the foreign races living and growing and increasing among us here at home, crime and anarchy would decrease, and the number of benighted souls saved would increase.

But we are again reversing the thread of this true story, and return to that memorable day in June, 1861, in that old Georgia town.

As Robert Toombs appeared on the platform he was greeted by such earnest outbursts of acclamation, that his strong, massive features flushed and his lustrous eyes kindled with latent emotion. He appeared serious and grave almost to sadness, but strong and determined. At first he spoke slowly and deliberately, but as the subject appealed so deeply to his feelings, he soon launched boldly on in such a flood-tide of reason, logic and eloquence, that the large throng was swayed and thrilled by his power. A part of his speech was in substance as follows:

“Ladies, soldiers, and fellow citizens: Our forefathers of the Revolution declared dissolution from the British Crown on the plea that whenever any

form of Government became destructive of the ends for which it was established, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government.

“Under the Articles of Confederation the war of the Revolution was fought, resulting in the thirteen original colonies being recognized as independent States.

“In 1787, to form a more perfect Union and secure domestic tranquillity, the Constitution of the United States was framed. When it became so amended that the powers not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, it was in good faith adopted by the States.

“The law of compact, wherein the obligation is mutual was thus a fundamental principle of this constitution. The failure of one of the contracting parties to perform a material part of the agreement releases the obligation of the other.

“Fourteen of the free labor States have refused for years to fulfil their constitutional obligations under a stipulation material to the compact. This stipulation was so material, that without it, the Constitution would never have been adopted by the slave States.

“The General Government enacted laws pursuant to these stipulations of the States, which laws, for many years, were freely acceded to and executed. Through hostility against slavery, the free States have rebelled against material and express stipulations of the Constitution and have enacted statutes which nullify the Acts of Congress, in flagrant disregard of their sworn obligations.

“Instead of acting as brethren in securing domestic peace and tranquillity, these States have for years assumed the right of deciding upon the propriety of our domestic institutions; have denied the rights of property in fifteen of the States; have openly cherished and fostered societies among them whose avowed object is to disturb the peace and eloin the property of citizens of other States; have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes, and endeavored to incite those who remained to servile insurrection, arson, rapine and murder in the midst of our homes and firesides.

“A sectional combination for the subversion of the Constitution, composed wholly of non-slaveholding States, has elected a party into power whose public declarations are for the ultimate extinction of slavery. This party has announced that the South shall be excluded from the common territory, and has proclaimed outlawry against thousands of millions of the property of the slave-holding States.

“From the beginning of this strife until the forced disruption of the Union the South has not demanded a single thing except that the North shall abide by the Constitution of the United States.

“The rights claimed by the South are affirmed by the highest judicial tribunals of their country; rights older than the Constitution; rights which are planted upon the immutable principles of natural justice; rights which have been affirmed by the good and the wise of all countries and of all centuries. We demand no power to injure any man.

We demand no right to injure our Confederate States of the North. We demand no right to interfere with their institutions by word or deed. We have no right to disturb their peace, their tranquillity, their security. We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us equality, security, and tranquillity. Give us these, and peace restores itself.

“They scoff at our rights, and consider our demands as those of an extremist. I believe that is the appellation these traitors employ. I accept their reproach rather than their principles. Accepting their designation of treason and rebellion, there stands before you to-day as good a traitor and as good a rebel as ever descended from Revolutionary loins!

“We have as much right as they to emigrate and settle in the present or any future acquired territories, with whatever property we possess, including slaves, and be protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such territory be admitted as a State, with or without slavery, as it may determine. We have fought for this territory when blood was its price. We have paid for it when gold was its price. We do not propose to exclude them, though they have contributed very little of either blood or money. I refer especially to New England.

“Neither do we propose to limit or restrain the right belonging to every State to prohibit, or abolish, or to establish and protect slavery within its limits.

“We demand of the common government to use its granted powers to protect our property as well as that of the Northern States. Ought it not to

do so? The Lincoln party say no. Every one of them on every committee appointed to adjust this unnatural strife said no. All their Senators said no. Their Representatives said no. Throughout the length and breadth of their conspiracy against the Constitution there was but one shout of no!

“Soldiers! They name you as traitors and rebels because, as the price of your obedience, you demand, under the Constitution, that persons committing crimes against slave property in one State, and fleeing to another, shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the State from which such persons flee shall be the test of criminality.

“Their Governors swear to support the Constitution, but their oaths do not bind them. Treacherous to their oaths and compacts, they have steadily refused, if the criminal only stole a negro slave, to deliver up the criminal or the slave. Yet these are our Confederates—these are our sister States. There is the bargain; there is the compact. You have sworn to it, these governors swore to it. You cannot bind them by oaths. Yet they talk to us of treason!

“Again, soldiers and fellow countrymen, you are called traitors, because, as the price of your allegiance, you demand that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered in accordance with the written Constitution.

“When the South demanded that Congress should pass efficient laws for the punishment of all persons, in any of the States, who shall, in any manner, aid and abet invasion or insurrection in

any other State, we met with nothing but jeers and gibes at the hands of the Lincoln party and its press. Foreign nations, Cuba, Honduras, Nicaragua, get the benefit of this protection at the hands of this nation, but these Southern States cannot. We are worse off in the Union in this respect than if we were out of it.

"Now our enemies can come among us; raids may be made, the incendiary's torch put to our dwellings, as was the case for hundreds of miles on the frontier of Texas; but they may do what John Brown did, and when the miscreants escape to their States they will not punish them, they will not deliver them up. Therefore we stand defenseless. We must cut loose from the accursed 'body of this death,' even to get the benefits of the law of nations. They now present us war, and we accept it! We are forced to put our trust in the blood of the brave, and our reliance upon the God of Battles, for security and tranquillity.

"By their own sins of commission and of omission they drive us to the necessity of secession, or perilous and ignominious subjection, then cry aloud treason! rebel! traitor!

"They add insult to injury by declaring an irrepressible conflict until our slaves shall not only be taken from us, but shall be placed on a social and political equality with the whites of the South.

"Even now they are preparing and attempting to invade our sister States with a large army to enforce upon our people by the power of might and of the sword a degrading subjugation.

"Soldiers! You are called upon to resist to the

death this unhallowed fratricidal invasion. Let not the blood of your Revolutionary sires have been shed in vain, nor the labors of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Madison come to naught through the vagaries, the errors, the higher law theories, of such men as the Lincolns, Searwards, Sumners, Greeleys and Beechers.

“When this storm shall have passed, by the rebuke and overthrow of these conspirators against the Constitution, then all true and patriotic lovers of this Grand Republic, North as well as South, will unite with us in perpetuating the Union of States as the builders of the Constitution intended and clearly stated.”

The regiment is gone. The crowd gradually disperses. Men, women and children, white and black, return to their homes. Some are merry, many are sad. All who have some loved one in that regiment pathetically try to cheer each the other.

Three little boys, Julian, John Jackson and Ben, scrouge close together on the outside back seat of the carriage as it rolls along the hills and vales toward Rural Shades.

Marma is inside with the mistress and Lorna and little Teln. Nellie sits beside Hansom on the driver's seat. Lula and Nina ride horseback some distance behind, and Willis, at a respectful distance, brings up the rear.

The rare beauty of a Southern June glorifies every leaf and forest and flower and field. The sun is low in the west, and soft shadows and mellow shafts of sunlight beribbon the winding road. Here on the right in grove of ancient oak silently

points heavenward the spire of the old church, wherein for so many years masters and slaves have together worshipped God and sung His praise. Do you remember the strange, trusting, wondrous thrill of heart and soul when, as a child, you listened!

Now the carriage reaches the top of a swelling hill in the midst of a big plantation of young cotton and corn and wheat. Across the shadowy valley upon the upward stretching slope beyond you behold each feature of the beautiful landscape pictured in soft, golden green by the mellow rays of the low sun. The daylight is dying in the valley, and the shadows of evening climb the hillside until the last shaft of rosy sunlight lovingly lingers upon the topmost forest and then disappears.

The early dusk deepens to twilight, and now you see faintly and timidly appear here and there the glimmering twinkle of a star far away in the fading blue above. Thousands of other stars gently appear, until at last millions sparkle like diamonds over the vast dome of night. You imagine them the bright eyes of angels of light, guarding throughout their appointed time the destinies of the children of men.

With a sobbing sigh you see the lights of the dear old home appear. Your boy-heart is full of nameless sorrow, and this coming home makes you want to cry. Your papa is gone. Your buddie Shelton is gone! Your friend George is gone! Your dear old Jim is gone! You want to nestle close to mama as in babyhood days. You want to kiss dearest sweetest sis Lorna and tell her how much you love her.

Disconsolately you reach the lighted hall, when pretty Nina Howell sees your grieving lips and twines loving arms around you and kisses you in speechless silence. This is the last straw, and you two are having a sadly loving cry together. Lula then comes upon the scene and takes you both in her arms, and like Niobe, weeps over you. Then Sis Lorna joins hands and tears with Lula and soothes all like the spirit of Hope. Then, to your everlasting shame for such weakness, John and Ben stop at the end of the hall and gaze at you. John looks on pretending stolid contempt, but his eyes blink. The day has been too much for poor black Ben, and he literally lifts up his voice and howls lots of weeps between snicker-sner sobs.

Then the girls, crying and laughing together, take Ben to the pantry and load him down with good things to eat. The shower clears and all is fair weather again, at least kinder sorter so.

John and Ben are waiting for Julian in his room that night, after this most exciting day of their lives.

"Er-errer, say, John! Yer reckon our folks 'll whoop dem bolishers, sos us niggers won't hatter root hoggerdie?"

"Well, Ben," said the wise, deliberate John impressively, "I'll tell you my honest-injun opinion about the whole kerflummux. You know I am not easily bumfuddled nor bamboozled, hey?"

"Er nebber knowed yer bumblebeed or bundled-foddered nary time, en dat's er fax sho!" answered the admiring Ben.

"You saw me to-day, Ben, as I beat and bam

along and ciphered round and sampled through that army o' soldiers?"

"Yas-sar-ree! Er skunt mer eyes onto yer, en yer wussent skaid nary wink!"

"Certainly not. Them soldiers is fightin stock, and every one of them knows how to shoot."

"Yasser! Er knows Mars Shelton en Mars George kin, kaze er wuz widdem one ebenin late down by de cuppen when dey wuz shootin male-bats, en dey fotch er bat mos ebber shoot."

"Well, Yankees is biggern bull-bats, and they can't fly, so that question is settled. But, as I was saying, I peruzled over and prowled through that regiment. I tell you, Ben, all the abolish in creation can't whip 'em! You may just as well rest easy no matter how catterscattered they tacken 'em! You may just as well be ready for the next corn-shucking and barbecue, and study brush brooms. Them soldiers will play holy woggus with the whole free-nigger business."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW A CAROLINIAN SURRENDERED.

"I SURRENDERED to that Yankee twenty-five times in ten minutes, and then he wouldn't stop and take me. Kept right on off and left me! He is a fine-looking fellow. D—d if I thought there was a single abolitionist North like him! How in thunder, captain, did you people capture him?"

The speaker was a slim, sun-tanned, but strikingly handsome young South Carolinian. His vivacity evidenced French descent. His appearance indicated careless wealth, education, brilliancy, audacity, good humor,—but marred somewhat at his twenty-six years by fast living.

The scene was in Captain Edward Carswell's tent one evening in Virginia following a sharp skirmish battle.

The "Yankee" in question had been taken prisoner by Carswell's men. His polite, dignified bearing won the admiration of his captors.

"Tell us first how it was you surrendered to him so many times?" asked Carswell, interested.

"Well, you see, captain, to-day was my first experience under fire. Ahem! That blame brute of a horse I ride is race stock with a pedigree and he got rattled.

"You see, our cavalry was held in reserve. When we were ordered to charge, and when in a fast gallop, I took my pistol from the holster to see sure it was in prime order. Somehow the thing went off and my horse went off with a bullet hole through one of his ears! He just took the bit in his teeth, and run like a scared deer, and there I was charging alone the whole Yankee army! I heard the boys way behind laughing and yelling, but my teetotal attention was given to stopping the demon runaway horse. I was not seeking death at the cannon's mouth like Shakespeare's fourth age of man.

"When the guns flamed right in front of me the mad brute dashed like a sleuth hound to the left, and in about a pair of minutes had flanked the enemy, and was on a dead run towards Washington, right into Abraham's bosom for all I knew.

"Of course I didn't know that by that time the enemy was retreating. My sole aim and purpose then and there in life was to surrender, if the blame horse would only consider the situation a moment and give me time. I passed some blue uniform stragglers and waved my white handkerchief as we shot by at railroad speed, but they seemed to be in too much of a hurry themselves to honor me with any moment of their attention.

"Just then I caught sight of this same big, fine-looking blue-coat you now hold as a prisoner. He was about one hundred yards ahead, going full gallop, same direction I was flying. I waved the white flag frantically at him and hollered, 'I surrender, I surrender! Stop! Stop!' But he kept right on. Then I yelled, 'Somebody head us two

damn fools. I surrender!' He didn't even turn his head. I was gaining on him rapidly and knew I'd soon be a goner. He looked big as Goliath, two tremendous pistols in his holster and a whoping saber at his side. By George! He looked like the magazine picture of Napoleon at Austerlitz, or the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, or Washington crossing the Delaware! As I rushed close up to him my handkerchief wiggle-waggle-woggled a few thousand geometrical angles, and I hollered 'I surrender!' at every jump of my wild horse.

"My carbine had loosened its moorings and was slanging right and left, pounding me and the horse. Just as I reached him and expected to be made a sieve of by his perforating bullets, my horse dashed between two trees, and that whing-whang-in-carbine knocked me off a stem-windin. As I hit the ground flat on my back, the last thing I remember is reaching up and waving that white token and saying as loud as possible 'I surrender! Don't shoot!' Reckon must have fainted. Don't know how long. Finally when my eyes opened, there stood my big Yankee calmly looking down at me. I made a motion to wave and feebly muttered again, 'I surrender.'

"You can imagine my hurt feelings, captain, when you fellows laughed so at me, and I realized that my awful Napoleon-Wellington prototype was your prisoner! Say, Jake," to his tickled-to-death servant at the tent-door, "you barrel-whacked, box-ankled black rascal! Stop that, I say, and go to my tent for a box of cigars and a bottle of wine here, quick."

Jake disappeared, still grinning and suppressing his mirth the best he could. "I say, captain! Won't you do me a favor? Invite my big Yankee right here now! I would like to share that wine and cigars with him and drink his health! I can see by his insignia of rank that he is colonel of the regiment."

Carswell consented, sent a polite invitation to the prisoner—which was accepted—and soon Georgia and Massachusetts and South Carolina were greeting each other in mutual politeness as host and guest.

The Carolinian amused and charmed the prisoner guest by recounting the "surrender" incident. This, with Carswell's considerate kindness, soon put all parties at ease. Captors and prisoner, who only a few hours before had been shooting at each other, soon formed a mutual admiration society.

The war had already caused some heavy fighting, with success about equal on both sides. Blue and gray had discovered enemies, each in the other, not to be lightly despised.

When Jake appeared at the tent opening with the wine and cigars he was yet so full of uncontrollable mirth that he hesitated to risk himself inside.

His young master saw him—understood his predicament—and hiding a smile and merry twinkle of eyes, ordered his black servant in in such a despotic style as made the Yankee guest look up in pained surprise.

The apparent despotism tickled Jake all the more, and as he viewed the big prisoner and his

small master and thought again of that surrender, he lost control. To save his life, good manners and all, Jake could not help dissolving into a convulsive roar of laughter. The guest was equally surprised at the slave's temerity in presence of his superiors.

"Skuse me, Marse an Cappen, an-an Misser S'render-Boss! Kaze jiss cai hep it! Swarter-gawd, nebber in sich er fix sence me en marser dun hatter gwinter jail tegedder in Charleston dat time he got de ligion!"

"Tell us how that was, Jake?" asked Carswell.

The negro looked deprecatingly at his young master, not daring to tell tales out of school.

"O go ahead and fire away, you black blather-skite curmudgeon of a rascal! If the captain and our guest here give you permission it's all right."

Jake politely handed the box of cigars round, held a lighted match for each, and stood near the door as if ready to jump out and run if necessary. Then, first looking quizzically at his master, he began:

"Mattercose yer knows dat our plantation in de kentry outsidern Charleston. Ole masser daiden-gone longergo, en young masser here bossin us niggers endurin he absence.

"Missus, whats he ma, orful ligious, en grebe mighty heap an powful kaze young masser 'ain done went an gone an gwine jine de chetch.

"Bombye big holy meetin come shoutin long an sot down in de big meetinouse rite slap nigh our diggins. Hull kentry dar ebber night—white 'scrats, black crows, po trash en all. Masser's

swetart den wuz great on ligion too, en cede wid-dim tend de meetin. You members her, masser? Dat fine quality Miss Queeny Pinkston whut atterward married dat hansum young Mass Rutledge."

"O the devil, Jake, leave Rutledge out!"

"Yassee—Count o' gwine wid Miss Queeny e tend strictly ter meetin an gun ter git ligion lack-wise. He ma en all on em pet an suage im twill e up an jine. Enne plack de kerrecter so nattul yer couldnen tell im fum er gennywine saint!

"But e wouldeen say prars in meetin yit, en dat mek he ma an Miss Queeny en her ma sorrer lack.

"Yer needen kallate young massa skaird kaze e s'render. Wen de horse runaway frightful wid-dim an Miss Queeny, and de line breck, masser stan up an jump fum de buggy rite on top de horse, grab rein en stop im! Dat horse gwine fassern de one what runaway dis day.

"Cole wedder den—meetinouse het up wid big stoves. Dis tickler ebenin jiss fo gwine ter chetch, masser brace up wid bottle dat ere same French wine.

"Wenne got dar de sperence an slam singin an prars an shoutin wuz full swing. He walk rite up en sot down twix he ma an Miss Queeny. Bom-bye heat o' de chetch warm im up, an e git happy, an look at Miss Queeny so mazin lovin she sho e got ligion. Wen dey call on summon to pray masser stonish em all wid de mos all-ober-glory-prar dis nigger ebber listen!

"Den everybody want to hug masser! He ma cry en hug im—Miss Queeny ma cry en hug im—Miss Queeny herself hug im! He wuz weepin

tears o' joy an huggin everbody e could retch, cep-pen e retch Miss Queeny mo dan all."

"Jake! Just let up on Miss Queeny, will you. Leave her out, too."

"Yasser—Sho! But bout dis time ole Buck Smith, de loudess shoutin an holiess saint, come cross de chetch topen de benches, clappen e hans an hollerin glory, areshin fer masser wid open arms. Dis de man what stole masser's fine brag ginnypig. All on us knowd e stole em. So wen ole Smith try snatch im fum Miss—fum de res on em—ter de scandal o all he rite den and dere cuss Smith mazin ez er d—d ole hog teef, en try ter cut im all ter pieces wid e knife! He ligion nebber gom stent o' huggin dat ole hog teef. De meetin all breck up."

Jake saw regretful memories in his young master's face, and did not dare to tell the going to jail episode.

Carswell was surprised to find such thoughtful men of the North as his prisoner evidently was, fighting their sister States in a fanatic abolition cause, ignoring the Constitution. This man from Massachusetts, to his surprise, appeared honest, square and sincere and brave and fully conversant in the political history of the nation. The mutual good will of the present occasion emboldened him to ask his guest a distinct personal question.

"Colonel, are you of that political class we of the South call abolitionists?"

"No, captain, myself nor any one of my family is of that class. I voted for Douglas."

Carswell looked his astonishment and became

silent and thoughtful. Then politely, but with deep feeling, he asked:

"Then why are you here fighting against us?"

The prisoner looked his host earnestly in the face a moment and slowly answered:

"From my point of view the Constitution does not contemplate independent sovereignty of a State to the extent of secession. The edifice of our government is builded upon pillars called States. If the pillars are permitted to withdraw at will the fabric must fall. Its preservation, therefore, depends upon the union of all the States, the withdrawal of none. Upon this union preserved all our hopes of greatness as a nation depend.

"This union is dearer to the conservative element at the North than any mere State rights. The only sovereign power rests in the central government. The States are, and must be, subordinate else the Republic perishes.

"The importance of union looms up far and above any question of abolitionism. We cannot permit individual or partisan demagogism in the North or in the South, or in both combined, to bring about its disintegration. For its preservation I, and all like me, throughout the North, will risk that which is dear to every man, his life.

"It is needless to discuss all of the unwise clash of opinions, whether just or unjust, or merely fanatical, and the unfortunate events, which combined have precipitated this unhappy conflict. Doubtless on many points I would agree with you. Your provocations have been great, your claims in many respects are right and just. But permit me to add that you of the South have acted hastily in

this matter of secession. You take this momentous step as though all the unwise and unconstitutional threats and assertions of merely an abolition party in politics were accomplished facts.

"As long as you remained in the union to try all questions of difference in the forum of reason and by the ballot, myself and my class were co-operating with you.

"What if Lincoln was elected; could he under all the wholesome restrictions of the government, carry into effect the threats and desires or vapid assertions of many of his supporters? Why not wait for some real overt act on the part of the administration?

"When you attempt to forestall threatened ills by secession, and thus, if successful, dissolve the union of States, you become the enemies of the Republic. My creed is to preserve the union at all hazards, and adjust all political differences inside and not outside.

"The mere babble and blowings of demagogues on either side should not affect the course of the ship of state."

Carswell had listened most attentively to each word and sentence of his prisoner and sat deeply pondering.

The Carolinian now asked:

"But, sir, you surely do not agree with the class of our enemies who not only would free our slave property by force, but would add insult to injury by forcing the negro upon us as our political and social equals?

"The South would fight through a war every generation through unlimited ages before it would

submit to a forced negro social equality with its attendant repulsive incidents."

"In answer I will say that, from merely a polemic standpoint I regard slavery as a detriment to any white race that would live and hold its place among other Caucasian nations. The system is subversive to a republic, and has no counterpart in any other nation of modern times. I believe this is the sentiment that—modified according to nature and temperament, and mixed with selfish motives or ignorant methods—is, after all, the deep consciousness of the people.

"In my opinion the North has no lawful right to interfere with or molest this or any other class of your property. Nor am I of that extreme party of zealots who contend the negro race is created equal in all respects to the white race.

"As to the forcing social equality of the two races upon the nation, either North or South, the idea is but an unbalanced fanatic's distorted vision."

The interview closed. When the prisoner guest retired the Georgian said to the Carolinian:

"This war assumes more terrible and gigantic proportions. That prisoner and his prototypes represent the main strength of the North in this struggle. We have been sorely exasperated and bitterly aggravated into the belief that all the virtue, intelligence, sincerity and patriotism of the country were on the South's side, or in sympathy with it, in this issue.

"Instead of meeting on the fields of battle only a horde of conspirators and hoodlums crazed on the subject of freeing the negro, even to the ex-

tent of widely tearing the union to pieces, I am astonished to meet such men as this prisoner fighting to preserve the union.

"Why this class of people North did not rise in their might and crush the black-republican, abolition party at the polls in its incipency, is a mystery to me. Instead, for nearly the past decade they have suffered mere selfish demagogues to be elected to places of trust and responsibility that only statesmen and true patriots should have filled. And the country at large suffers the dire consequences!"

It is not the writer's intention to dwell upon the events of the war; nor to bandy the names of great men on either side and put in their mouths unwarranted fictitious utterances merely to fit a story or adorn a romance. From such vandalism and sacrilege good Lord deliver us.

There were great Americans on both sides of whom the nation's history is proud. It is not proposed to laud and worship a Christ-martyr, nor to denounce a Beelzebub-devil, on either side.

Upon the hypothesis that Grant and Lee both fought for what each considered the sacred cause of right and justice and his country's defense, there let the subject rest.

In the preceding chapters the invidious, radical, agitating element North receives most prominence, almost to the exclusion of a large conservative, refined and patriotic class. But this agitating element was permitted to dominate public opinion at the time to the evil extent of creating the impression that their ideas were the sentiments of the whole.

The said chapters, leading up to the clash of arms, were purposely written from the Southern point of view to depict true to nature, as well as to history, the actual Southern life and character, white and black, and the true convictions and emotions during the period embraced.

What one has lived through it is generally conceded one knows. It is simply "holding the mirror up to nature."

It is written neither as apology nor defense; unless, indeed, the reader discovers a latent sympathetic defense of the negro in his true and faithful devotion during the great national crisis of madness and misery, grandeur and despair. To rise in insurrection, to destroy and burn and kill, as he was induced to do by the rabid abolition radicals, was utterly averse to the slave's disposition or inclinations.

Of the honored dead on both sides, with hats off and bowed heads, we all repeat:

*"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."*

If these died for the union, these died for their State.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It is on Sunday at Rural Shades in November, 1864.

Merric's face was full of perplexed ill humor and unaccustomed unhappiness.

"Sway ter mercy, gra-mammy! whay gwi cook specterbul brekfus en dinners en suppers fer Missus en day all, ceppen I got loaf sugy, ner coffee an tea, salaratty en nuttenmeg an all sich! Ef things gwi kep on disserway deri'l soon be no spidus en ubens, wafer ner waffle iron, and nary skillit, ner eben pigin en potrack ter cook wid; ner dish en glass en silver teet outern. Folks hatter lib on ash-cake en cook biskit on rock lack little Mars Julius an dat good-fer-nuttin black imp of a Ben, ef de lane doan turn soon."

"Yer knows, Merc," remarked Hansom wisely and solemnly, "de Linkumites is block-haided all dem konsumptions. I hearn dey eben call us niggers some kine o' onspecterbul kontryban o' de war!"

"Oo-oomph! De Lawd hep!" groaned Marma. "I'd jess lack ter tek a bresh-broom ter ebry lass one o' dem pesterin blockhairs!" was Merric's indignant answer.

Hansom adjusted his faded silk "weskit" and worn and patched coachman's suit; took off the old beaver churn hat now frazzled and shapeless and shineless; looked down sorrowfully at the coarse home-made brogans disfiguring his shapely number eleven feet; and was about to take some consolation in enlightening his fellow sufferers by wisely elucidating the war situation. But Merrie proceeded in vehement indignant tones:

"De idee uv er scratic Carsul famly drinkin parched corn-meal coffee wid sorgnum lasses sweet-nin! No tea, no nuttin, cep bare flour an meal en meat an garden sass. Missus an Miss Lorny tek it all so brave lack, an do plain eben wen us had company ter dinner,—des say our sogers doan hab good ter eat as weuns. De mizry uv it all! Wen Jim come back fum Attylanty lass July a-fotchin Mass George wounded puddennigh ter deth, an port dear Mars Shelton kilt in de battle, de worl pear come ter de en. Narry nigger on de place, outer spec fer Missus, laff a joke or sung de song sence but go rite on wurkin de craps mournful. All de house servants an all de feel hans sorrowin."

"Oh, Merc!" moaned Marma with tears blinding her eyes and trickling down the wrinkled black face, "doan menshun mar darlin' honey boy! Hil mos kill missus en Miss Lorny. Dis po ole darkey would o' died o' grief hatten bin dey need me ter teck keer on em in dey great sorry. An wen Miss Nina come to meet em! Hit wuz more'n I could bear, enner all bruk down!"

Hansom's emotions choked him, but gaining his voice by an effort he tried to console Marma.

"But yer knows, gran-mammy, dat cordin ter

Mars George own splainin, your Jim stuck faithful ter he Mars Shelton throo thick an thin, hail o' bullets an all! Hit wuz one dem desprit saults our folks mek gin de bolition Yanks srounden Attylanty. Wen Mars George wuz fotch bleedin ter de rear whar Jim wuz, fuss thing Jim ax im, 'whar Mars Shelton?' Mars George dat weak he owny pint back whar de battle rage and say 'Shot!' Nobody could stop Jim, not eben de ossifers. He resh throo ebberting rite out tween 'dem shootin' armies a hollerin, 'Whay my Mars Shelton!' Wuzzer merri cul Jim wussent kilt too; but wen de win kinder riz de smoke both sides seed Jim totin Mars Shelton off, an dey cheered im! Eben de Yanks cheered im too! Ginral Hood sont fer Jim an shuck he han, an tole im dat e wuzzer brave man! an er faithful!

"Dey bury Mars Shelton wid milterry slutes, kazer e cappen den. Done tole yer our boy bin a ginral efsobe he lib."

"Whut sprize me," said Merric, "is how Missus, Miss Lorny, Miss Nina, an all dere frends, bin teckin ebberting—eben dey own cloes—ameckin shirts an things an lints en bandages fer de soljers. Dey cut up all dere fine dresses an flannels an linen. Dey sot up day an night sewin an knittin. Sometimes I see em cry while dey pack de socks an caps an cloes inner box ter sont off to de army. Us ai got narry decent table cloff leff.

"Dey kai get any mo silks en satins en muzlins an linens—not eben kaliky—an now dey wearin homespun dress, coarse knit gloves, an parmeter an wire-grass hats!

"Clare-ter-goodness, wenner fuss seed our Miss

Lorny dress dat way, wid rough shoes on her dainty leetle foots, dunno whedder laff or cry! Her look so quaint-like lubly, I want ter hug de chile an die fer er on de spot! De quality shine dar all de same. No matter how yer dress up a nigger, de nigger rite dar still; but yer kai hide quality eben in nigger cloes,—an dats a fac!”

At this moment the attention of all was directed to the suffering emaciated face of George Woolridge, as in worn and almost tattered gray uniform he limped beside Lorna, dressed as Merric had described her, across that same yard to that same dairy. “Bress de Lord, deres yit buttermilk an sweet milk leff for mer chillun!” exclaimed Marma, as she hurriedly rose and hastened across to meet them at the dairy.

“O, Mammy, George brings news that Sherman has burned Atlanta and is marching this way! I have tried to persuade him to leave us and seek some place of safety, but he will not go. Surely they would not do us bodily harm, but it is different as to him—a Confederate soldier.”

The girl looked anxious and worn like a hunted fawn. Her soft lustrous eyes looked appealingly sad. The carking cares, the labor, hardships and poignant grief of the past months, had told on her fair and lovable features.

“Marma, she has promised to be mine when this war is ended! My wounds will not permit me yet to join my regiment. Col. Carswell is with Johnston’s army. I know that, under the circumstances, he would approve my stay here. I know, Lorna dear, you think I am too weak to prove much of a protector, and I am not very strong. But I would

not leave you just now for the world, would you, Marma?"

"No, dat I woulden, honey, not fer tousan worls!"

The young man smiled as his eyes met the beseeching look of Lorna. His face was wan and pale as a sharp pain of his wound racked his emaciated frame.

Doctors were mostly with the army. Medicine was rare and very difficult to get. The blockade caused much suffering in this respect. Woman's devotion and loving ministering care took the place of both physician and medicine in thousands of instances. Confederate hospital patients suffered as well as Federal prisoners.

Since Shelton's death, Mrs. Carswell could not let Nina Howell part with her. She appealed to Nina to remain in such irresistibly sad manner, the equally heartbroken girl could not but remain. As Nina's mother was long since dead, and her father was in the army, it was arranged for her to stay at Rural Shades.

This clever, high-spirited girl at the threshold of womanhood, with the sweetest hopes and dearest dreams of her young life crushed and broken, bravely tried to lighten her own burdened spirit by ministering to the cares and alleviating the unhappiness of those about her.

Bright, courageous, lovely Nina! If these pages ever meet your kind eyes you will know that we love and cherish you yet.

A few days after this dairy scene Sherman's army, in its broad sweep of destruction, camped for a night at Rural Shades. Fences were burned in

the camp fires; the gin house was burned; and the provisions, grain and forage used by the invading army. All the cattle, hogs, horses and mules left after Carswell's many liberal contributions to the Southern soldiery, were swept away. No provisions were left in the dwellings, but the inmates were not otherwise molested. The frail wounded George in his tattered gray uniform was passed by with only a few gibes and insults from some rough, thoughtless soldier.

The Carswell family remained passive and silent. The faithful slaves were frightened like dumb creatures. Some hid away, others kept in their cabins unless ordered out to help bring corn and forage and kill and dress beef and pork. Others came into the white dwelling and kept as near their mistress as possible for protection.

The army had folded its tents and gone the next morning some two hours. George and Mrs. Carswell were congratulating themselves upon the fact that their loved ones were safe. Merric had somewhere found a small chicken and enough meal to bake a hoe-cake. This the faithful cook had just brought in as breakfast for the white family. Neither white nor black had eaten any supper, and all were hungry, but Merric was going to see that her mistress and family had something to eat if herself and all the negroes suffered.

When all came into breakfast, not knowing the almost total lack of eatables, they would have jested and laughed when they saw the spread, had they not observed Merric's keenly grieved face at the door.

Just then Marma came in and in dismayed voice faltered,

"Missus! Mars George! De Yankees is comin ergin! Deys filled de yard and comin rite in here! Deres nigger sojers wid dem!"

Poor dear old Marma! a nameless dread of evil to your loved ones quavered in your every tone of voice.

Boisterous profanity was now heard near, and the hall door was crashed in as by the united kick of a dozen men. One glance out the window told George the dreadful situation. They were in the hands and at the mercy of a straggling class of nondescripts, white and black soldiers, who were, under pretense of foraging, really mere loot hunters.

"Nina," whispered George, "for God's sake try and get Willis off on a horse to overtake some respectable Yankee officer and bring him here quick."

The intelligent girl quickly understood, and watched with terrible impatience for an opportunity to go out unobserved.

By this time every part of the house was being ransacked by the marauders. The captain of the squad burst into the dining room cursing and swearing that he would make some d—d rebel tell where the gold and silver and jewelry were hid, as none of the boys (meaning the slaves) seem to know.

"Here, fellows! Surround that d—d Johnny Reb with your bayonets (pointing to George). This must be his old slavocrat hussy of a mother,

and these dainty beauties his slave-pampered sisters. You'll soon find out, my lovely beauties, that the negro is just as good and better than any of you d—d white face tyrants! Now, Sir Reb, (to George) there is a lot of treasure hid or buried on such a looking place as this, and you know where it is. I'll give you five minutes to tell, and if you refuse, I'll order those bayonets thrust through your—carcass! Now, boys, stand ready. If he don't tell, then when I give the word let him have it!"

George, white with rage and indignant, did not answer a word, but stood looking unutterable contempt square in the eyes of the brutal captain.

While the attention of all was thus riveted on George, Nina slipped out. The over-tried terrorized Lorna had swooned in her mother's arms. Mrs. Carswell attempted to speak once, but George silenced her by a look and a shake of the head.

"Come, Sir!" continued the captain, with open watch in his hand, "three minutes of your time gone! You won't speak, hey? Four minutes! Come, if you want to live you better speak quick! Five minutes! Now, boys, if he won't tell time I count three, let him have it. One! Two! thr—Hold!"

As the valiant captain counted, the bayonets were held back in thrusting position, and when he reached "thr—" the soldiers made a move as if to thrust them through the young man's body.

Marma and Merric and other servants present screamed in fright and agony—Julian and Teln hid their faces and cried in terror—Mrs. Carswell

made a move with Lorna in her arms, and felt sick and faint. George never spoke nor moved.

The captain then took up considerable time in other similar tests, but George remained silent and immovable through it all as an Indian brave at the stake. He had very little belief that the loot seeking captain would go to the extreme of murder anyway. George was finally placed under guard in a corner. The leader, angered by his failure, determined to vent his wrath by humiliating Mrs. Carswell and the now partially recovered Lorna.

"Here, boys—no, not you—I mean the colored fellows. Let's teach them blue-blooded slavocrats a little lesson in social equality. Take seats at that table. Now, madam, and you, Miss, take seats there beside them and eat a social breakfast together. Ha, ha, ha! You will not obey me? Then by G—d, I'll make you!"

He advanced upon Lorna to drag her to the chair. This reached the limit with George. Snatching a gun from his highly amused guard, he shot the captain dead and thrust the bayonet through a negro soldier who jumped to stop him. A dozen guns were leveled at him and fired. He sank down without a groan, dead.

Lorna almost crazed by terror and grief, kneeled beside his body and called his name in so sad a wail of love, that the excited marauders stayed their hands and left the room, in haste to get away.

They confronted outside a troop of regular cavalry in blue uniforms, just arrived and led by—Nina Howell.

The looters were put under arrest, and no doubt

received the punishment they deserved at the hands of General Sherman.

We agree with that distinguished gentleman who said that "war is hell." The death of George Woolridge and its manner is no sketch of fancy or fiction.

When Nina, in sore distress, left George, surrounded by bayonets, she went out a side entrance leading to the ground. Running under the house and looking about the yard, front and back, some of the looters were seen carrying a trunk filled with booty, and hastily placing it on a wagon, drove off, but not in the direction the army had gone. She recognized the trunk as Lorna's. Seeing the feet of a horse pawing the ground in a bed of violets at the front steps, the girl hurried there, unloosened the halter from around the column post, mounted and sped away after Sherman's army.

After racing half a mile she saw a troop of regular cavalry in blue coming from a cross road into the main road a few hundred yards ahead.

The officer was surprised to see an excited girl coming at such speed and halted his troops. Her riding won his admiration. When she reached him he politely lifted his hat and looked at her disturbed face inquiringly.

"Does General Sherman allow his soldiers to break into private dwellings—loot and steal—terrorize women and children—and murder a sick and wounded Confederate soldier?" pleaded the excited girl as fast as she could speak.

"No! Not if he knows it or can prevent it."

"Then follow me, quick!" cried Nina, bursting into tears.

Every man who saw and heard felt a thrill of admiration and profound sympathy and the troop rushed on with crying Nina at its head.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1863-1865.

EVENTS had meantime changed rapidly with Theodore Selkirk. He was now a representative in Congress. The constituency electing him lined him up with the abolition war party, and he felt bound to advocate and vote as was naturally expected.

His aspirations now were to reach higher and don the mantle of national senator, where he hoped to in part free his soul from the exasperating exactions of a mere radical congressional district. In the wider arena of power he secretly promised himself to atone, in a measure, the many false pleas circumstances had exacted in the past.

The big political manager had by this time made a fortune on war supplies and army contracts. He had done much to pull Selkirk through, and exercised over him a kind of taken-for-granted ownership that was galling to the young man's spirit, but which he could not evade or escape.

When news of the first gun on Fort Sumter flashed over the nation, the Big Manager had rushed into Selkirk's presence, filled to overflowing with animated excitement.

"By George, Selkirk! The thing is done at last! We've had a devil of a time pulling it through, though! You see, all that muling and puling, policy-lacking, milksop, compromising element in our party came near spoiling the political labors of years. They were afraid of their own shadows, and so non-aggressive and so wedded to the commercial relations with the South, that if permitted to have their own way, there would be no war after all.

"Confusion! Don't you understand what a vast amount of pressure was necessary to prevent the administration from adjusting the matter with the South! Had this been done, then farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness. Why, even Seward got a little weak in the knees. Now, by hook or crook, we have managed to force the South into the apparently aggressive act of firing the first gun.

"Had we not succeeded in precipitating war, all the fruits of the Lincoln election would have been lost. You know by what a minority he was elected, and what a tremendous majority of the nation want peace. Had the conservative element North and South controlled at this crisis, there would be no disaffection of the Union, no freeing the slaves. Amendments to the d——d old slavery constitution guaranteeing to the South its provisions would have been ratified; the agitation upon which we have so long lived and flourished like a green bay tree would have died and withered away like the barren fig tree. You and I, and all the agitators, would have been buried beyond any political resurrection forever and a day.

"I tell you, from the day of Lincoln's inauguration to this firing on Sumter, we have had to keep every trail hot between our party politicians, congressmen, state governors and Washington City in order to bring sufficient pressure to bring about the very thing that has now happened!"

And again, in May, 1863, the Big Manager had sought Selkirk's presence to give vent to his over-charged feelings:

"Do you know, Selkirk, that unless our side brings about another battle and gains another victory pretty quick, our political power will be vastly weakened!

"Grant's repeated failures against Vicksburg and Hooker's against Richmond, together with conscriptions, suspension of habeas corpus, terrors of military law, suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, emancipation proclamations, terrible loss of life, colossal expenditures, suffering prisoners and the devil knows what all else, have aroused alarm and uneasiness throughout the North as to security or liberty for anybody anywhere!

"Just think! Even in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, peace conventions have been permitted to publicly meet and pass resolutions! The Northern press in some quarters exposes and denounces our purpose as a war party. Even some of our staunch abolition governors are weakening! Freeing the slaves is costing a devil of a sight more than was expected.

"Ha! ha! ha! We fixed that fellow Vallandigham, though, when in the full tide of success against us he was nominated for governor of Ohio,

we had him seized and exiled by military orders. He, as well as many others, had to be squelched in this way.

“What alarms me most is that such liberty of speech among the people criticising and denouncing our acts is being tolerated. In last Fall’s elections we lost the great State of New York; Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania gave mighty striking hints that a majority of the masses were against our war policy. They begin to inquire what will become of their rights and liberties under the Constitution if our high-handed proceedings keep on.

“Did you notice that speech last Fall by Justice Curtis, of Boston? The very man who dissented in the Dred Scott case in the Supreme Court? You know our plan has been, and is, through our partisan press, to howl ‘disloyalty’ against any one who dares to criticise adversely any act of the administration. But this old fellow comes square at us from the shoulder, and proclaims to the nation that our acts put in jeopardy every principle of law by which the safety and welfare of this republic is secured.

“Even in the army there have been some mutinous feelings. The question is raised in the minds of many as to what all this bloodshed is for. If lots of ’em thought it was only to free the negroes and to perpetuate abolition power there would be h—l to play! Not even the cry of ‘protect the flag’ and ‘save the union’ will save our hides and keep the thing going much longer at this rate. We will soon be small potatoes and few in a hill unless the tide is turned.

"Once free the negroes, make them voting citizens, and at the same time disfranchise the rebels, then we will have our innings. Our policy then will be to keep the seceded States out of the Union and under military rule as long as possible. Every reconstruction official will cry 'Amen' to everything we say, and every freedman will vote the party ticket. The war will not by a long shot end our agitation about the negro race, even after emancipation. Just you watch and see!

"But I must hurry away. These big army contracts keep me hustling. Say, though! You will reach the age just in time. There is strong talk of putting your name up for senator. If I say the word, in you go!

"Let's see—'Brilliant speech of the Hon. Theodore Selkirk in the Senate of the United States.' Sounds well, don't it?"

A man is often easily convinced when the convictions lead on in the same line of his ambition. But this time Selkirk had read up and studied the slavery question extensively from abolition viewpoints. He had made so many anti-slavery political speeches that his mind almost unconsciously accepted the motto that the constitution of his country was indeed "A covenant with death—an agreement with hell." He had become a zealot even up to the "mental reservation" degree of faith. Greeley, Sumner, Chase and Beecher became his mentors in place of Washington, Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

CHAPTER XXX.

*"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."*

To emphasize his convictions, as well as to enlarge his popularity, Selkirk had enlisted in the Federal army. At the burning of Atlanta the fortunes of war cast his lot with Sherman in his raid through Georgia.

In that trip South in 1859 he had not visited Rural Shades, nor met Carswell's family. He knew the march was in the vicinity of that Georgia town, where, sick and penniless, he had accepted Carswell's generosity.

By chance it was he, as a cavalry officer, to whom the excited Nina Howell appealed that morning of the tragic death of George Woolridge; and it was his troop that followed the crying Nina to the rescue.

Sharply ordering his men to arrest the escaping marauders and following Nina he hurried in ere the smoke of the gun shots cleared the scene in the dining room. He stood gazing at the beautiful face of a young girl crying in abandoned grief over the frail dead form in tattered gray uniform.

Poor Lorna's agony-haunted face appealed so strongly to the soldier politician that he was

speechless in deepest pity and sympathy. His emotion stirred his heart and soul to depths never before fathomed. He would give the world to restore that sweet face to smiles and happiness.

The worn features, the coarse homespun dress, the rough shoes, the patient, hungry look, he divined the whole story of sacrifice and anxious suffering to the tender girl accustomed from childhood to the bountiful luxuries of a prosperous Southern home. Then this heart-breaking grief.

The strong soldier could not control voice for commands, but motioned to his guard to remove quietly the other two dead bodies.

At this moment our invalid friend and beloved teacher, Mr. Parks, who had not been able to leave his room for weeks, appeared at the door. His hollow, consumptive cough attracted Selkirk's attention. He went to the invalid, and supporting him to a sofa in the broad hall, asked:

"Who is that dead—in gray?"

"A friend of this family, George Woolridge."

"And the young lady weeping over him so—so."

"Lorna Carswell, the dearest girl in the world. They were lovers and were to be married when the war is over."

At the name of Carswell, Selkirk started as though a minie ball had struck him. He feared to ask the next question:

"And this place and this family is?"

"Col. Edward Carswell's. Our Lorna is his daughter. Would you like to speak with Mrs. Carswell, sir?"

"No, no! not yet. Where is Col. Carswell!"

"He is away, with Johnston's army. His son

Shelton was killed in battle near Atlanta the past summer. Now our George is dead, too!"

The listener felt guiltily relieved that he was not to meet his friend of a day under present circumstances;—relieved also that a fit of coughing prevented Mr. Parks from observing his uncontrollable agitation.

The vision of that inexpressibly sweet, anguished face of the bereaved Lorna haunted him like an accusing angel, as though betrayal and crime lay against his own soul.

As he had left the room of death he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Carswell and Nina and Marma approaching Lorna to weep with her and try to comfort. Worldly ambition and all paled into insignificance in the presence of this broken, bereaved and ruined family. He would sacrifice all things—immolate himself—could it but restore their dead to life and them to their former happiness.

Make himself known here now? No, a thousand times no!

"Tell them," he said to Mr. Parks, "they need fear no further molestation. I will place a guard about the house day and night until danger is past. If possible, I will secure written orders from General Sherman himself for the full protection and security of this home and all that is left of it."

Hardly stopping to hear Mr. Parks' thanks, he hastened away, obedient to the stern commands of war, to join the raiding host in its onward wide swath of destruction to the sea, through a now almost defenseless country.

The unequal contest was fast narrowing toward

the inevitable close. Not even the Spartan bravery, buoyed by patriotic love and defense of home and fireside, could stem the overwhelming tide. A total Federal enlistment of 2,600,000 men at arms against a total Confederate roster of 600,000 during the entire war, tells the grim story. Even then the emancipation of the slaves was declared by the administration at Washington, as a necessary war measure to weaken the force of the heroes struggling for their constitutional rights and liberties.

As Selkirk passed out and gave orders for guarding Rural Shades he encountered Hansom. He recognized in the black face and faded tatterdemalion toggery the slave coachman who had interrupted his first and only interview with Carswell in the town law office. He avoided the negro's enquiring gaze and hastened on and away.

"Merc, I'se seed dat ossifer buckra summere fo dis, pears lack, but cai ricommender whar. Musser bin fo de war, kaze he face call ter min betterer days dan dese, sho! Mer, sence raslin en prodjerkin widdim, but——"

"Stop yer jaw!" exclaimed the bewildered, exasperated Merric, "an projec up sumpen tete fer Missus an dey all. Deres natterly nuffin lef on de place highenlow. Fo de Lawd, I woosh all dem free sotters sizzlin on bremstone gridirons in de hottes pit de debble got fo dey ebber come hyar sturbin decent folks en specterble niggers! What us all gwine do!"

Now Mose, Willis, Hansom, Jim and others of the slaves, for long years under an indulgent master had each saved up more or less gold and silver

money kept in some secret hiding place. This money was paid them by the master for extra work on holidays; or night work in the blacksmith shop mending and pointing and sharpening plows in the rush crop season; or for making brooms, ax-handles, hoe helves, cotton baskets, shuck collars; or proceeds of half-Saturday cotton patches.

Willis first sought his mistress with all his little store, and after some humble hesitation, said, "Missus, Merc say deres nuttin tete lef on de place. Dem sojers say us hatter go ter de town an buy some wisions. Is—is yer got enny money?"

"No, Willis, nothing but a few dollars of worthless Confederate money."

"Deu, Missus, please-um teck dis," and the slave humbly and apologetically handed her a handful of gold and silver coins, every cent that he had saved up, about ninety dollars.

"Why, Willis!" exclaimed his mistress, tears springing to her eyes, "you considerate, faithful servant! I will use it as you wish, but your master will pay it back to you doubled if he lives to ever return home. Here, take it and go to town and buy meat and bread for us all."

"Yessum, Mose an Jim an Hansom done tole me dey got some, too, an dey all want you to teck it."

"Thank you and all of you. Use only what may be necessary. You can pass anywhere unmolested among our enemies, and perhaps can secure supplies where we would fail."

The faithful negroes were more than glad to thus give their savings, even were there no hope of ever a cent being repaid. They would suffer any

privation and make any sacrifice—rather than see any member of their white family want for bread.

When poor little wily Ben's rations were cut short and scant he gave up all hopes of any more happy plantation days. His distress was pitiful. He did not appreciate the joke of the President in the Hampton Roads Conference, who, when reminded of what vast suffering would necessarily ensue to the slaves if immediate emancipation were pressed, answered by an anecdote winding up with "let 'em root!"

So Rural Shades was left for the time with the faithful blacks procuring supplies and caring for the whites, until friends outside the limits of the raid could be notified.

After this Selkirk's officers and men often wondered at his sad, smileless face and abstracted manner. Whenever on the march he discovered trespass or insult in private homes his wrath was terrible, and his conduct toward the offender recklessly severe.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

WITHIN the leaves of an old volume of Dr. Clark's Commentaries, a relic of the Carswell family library, the letter herein given was found. It was written on cheap yellow paper, now faded with age:

"RURAL SHADES, GA., April 16, 1865.

"Col. Edward Carswell, Johnston's Army, Raleigh, N. C.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Since Gen'l Lee's surrender at Appomattox on 9th inst. I have been expecting to learn of the surrender of Johnston's army and to greet your return. Thank God, your dear life is spared!

"To-day is Sunday. My emotions are so inexpressibly sad—the only relief is to write you, but with little hope of the letter reaching your hands in the disturbed state of the country. As I write the dear word home, and anticipate in gladness your return to its desolated condition, my courage yields to a flood of tears!

"But you must not think, husband dear, we have lost all heart or hope. Love and devotion cannot

die, though it seems all else has failed. War has shattered fortune, present desolation and uncertainty take the place of former prosperity and peace; still we can be happy whether in hovel or palace.

"The spirit of courageously working through heart-breaking suffering that sustained us women of the South during the past four years, will not desert us now or ever, no matter what ills the future has in store.

"You may deem this but a weak and frail woman's boasting, when I tell you at same time my anxious fears and dread agony about our darling Lorna! She has never recovered the horrible shock of George's terrible death. The dearest, sweetest child! How she tries in a thousand pitiable ways to smile and cheer up for our sake; while her loving heart is buried with her dead—her buddie Shelton and her lover George. Oh! dear husband! hasten home and help us sustain and save her precious life!

"How we have managed to live since Sherman's raid only God and the extremely desolate know. Had it not been for Marma and Merric, Sukey, Willis, Jim, Mose, Hansom and others of our faithful slaves giving and sacrificing all they had or could get for us, I fear to think how we would have suffered for a while, even for bread to eat. As to Lorna, they worship the ground she treads upon! Any one, or all of them, I really believe, would risk and sacrifice life itself for their Miss Lorna's comfort and happiness. If she but gives them a forced smile of thanks they are happy, and strive who can do most for her.

"Ben and Raymon and Dennis set traps in the now fenceless fields to catch birds so Marma and Merric may prepare some dainty dish for the beloved young mistress, who has never in her life spoken an unkind word to her slaves. The first and choicest dewberry, fruit, flower, or minnow from the branch, or wild strawberry, is for their Miss Lorna!

"I wrote you of Mr. Parks' death. Julian and Teln and all of us, white and black, were much grieved and saddened. He was a Christian gentleman, and died peacefully with full trust in God for a better life in a better land. Our regret was deepened because we had not the means nor medicine and delicacies necessary for his greater relief from suffering while he lived.

"As the Yankee raid left nothing, right at the beginning of winter, too, it really looked for a while as if many of the negroes would suffer starvation. Poor, trusting creatures! How I pitied them, and wished a thousand times for the abundance of past days to divide with them. Necessity has forced most of them to wander away hunting something to eat. They are like sheep without a shepherd. It was heart-breaking to see our ever faithful servants obliged to part with us in want, and we with no means to help them. If the Yankees had not seized all the cotton made last year by their labor, there would have been means to feed them and us too, and something left to fence and plant a crop this year.

"Willis and Jim, Hansom and Mose have managed somehow to patch up some fencing about a small acreage, and have planted some crop. Do

hasten home and arrange to plant more, and thus give more of them employment. I suppose they are all free now to go and come as they please. When I told dear old Marma this she cried as if she thought I wanted her to leave us.

"Our darling Nina is still with us, braving all our misfortunes. Bless her dear, courageous heart! Oh, Edward, if our Shelton had been spared, what a treasure of a wife our boy would have had! Nina will not bear the idea of leaving Lorna now. It frightens me to think of our wasted, pale, patient darling. Do you suppose Nina thinks she will never recover!

"There, my beloved husband, I am torturing your heart with my fears again. But oh, do hasten home to help us bring the roses again to our darling's grief-wasted cheeks.

"Lorna sends her love to her papa.

"As ever, your loving, devoted wife,

"JULIA CARSWELL."

Mrs. Carswell's was not the only heart and mind devoted to thoughts of Lorna.

About this time Theodore Selkirk, with Sherman's army, was in Raleigh. The young Congressman-soldier could never erase from memory the scene of that heart-broken beautiful face bending in tears over the dead features of the frail young soldier in gray.

The ghost of his friend Carswell seemed to be standing aloof and pointing with accusing finger as if saying without words:

"See some of the effects of your unholy ambition!"

Pity and remorse filled his soul. So engrossed did he become as the sad tableaux appeared unbidden again and again, that he found himself, or a secret voice within the recesses of his heart, wishing he were even that dead clay in gray, if by so being he might win a tear of love and forgiveness from that fair haunting maiden face.

Wandering aimlessly one day after Johnston's surrender among the sutler's and baggage trains of the Federal army, he stood amazed at the name of "Lorna Carswell, Rural Shades, Ga.," on a trunk amid the *débris* of war.

He astonished the rough claimant by tempestuously paying him several prices for the trunk and contents after everything of seeming value was taken out.

Nothing was left but a girl's clothing, mostly of coarse homespun, and some letters and pictures. Selkirk kept out only a daguerreotype of a girlish face, and ordered the once handsome leather trunk shipped to his western home. Some day he would return it to its owner.

Seeking his private quarters, he gazed with a thousand conflicting emotions at the trustful, soft, dark brown eyes, the fair, lovely features, the mass of auburn hair, the dimpled cheeks, the sweet expression of lips. A face so fair, so pure, so lovely, so trusting! His cheek burned as if conscious of wrong and sacrilege in looking! What right had he to possess even the picture? Yes, it was she, Lorna, the daughter of his betrayed friend, Carswell; the same girl he had seen so tragically suffering. Strange as it all was, he was enthralled

by a worshipping love for one whom he had seen but once for a moment, one whom he had never spoken to, and whose voice was heard only in bewailing in tenderest tones her lover's death.

When all this turmoil of war is over; when time, the great healer, has assuaged her grief, then he would seek her dear presence and offer his devotion, his ambition, his life, his all, in sweet atonement and perhaps—perhaps! spend his days in bliss with her in her own sunny South.

Some two months afterward Selkirk placed the trunk with its girl clothing in the hands of a fashionable dressmaking establishment, ordering it filled with a complete and costly wardrobe cut to fit the contents of homespun. When the order was filled and a large bill paid, he deliberated long what to do.

Would that proud Southern family accept the gift at all? How should he notify them—how explain?

He finally wrote Col. Carswell, asking permission to return a trunk found in the accident of war with his daughter's name on it. And in memory of the kind act of the young lady's father to the writer years past, would he accept for her a gift of gratitude in the new contents of the trunk? And would he permit the writer to some day come in person to again express his thanks and regards to Col. Carswell, and also his family?

Selkirk was restless until in due time a reply came. Its contents placed over his life a deep shadow of grief and heartache which has never cleared away.

“RURAL SHADES, GA., Aug. 1, 1865.

“MY DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of recent date was duly received, and found myself and household bowed and crushed under the greatest sorrow of our life. Our idolized daughter, Lorna, was buried but three days since. God keep her pure spirit, and help us to bear our burden of broken hearts!

“Your intended act of kindness is needless now. But it could not have been accepted anyway. If you will return the trunk with only original contents we will be ever grateful.

“Myself and family will welcome you any time as a visitor, although hospitality is about all we have left now.

“With best wishes for your welfare, as ever
your friend,

EDWARD CARSWELL.”

Theodore Selkirk, Esq.

Man proposes, but God disposes. And yet “it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.”

Selkirk bowed over the trunk as though it held the shrouded spirit of the loved and lost. The strong man wept as a child.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CARPET-BAGGER AND HIS BROTHER IN BLACK.

"SLAVERY is dead! Long live slavery!" The negro was the manual slave of his Southern master. Now he must be made the political slave of his emancipators. It's no use to have friends unless you can make use of them! Ha, ha! The ignorant innocents! We will be the potter, they will be the clay. We will pose as their Saviour—their Moses.

"The South is the field to display my talents and fill my pockets now. I shall pack my carpet bag and go way down South to Florida for health and pleasure and recreation—and office and plunder! It was not healthy down there for me when rebel bullets whistled—but now I'll risk a little for the golden harvest in prospect. There's millions in it! But stop—am I for Johnson and the Constitution, or for Congress and the Republican party? Better be for Johnson now, so as to get a political appointment, and then be governed by circumstances after I get there. Easy enough to change if necessary. Johnson's policy will shorten my chances, while that of Congress offers to lengthen them indefinitely. We must not let the rebels come back too easy. The way

things are working down there now they might even capture the ex-slave vote. If we thought the freedmen would vote against the Republican party they should never have the franchise this side of doomsday.

"It will never do to permit friendly relations to exist between the Southern white and the freedmen. Racial hate and opposition must be stirred up, with a little race war now and then to report to our Republican Congress to show the need of reconstruction. Yes, I shall go to Florida. There's lots o' niggers down there! With the military to back me and the Freedman's Bureau to furnish the means, I shall be a power. My political pull will secure me an agency in said bureau."

So soliloquized our Big Manager in the fall of 1866. He landed in Tallahassee early in the spring of 1867, armed with official authority as a bureau agent.

"Gee-whizz! What bloom and beauty! What a dream of loveliness and repose is this fair land! Had I lived here on one of these broad plantations with a hundred or more obedient, devoted slaves, I would have resisted to the last ditch the intolerant, mischievous intermeddling of the abolitionists of the North, too, just as the people of the South did."

As our Big Manager stood on the east portico of the capitol thus admiring a bit of Florida, he observed two negro men approaching each other, near him. They evidently knew each other well, and had worked side by side for years on the same plantation as plain Gus and Sam. This was their first meeting since freedom. But instead of the

old-fashioned, hearty and cheerful "hello, Gus!" and "howdy, Sam!" they eyed each other solemnly and with slow circumspection.

"Yer hab de adwantage ob me, sar, but ef mer ricommembence ai foolin, I'se seed de genlum somewhars fore dis," and Gus held out his hand to Sam.

"Scuse mer absunce o' mind, sar," said Sam, taking the hand and holding it, "I means no dissuaspectshun, but yer face hab a mos famly pearance. Whut mought be yer habiliments?"

"Agustice Caesar Robersing, sar, en whut mought yer inquirements be?"

"Samuel Johnsing, sar! Mr. Robersing, sar, low me ter say it facilitates me gret pleasures ter mek yer quaintance!"

"Mr. Johnsing, de facilities is mos receptional, sar!"

Each bows, with hat in left hand as they shake hands. As their eyes meet even the pompous dignity of freedom and citizenship refuses to hide the natural hilarity of disposition, and they slap each other on the back and burst out in uproarious regular plantation laughter.

"Say! Yer kinky hed nigger! Ain't you Gus?"

"Sho I is! You wooly haid! An you is nobody but Sam!"

"Dog-gone! I knowed yer whenner fuss sot eyes on yer, but you wuz dat biggety!" And Gus imitated Sam's assumed dignity in the most comical way and roared again.

"Say, Gus, stop dat! Member yer is er bloomin free genlum o' color, en dar yer is teckin on zackly lack nuttin but er way-back plantation nigger!"

"Cose I fergit, Sam, but de ole laughs an corn songs an whoops is mighty ticin yit. But huc-come is yer sume Robersing? Dat wussent yer Mars Perkins' name."

"Better ax whut mek yer dibilaments Johnsing, kaze everybody knows yer old masser wuz name Perkins, too!"

"Say—a-hem! Mr. Robersing, less dry up on foolin an conserve judgmatikilly. De grabbletaters ob de sponserbles totin on our haid ez free en-french citrons will hatter be sumed, yer muss——"

"Hole on—stiddy rite dar, Mr. Johnsing. Us ain't derange wid de frinches yit. Doan yer member lass spring twuz norated us could vote? Mejitly big meetin wuz helt here in Tallahassee by de colored citrons in dat chutch down dar, en den an dere us lected dat yaller nigger Baldy Sours member congress renanimous!"

"Den money hatter be klected fer to sont our member rite on ter Washington; an ole an young, do dey wuz sufrin fer meat an bread an cloes, gin der lass dollar. Hundreds o' dollars wuz riz, an Baldy Sours went off ter congress, too big fer he britches. Den——"

"Yer, I sho member, kaze lack er blame ijit I gin im two dollar. But scusin de rupshun, Mr. Robersing, purceed wid yer noration. I'se all retenshun, sar."

"Well, atter Baldy gone narry nigger could buck down ter enny stiddy wuck, but jess kep on de move loungin round doin nuttin cep wuck dey jaw bout whut all dere colored member o' congress gwi do fer em; an waitin fer ter hearn fum im."

"Bombye, after some mos starve, Baldy writ e wuz comin back ter tell em all whut some devil he done done fer em, but dat de white folks here would kill im wen dey skivver what all e done, an dey muss all pertect im. Den——"

"Yes, I wuz one ov de comity, an wen——"

"Mr. Johnsing! Is I a talkin dis noration, or is you a jawin dis tale o' woe?"

"Sartinly, Mr. Robersing, sertainly! Scuse me."

"Well, den congress Baldy arriv, an erbout free tousen on us form in line wid drums beatin en flags flyin, an march a jubilatin ter he cabin. A big comity, armed ter de jaw bones wid muskits en pistols en swords, scorted de bloomin congressioner way out ter Houston's spring. He low fern us sround im ter kep off de white folks wen e speech. None on em come do. Nobody but niggers pear ter know us had er live congresser."

"Den how dat gingy-bread did talk! All de niggers in Leon county wuz dar a swallerin ebber-sing e say."

"He low dat congress wuz our fren long ez we'uns sport de publican party! Dat us 'ould vote soon en hep lect dere ticket; lackwise also dey would feed us frum a bureau, no ole smokus ner cubbud, but er spankin bran new bureau, an konfluscate de white an gin ebry huff on us forty acre an a mule a! Dat we is all hunky-dory equal in mo disrepec dan de whites a! Dat kaze us clear de fields when slaves dey long tu us when free a! Dat all de rights long tu de black an none ter de white a! Dat he rejuced an pass a law defrenchise all de whites an er franchin all

de blacks a! Dat de day wuz shortly acomin a! when all dis sunny lan o' song would long ter de blacks a! Dat de Afric gander shell flop e wings an flap inter de goobernatul cheer a! Into de jestiss seat! De legslater, de sherf an de pos-office a! De constaberation! de congress of de Nunitied. States full o' black faces a! All us hatter do is ter vote de publican ticket, fuss, lass en all de time, cause-en-kaze ef de dimicracks eber hab a show dey slap ebry one on us back ter slavery a! We muss hate em lack de debble! blebe nuttin dey say! ten none o' dere meetins! but hab faith an lib en die by de publican party whut gin us our freedom a!

"Dats de way Baldy talked, an e had em all a shoutin! He feelingly speech o' de need o' mo money, so e could hurry back."

As Gus had proceeded, his vivid imagination and imitative talent took unconscious possession of him. He strutted and posed, brandished his arms and made facial contortions. Sam several times tried to stop his tirade and high voice, but Gus was in love with his recital and his own voice, and heedlessly kept right on to the finish.

"But dat ain't all," continued Mr. Roberson. "De wuss am still a comin. All dis glory fer Baldy Sours wuz pizen ter yether niggers sich ez wuz big injuns on de rampage fer congress, too. Some on em wanted to hell nuther convenience rite dar an lect deyselves ter congress, argifyin fer de rottatery motion in orfice.

"Dar wuz plenty whiskey drunk mean ernuff ter meck a man pey e juss debts, or eben vote de dimmycrat ticket!

"Spute riz dat Baldy nuther seed de presdent ner congress, but jess went happy on de way fur ez Savanny, whar 'e highflied twill all de money spen, an den' come back foolin niggers! De dishpewters got so hot dey gin ter swipe razzers en cuss en shoot an knock down, an butt!

"Wen buttin commence danger wuz nigh! An I run jess kaze er coulden fly! Mr. Johnsing, sar, teck notiss dem lass remark is de pome I decomposed atterward ter demorlize dat casion."

"Say, Gus, cumere, close! How much o' dat bureau rations is yer got?"

"He, he, ha, ha, hi! Youse er goose wid one laig, Sam, ef ye ain't got all yer need! Blame my cats, er ain't wuck a hull day sence hit commence. Ain't yer a freedman?"

"Yas—dat so."

"Well, ai dat de Freedman's Bureau?"

"O go way! Sho it am."

"Den hits yer bureau, ain't er?"

"Gus! Youse sho a born pollyticker! But say, ergin; did yer git forty acre an er mule?"

"Yer dismember dat Baldy low dat his quallegs Sumler, an Pumry en Steve an er—rer—Turndebull an Bennywade, enner passul mo, low dat all de mule an plantation gwi be wided fum de white ter de royal freedmens? But what de matter, Gus! What ails yer, Mr. Robersing?"

"O, Sam! Doan dig en plow en harry mer feelins. Yer consume too much on ole quaintence. Um talkin you sence now. Listen. Afore de re-destruction polly o' de publican congress, a-hem—wuz norate, us niggers didn't know nuttin bout pollyticks. Diden know enny better dan ter go

rite on wurken de ole plantations fer wages er fur share de craps. All de white folks mos dat ebber own niggers treat us good an vise us how ter git erlong. I staid wid ole masser year de war close an come out wid wisions an money too. I wuz all fix fer nother crap an wurkin rite long ignunt o' my rites when a slick nigger come erlong by de fiel an ax if I own dat place. Cose I tole im no. Den e say I wuz a simple fool—dat I could own it. Upshot on it wuz I went ter de Nuinted State land orfis yander. De gemmen dar wuz de publican government. One on em ax me ef I want lan. Cose er tole im yasser. Den e say how much money is yer got, en er tole im.

“Den e writ a stificat an gin it ter me wid some painted pegs, an tuck all mer money. 'E say dot dem pegs roun, one at ebery cornder de lan yer want, an hits yourn.

“I sot em roun dat night. Next day ole masser come directin bout mer crap. I wuz sassy en impudent en e got mad. Den I got mad en tole im dat lan wuz mine. Wen e foun out how it wuz e try ter reason an splain bout fraud, lack e pity me. De debble wuz in me do, kaze me hard wuck money done gone, en I jess desprit lack hell de place. Upshot de bizness, e get de sherfler ter shuffle me off. Hundreds o' niggers bought plantations jess as I did en loss all dey made. Dats how de forty acre en a mule turn out wid me. It harry mer feelins!

“Seein dat twuz no usen to wuck, I bin loafin ebber sence. Den I hearn erbout dat bureau, an been farin middlin. I'se cided ter lib on polly-ticks atter dis.”

"Guss, Mr. Robersing—lemme tole yer sumpen! Deres lots o' talk bout doin way wid de white constutes ob dis State an sottin up a black one cordin to dem restruictions o' congress. Maybe Baldy Sours did git dar atter all! He told lots sho, rite in de line ob de rumies. Us kin sot our pegs."

"O, Mr. Johnsing! Doan say pegs ter me!"

"Scuse de slippence—but if arry black man kin git dar ter help hole de ossifies, why cai me en you!"

"Agreed, Sam! Shake! Less go en tek er smile. Is yer got de change?"

"Sho, Gus—I sole er little sply o wision er got fum de bureau, an——"

"O, Sam, you'll do! Ha, ha! Come on!"

"Humph!" mused our manager who had stepped behind a big pillar and quietly listened to the whole conversation of the two brothers in black. "Some of these innocents have already caught on to my trade. Ambitious, too, and want to get their black fingers into the public pie! I'll know how to manage such as they. Fool 'em with promises.

"That land scheme looter, who it seems has preceded me, was a fool for want of sense. That kind of thing was too easily discoverable as unblushing fraud.

"These fine plantations look enticing! As I control supplies of this bureau, how easy it will be to run a big cotton farm and pay for labor in supplies! The idea is worthy of my brain and merits trial on a big scale. Good idea to take one of the army officers in as a partner. See!

Get lot of the blacks to work on shares too, take mortgage on their part of crop for advances. When crop is gathered, swoop in everything, sell all the crop and stock, fail to pay any rent, let the niggers and the owners hold the bag while we pocket the boodle!"

And he carried out the scheme. There was some little friction during the year. He put the prince of darkness to shame in the various devices and methods employed to embitter hatred and violence and bloodshed between black and white, and to humiliate the latter. Sent and authorized by the government ostensibly to protect the blacks and keep peace, to harmonize differences and "reconstruct," a mad bull in a china shop was not a circumstance, compared to these pet lambs called **carpet-baggers**, for creating disturbance.

As supervisor of contracts of labor between black and white, our enterprising Big Manager soon had quite a revenue by charging fees for approving such contracts. A white citizen complained at this tax and threatened investigation as to its legality. He was arrested and jailed and kept there without charges preferred or trial, at the will of our great paternalizer. In one instance, four young white farmers, while working a large number of freedmen under a contract approved by the bureau agent, were arrested and jailed because one of the freedmen complained against one of the rights of their employers embraced in said contract. The bureau held them in jail, refusing to assign any cause of such ar-

rests, and refusing them a trial. All to show power to the blacks and humiliate the whites.

After enraging the whites, and inducing the deluded blacks to commit acts that resulted in the death of one or more whites and several blacks, our Big Manager would complacently write to his member of Congress of Southern outrages, giving harrowing pictures of riot and bloodshed; bewailing the incorrigible hatred of Southern rebels against the union and against the loyal freedmen; that he was braving death itself trying to protect the freedmen in their rights; for the sake of humanity, convince Congress of the necessity of even more stringent reconstruction laws; that for Heaven's sake continue the Freedmen's Bureau—it was accomplishing such a benign work in protecting the only loyal citizens—that where he had found wrong, chaos, racial strife and disunion, he was gradually but surely instituting right, justice, peace, harmony and union.

Then he would smile as he read over his long detailed masterpiece, and write a private communication to the same congressman as follows:

“We must elect the next president. The negroes, under the head of our bureau or the control of our bayonets, will vote for our candidate; they must have the ballot. The whites, outraged by our attempts to put the negro over them, will vote against him. Therefore the bayonet must place the negro in power in these Southern States to give us seventy electoral votes for president, twenty senators, and fifty members of the house. We must take no step backward, not a hair's breadth. If it forces a war of races, let it come;

let them fight it out. The United States must guarantee to every State a loyal republican form of government of the radical abolition created-equal stripe!

"What if our army and bureau and other engines of political warfare cost millions of taxation! We make the rebel States help pay the tax, whether we allow them representation in Congress or not. Let the people growl. Damn the people!"

And when the faithful partisan member of Congress receives our Big Manager's letter, he publishes the aforesaid masterpiece to the world in the Congressional Globe as being from "a gentleman of high character and unquestionable veracity; a brave, loyal union man striving like a hero and patriot martyr to duty," et cetera; and proceeds to berate at length "the unhung rebel traitors still coiling to bite and sting and poison the hand of undeserved mercy extended by a magnanimous, forgiving country! The adders must be crushed! The work of reconstruction must go on! The bureau for the loyal freedmen must be sustained! The army must still occupy every foot of rebel soil! Those black citizens must be given the elective franchise in every rebel State in order to protect themselves against a worse slavery than they suffered before the war," and so forth.

Gentle slumbers!

"Mr. Robersing, mer mind ar hanted serous on er scurous pint."

"What mought dat be, Brother Johnsing?"

"Hits dis, Brother Robersing. Ef de colored poppylation teck possess o' dis kentry whut will

come uv de colored peoples? Now I is a colored people. Who in de worl is dis colored poppylation de pollytickers jaw en whine so much erbout?"

"Well, lemme resider, Brother Johnsing. Heh! Yep, desso! Muss be bureau folks an all dese yether lan orfiss en poltishers de guvment sont from de Norf. Dey pear to me lack dey gwine in ginrel swoop ebbarsing in dis kentry—all de white folks got an all de fool niggers terwunce."

"Yes, but dey all ai colored?"

"Den, Brother Johnsing, damfino!"

"Brother Robersing! Yer precher o' de gawspell an cuss scandilus lack dat!"

"De change o' heart so sudden I fergit. Wese all po sinful critters. Lord fergine us!"

"Looker here, Gus! Yer ai foolin dis nigger! What fotch de change?"

"Step dis way, Sam, enner tole yer. I soon skiver dat de lone way ter destract any tention an get any pie fum all dese bureau an lan orfiss en Saviors an Mosesses fum de Norf waz ter show dat yer is powful mong all de niggers. De chetch is de power. Yer knows our young masser learn us ter read er leetle in slavery. Well, soon ez I seed war de loafs en fish gwin, I got sudden an merracklous convarted, jine de chetch, en wuz preachin in er jiffy."

"Gus, which chetch yer jine?"

"Bein no sheep, I is er Baibtist."

"Does yer bein preacher git dar?"

"Sho? Works lubly! Plenty ter eat, nuttin ter do."

"Den I'se gwi pent on mer sins, jine, and bein a yalligator preach ez a shoutin Meffidiss righter-way!"

"Shake, Brother Robersing! Yer better hurry do, kaze deres more nigger preachers sprung up all roun dan deres fools ter sport em. Nebber seed sich vival o' ligion! Ef yer wuck en preach fer de publican party and help this big bureau man and tothers in their plans, yous all right. Me and him done fix how ter injuice all de niggers inter secrit league soon ez dey kin vote. He ter git de money an me and you git de per cint. He say de government want all de niggers jine de league to keep frum being put back in slavery. Yer know dat'll fotch em all in!

"Each membar will hatter pay two dollar ter jine, en fifty cents er mont dues. Den ebry siprit lodge will hatter plank down five ter ten dollas fer dere chartey. He callate hundred tousan dollar kin be riz in dis way ter keep all de niggers outern slavery ergin, kaze he spread de league inter jinin States, too. De bureau man be de presdent o' de hull consarn, and all de money come ter him here as de agent o' de government.

"Now, Guss, you kin be a power to hep preach de gospel an de league an hep me an de presdent wuck it. You fotch in de Mefdist, I fotch in de Babbitist, en both on us fotch in all de ress. He say de govment will pay us ten tousan dollar outern ebry hunded tousan fer our time en labor in dis great vineyard o' de Lord a heppin an savin our own colored people frum slavery ergin. He tole me ter tell yer all dis jis tween us, an dat you an me will be high ossifers in de league.

"Ebry membar hatter swar he go ter rescue any brother in trouble, no matter whut de trouble; an

dat we vote fer no man fer office ceppen he membar dis league an a publican."

It is a matter of history of carpet-bag rule under reconstruction that our Big Manager carried out successfully his plan of a league, and robbed by wholesale the ignorant, confiding, misguided freedmen of the South. The mischievous, incendiary, secret teachings of the league made the negroes violent, impudent and threatening toward the Southern whites to such an extent that for awhile the latter lived in fear and dread of the assassin and the midnight torch.

The poor deluded negroes were taught that all the warnings and kind counsel of their old masters were only blinds to lull their fears so they could be re-enslaved.

Tuition under these leagues, and the oath to rescue a brother, caused the poor negroes to oppose and defy decrees and verdicts of courts and all process of law. No matter how heinous the offence of a member as to robbery, theft, murder, or worse, he must be rescued and protected.

Such a reign of lawlessness and terror was thus inaugurated by our Big Manager and his co-workers in the Southern States that the whites to protect themselves, their property and families, had to organize on the Ku-Klux Klan system. Some innocent negroes, no doubt, suffered as poor dog Tray did. But every punishment by the outraged white of the misguided colored dupes of these white carpet-baggers from the North, was promptly reported to Congress and the Northern press as another Southern outrage upon the loyal black citizens and as evi-

A Story of the South.

51

dence of the need of further reconstruction measures and the continuance of the Freedman's Bureau. And whenever one of these angel carpet-baggers met a deserved fate, he was canonized as a holy martyr. Pecksniff and Uriah Heep were outclassed.

Doubtless there was genuine sympathy in the hearts of thousands throughout the North for the landless and moneyless freedman, and the Freedman's Bureau was approved as an engine of charity and benevolence, but such as our Big Manager converted it into a terrific political power and means of spoliation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE NEGRO IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS (?).

POOR dear old Marma! A pitiful wail of compassion and love and sore despair escaped her withered lips as she followed the broken Carswell family from the burial of her honey child, her idolized Miss Lorny. Her mistress out of her own stony grief heard the cry of the old faithful slave, and enfolding her in her arms, mistress and slave so wept together.

His dead buried, his plantation devastated, his fortune wrecked, and the cause for which he fought lost, Edward Carswell faced the world to begin again the struggle of existence.

One of his first cares had been to refence parts of the farm, and as far as able to give employment and means of living to as many of his former slaves as possible. But only a few could be thus provided for, and all he could do as to the many others was to kindly advise them where to go and what to do to make provision for themselves and families.

One day in the winter of this same year, while in the town, he was sitting on the hotel piazza in conversation with the Yankee officers of troops stationed there. He was surprised to hear several

voices say, "Howdy, Mars Eddard!" On the sidewalk he saw standing with hats in hand and pleased faces a dozen or more negro men with their women and children, all looking up at him. At a glance he knew them all as his former slaves, and, hurrying down to them, shook hands with each one, calling him or her by name, and inquired sympathetically how all of them were and how they were getting along. The negroes showed such unfeigned delight at seeing him, that the officers, knowing Carswell to have been a slave holder, looked at each other in astonishment. After inquiring all about "Missus en dey all at home," the negroes passed on.

"Were those your former slaves, sir?"

"Yes, and I was very glad to see them."

"They certainly seemed glad to meet you!"

Then turning to his brother officers the speaker remarked, "This kind of thing does not agree with our teachings. Facts, on the ground, are worth a thousand theories and assumptions a thousand or more miles away!"

When, however, in Georgia as in Florida, the carpet-bag element with the Freedman's Bureau and secret societies, Loyal leagues and Union leagues and Lincoln brotherhoods, had got in their teachings on the poor, duped, robbed and betrayed negroes, Carswell no longer deemed it safe to leave his family in the country, but moved them to the town.

The regular meetings of these lodges in guarded secret places, drillings with muskets and rattling swords, became ominous and alarming to the whites. Not knowing then that it was the carpet-

bag method of fleecing the ignorant negro of his scant earnings, as well as to drill him into hatred of the whites and into political clubs, it looked as though the freedmen were preparing to massacre the whites and forcibly take the country, forty acres and a mule and all.

For some time Carswell and other Southern whites tried to advise and warn the misguided freedmen; but they had been taught in the lodges by the plunder seeking carpet-baggers that the object of their old masters was to lull them into security only to re-enslave them.

Despite all this, there was a natural good disposition toward their former masters by many of the negroes, and some of them called upon Carswell and other prominent Southern men to address them in a public meeting and give them information and advice on their duties as citizens. The meeting was largely attended and the speakers' addresses gladly received.

But the carpet-bag element became alarmed at this kind of movement on the part of the blacks, and managed by secret league teachings to prevent its repetition. Incessantly agitated by these exploiting strangers by frequent political and secret league meetings and fiery harangues against all ex-slave holders, labor was disorganized and largely abandoned, contorted ideas of rights instilled into the freedmen's minds, and overbearing impoliteness, impudence and bullyragging prejudice and hate consumed in the minds of many freedmen all their natural love, respect and confidence in their former masters. Vagrancy, pauperism, crime, misery, idleness, followed, with de-

pendence only on Federal rations, plunder and pillage. Under the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau the civil law and whites outside the bureau were deprived of all jurisdiction over the blacks. All chattel property as hogs, cattle, poultry, general farm produce, and even the safety of life and honor and homes of the whites, became subject to the frequent depredations of lawless bands of loafing, armed and pilfering freedmen. The class of law abiding negroes who strived to labor honestly and make a living were alike with the Southern whites the victims and sufferers from these nomadic plunderers.

The situation became so alarming that the whites were compelled to organize some system to protect themselves, their property, their wives and children. And so it happened that every time any vagrant negro or carpet-bagger, caught red-handed in pillage and crime, or instigating a war of races, met at the hands of the whites his just deserts, such men as our Big Manager would hasten to write up for the Northern press another "Southern outrage;" and several columns of the Congressional Globe would bristle with denunciations of rebel traitors deserving more stringent reconstruction measures, if not hanging, and congress would excitedly debate measures for suppression of the hellish Southern Ku-Klux Klan, and protection of the loyal brother in black.

Unable to hire, or even support servants, Carswell had nevertheless carried to the town with his family Marma and Merrie and little cripple Amy. Mose, Willis, Jim and Hansom, with their families, were left on the desolated plantation,

with most of the former house servants, including Raymon, Ben and Dennis.

The disturbed chaotic state of affairs dragged its weary length along for several years under the carpet-bag so-called government.

One day Willis and Mose and Hansom, who had deposited several hundred dollars each of hard earned money in the Freedmen's Savings Bank, came in town to see Carswell. They were much disturbed and looked pitifully helpless at each other. As this bank was under Federal control from Washington, Carswell had thought it as a matter of course safe; and when they had sought his advice he had told them to place their savings in it, and thus gradually accumulate enough to buy homes and land for themselves.

"Mars Eddard!" spoke the brawny, honest Willis, "is hit er fac de bank buss an our money loss?"

Carswell knew too well the news was true, and that these poor black toilers facing him, like thousands of others throughout the South, had lost the toil and sweat of several years' labor through this gigantic swindle.

Each saw in the grave and pained expression of their former master's face that the bad news was true.

"Mars Eddard," said Mose, "yer know I wuz allers nomikil fer ter sabe mer yarnins slave days. Lackwise also wuz mer ole oman Mary. Her en me bin stintin an stintin ebber sence freedom, countin on buyin er little farm wid dis savin bank money. Us lib hard en wuck harderer, an many er night I hatter watch out little tater bank en corn an chickens en pigs, but dem vaggerbone no

count league en pollytick niggers stole mos all. Us all dassent leab de cabin in broad day ter wuck in de feel ferninst some triflin rascal slip in en stole all de pittance o' wisions fum us en our chilluns. Eben dat ole runaway Jeff is back, an strutin roun ez a preacher en president of a league. An now de government bank done stole all us could sabe en yearn! Whut I gwi tole Mary en dem orfling chilluns wen er git back dar? Her mout ez well be a po widderling. I done gin up."

Poor Mose! How Carswell's heart yearned in sympathy with him; how his own poverty of purse goaded him, when he would have freely given Mose all his losses, were he able, because he had advised him the bank under the control of the United States Government was good and safe.

Hansom, our good old dude coachman, reduced by freedom to the ranks of a common field hand in appearance, but still wearing one scrap left of a patched "soolk weskit" given him in years past by his Miss Lorny, looked so mournfully outdone by this terrible loss of his and Sukey's savings, that Carswell, who remembered the silk vest and its fair donor, lost control of himself. With tear-dimmed eyes he silently clasped Hansom's labor roughened hands.

"Us ai blamin you, Mars Eddard!" quickly gulped Hansom. "Doan let weuns lossins pester you. Yer vised us fer de bess as you knowed hit. I woosh ter Gawd, Mars Eddard, dat Sukey en me wuz wid you en Missus ergin—her a tendin de biggus en beatin dough, an me a druv in de caige!"

As Carswell looked at the three black faces he remembered how they had readily given their mistress all their money following Sherman's raid and before he came home. This money had long since been repaid. Telling them now not to worry about paying him any rent, and giving them all the money he had, he dismissed them with the promise to investigate their bank losses, and if possible to secure its repayment by the government. Nothing was ever recovered. That the carpet-bag bank officials and defaulters got it all, is the most natural conclusion.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE SCALAWAG.

THEODORE SELKIRK meantime had become a United States Senator. Caught in the drift of circumstances he passively submitted to the dictates of a constituent radical party majority. He avoided entering upon any of the bitter and fiery debates regarding the South and reconstruction, negro suffrage and reported Southern outrages. Knowing the Big Manager had gone to exploit Florida, he smiled in bitter sarcasm when some of that worthy's literature on the South and its terrible condition would occasionally be read by some Senator as coming from the highest and most unquestionable source, and made the subject of a tirade against still unrepentant rebels; or was incorporated in some committee's report on the state of affairs in the Southern States.

One day out of curiosity he loitered in the House and listened to the maiden speech of a Southern renegade scalawag citizen carpet-bag member. This beautiful little man had cooperated with his State as much a rebel as any; but when the war closed and the palmy days of corruption and plunder and stealing by statute was in

full swing in his State, with a legislature filled with, for the most part, ignorant and purchasable negroes, the loaves and fishes became too tempting. So he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, was suddenly and miraculously converted politically, and left Benedict Arnold way back in the shade.

He had secured his seat in Congress by contesting the election of a democrat and had been voted in by a strictly partisan majority, although the democrat had clearly a large majority of votes.

Knowing his history from the contest, Selkirk was amused at the speech of this bright little angel neophyte. The comments in parenthesis are thoughts of Selkirk. Here it is in part, copied from the Record:

"Mr. Speaker, an honest confession is good for the soul when made, not through policy, but from deep down in the inmost recesses of the heart and soul. That man who from mere policy puts on a show of honesty is a bad man and not to be trusted. (O, rats! Give us a rest. Thou art that bad man.) Hence I appear before you to-day with no lip service. (Too thin.) I want to help the glorious cause of this Congress in the reconstruction of the Southern States. (O, you do, do you?)

"Mr. Speaker, I belong to a class of men having peculiar claims upon the sympathy, if not the admiration of this House. I am a 'reconstructed rebel.' I say this in no canting or boasting spirit. I detest a hypocrite, and despise the man who makes an ostentatious parade of assumed humility, while his heart is full of pride and deceit. (O Pharisee of old, thou art outclassed.) I have the honesty to say that I have done wrong, and the

courage to say I am sorry for it. (Good little fellow!)

"Though for nearly three years a rebel against our government, I declare with entire truth and sincerity that I have always been at heart a Union man. (Of course, no doubt, not the least grain!) I became a rebel, but not exactly a fighting rebel. (Quite a nice distinction!) I hunted soft and easy places. (Ah, indeed!) The path fate marked out for me to tread during that great rebellion did not lead me within range of the enemy's minie rifles. (So! a fatalist, eh? Any religion may be better than none.) I was one of those favored few whose lot was to remain in the rear and enjoy the luxury of smuggled goods. (O thou good, honest, Union man!) True, I wore the Confederate uniform; and while I admired the pluck of the South, I say damn their discretion. (I admire your gall!) As soon as the war was over I realized that I had been guilty of a great wrong in aiding a rebellion. (If rebellion had succeeded what would you have realized?) I am ready to make all proper apology and reparation for the part I took in resisting the government. (Indeed!) As the best evidence of my sincerity I have joined the great political party which fought and vanquished secession. (Doubtless your motives were pure as an angel's tear of pity!)

"You have conquered, but beware how you let the power you now hold pass from your hands! (Ha! you want longer license to plunder?) The Samson of the South is the Ku-Klux. No man who favors the reconstruction acts of Congress can live in the South with safety to himself or his

property. I have learned the terrible intentions of the Ku-Klux! (So the K. K. K. have been regulating your dark and devious ways!) I have been subjected to calumny, insult and ostracism merely because I joined the republicans and supported the reconstruction acts of Congress. (O, go tell your wrongs to the sheriff!) This Southern feeling can only be cured by a fixed and determined course against the Ku-Klux. (Wish they had hanged you. Expect you deserved it.) To turn all this Ku-Klux democracy indiscriminately loose upon us will not only sap our intellects, but shorten our lives. (Ha! ha! ha! Ain't that rich!)

"The will of the people as expressed through Congress does not go down well in my State. (How can they swallow disfranchisement, loss of civil government, negro suffrage, and race war carpet-baggism at one gulp!) In my State I am called a scalawag. (You look like one!) Scalawags are on the increase there since the last presidential election. (God help the country then!) Even the women and children join in the general howl of indignation against the Southern man who turns scalawag. (Don't blame 'em.)

"Mr. Speaker, the awful sights I have witnessed in my own State——" Selkirk left. He had heard it so often he knew the balance by heart.

The scalawag was correct about ostracism. Whether Northern carpet-bag or Southern scalawag, the white men or women, whatever the purpose, who ostentatiously placed themselves on a perfect social equality at their homes, tables, firesides, parlors, bed and board, schools, hotels, or

even saloons, with the negroes, were at once denied entrance to the social life of the Southern whites. And this was not prejudice or ill will against the negro. On the contrary the most cordial and kindly feelings and relations existed between the ex-slave holders and the freedmen, as in Carswell's case. Exceptions to the rule were rare. It is true, however, that after the carpetbag element had vitiated and poisoned the susceptible negroes with ideas that the negro as a citizen had all the rights and the Southern whites none, the breach was widened. And when lawless gangs of blacks began to plunder, override and terrorize the country, and civil courts had practically no power nor jurisdiction under reconstruction acts, then a local police was organized for self protection, generally known as our scalawag's terrible Samson of a Ku-Klux. It did "sap some intellects and shorten some lives."

CHAPTER XXXV.

FLORIDA, 1876.

OUR two worthies, the Rev. Samuel Johnson and the Rev. Augustus Roberson, are again discussing the lurid situation as the white population, and many of the blacks, too, are celebrating the redemption of the State from eight years of carpet-baggism.

"Dog-gone! Sam, whut'll us do now? Strikes me our occupashun gone. Bleve I'll quit preachin an go back on a fam, now deres no mo usen stayin in polticks."

"Heh! Sam, you'se a fool nigger. Better now be a sho nuff gennywine preacher. Hits nater fo niggers ter love an kep up de chutch. We kin still lib good an easy on de kine sisters an belubed bretherin. I bin loafin eight year. Ef bein a sanktermoney preacher o' de gawspel will kep me loafin, I'm yer sammyrinktum."

"Youse right, brother Robersing, mighty right. I lack ter fergit dat I is called by de Lawd fer to preach."

"Now yer talkin, brother Johnsing. Yer haid level ergin. No backslidin wid you! Sides now de dimmycracks will be in market fer our votes."

We kin still be a balance o' power, an vote fer de dimmy whut'll pay de mos. But say! Did dat Big Manger ever gin you any remission fer wuckin all de colored folks inter dem ar leagues?"

"Narry dollar. He kep puttin off sayin hit wuz ten cents on ebber hundred tousen dollar, an dat fuss hundred tousen not yet riz."

"Done me same way! Brother Robersing, I'se bout cluded dat us niggers bin made fools on by all dat angel ban o' Saviors whut came fum de norf an run de polticks o' dis State lass eight year jess to hull orfis an full dere pockits. Der dimmies say dey done bankrup de State; enner knows dey casion de killin o' many o po nigger by meckin a wile stark starin mad fool o' him. Dey git all de nigger's money froo de leagues en seckrit poltick sieties, den usen part dis money ter buy nigger votes en white votes too in de legislater ter plunder de white property owners by statoot. Why, all de white reppies fum de norf, what come here ter lib en own property an pay taxes, done vote in dis lection fer de dimmies.

"Den eben what niggers dat lissen ter dere ole masser's dewice, an let de leagues an polticks lone, an wuck quiet an decent, done loss all dere pitiful savins froo de buss o' dat govment savin bank.

"Tell yer what, brother Robersing, polticks an votin done nuffin fer mos all niggers in dis State ceppen meckin victums an catspaws an big blab-mouf fools an loafes outtern em, sides gittin fum em all dey yarnins."

"Brother Johnsing, you'se er talkin kirreck. Eben wen a colored pusson kick at de party trases, en say e gwi vote dimmy ticket, all de fool niggers

an white reppies oystershell (ostracise) an persecute im ter def!"

"Sam, lemme tole yer! Ha, haw! ya he-yah! Does yer member our smellin mitty wen me an you wuz bloomin membars o' de legislater? Dat four million raleroad bond swindle bill war up. Lack ignunt innocence we fuss lay low a prodgerkin dat our salary ez members wuz mighty good pay. But de white carpet-bag membars en some de big gun niggers pear lack hed money ter burn. It leaked out dat dese flush fellows hed bin tradin dere votes. Den we wucked up a siprit kowkiss fer colored membars wid parmanint churman, an pinted a mitty to smell up all perpose bills whut wuz money schemes.

"Sam, me an you wuz blame blind fools fer not gittin pinted on dat smellin mitty, ar fur betterer, be churman o' de kowkiss.

"De mitty ported whar votes wuz wanted an how many, an whut would be paid for em. De churman wuz ter kleck de money an vide equal wid all on us. De churman vided us time an ergin how to vote, an us all voted as e say, but no money come.

"Bombye dat slick nigger churman flush wid plenty o' money! Swar ter Gawd, ef e wassent playin carpet-bagger on he own color an kowkiss! We call a meetin an cuse 'im o' bezlin de cash. He swar powfu an flat dat e diden git any money. But de man whut paid im, seein us diden vote for he schemes kaze no boodle retch our pockets, squealed on de lyin churman an prove dat e had gin im hunded o' dollars ez a present for 'de boys.' Den dat slick churman rar up an say dat all de money e got wuz gin im ez individual pres-

ent! Dis bruck up de kowkiss plan. Atter dat each one on us did e own smellin and got e own pay for e own vidual vote."

"Yer member, Sam, de shoutin time niggers had in dat constootal vention way back in '68? Wen dey made a Tallahassee colored preacher pusson tempry presdent an a Baltimore nigger tempry sectry? All de niggers newly franched wuz a shoutin 'bottom rail on top' 'de year o' jubilee am come!"

"Den de pandemony row commence tween de Loyal League and de Linkum Brotherhood to mastery de vention. De wool gin ter pull and de fur ter fly! De League won fuss innins, an a white man fum Illinois, whut lived two days in county e sent fum as diligate, wuz lected boss o' de vention.

"Fuss ting dey done wus ter resute an isher fifty thousan dollars State scrip by de boss an he finance agent, who lackwize wuz stranger in Flurridy. Me an you wucked de league racket an got pinted messengers at ten dollar a day each. Us wuz on de pay roll an de pay lowed in scrip, but I nebber eben smell a taste o' de pay ner scrip. Somebody got it.

"But Lord! To kotch sight o' som o' dem ingunt niggers sotten dar ez membars, wid both foots cross toppen deskis an smokin segars while de vention in session! All de colored popplashun in de kentry quit wuck fer weeks an lounge round de captol. Wen one o' dem black statesmen saw lots o' visters lookin on, he strut up lack a tucky gobble sawin de groun wid e wings, and say mos pompous:

“‘Mister Prisen, I yize ter a pint off orter an deman dat de pages an messgers fotch some jinals on my des. I has not hed a jinal ter read in free or fo days! an I sist on mer rites under de constootion no de Newnited States an ther State o’ Flurridy and ther reckonstriction nacks o’ de publikin congruss!’

“Den all we niggers gaze in stounment at de mighty power an wisdom o’ dat big corn feel darkey, e teck jinal I fotch im, hist e feets toppen des ergin, skrunge seegar in cornder mouf, flung back e wooly haid, an ten lack e read, wid jinal upside down! I loss patience an holler ter de presdent dat de biggety cai read nohow. Den short ez pie de presdent order me ter dry up an wait on de genlums o’ de vention. Great Scot! dem wuz times! Some de colored membars do war rale genlums o’ sense an eddication, but de carpet-bags soon spile mos all on em.”

The two mused a while in silence.

“Brother Johnsing, I rize ter remark dat deres many a publican statesman out uv a job in Flurridy dis day, sho! Less go an hurra wid de winnin side. Dars where our bread buttered now. But no—stop—hole on a minit. Tell me whatever come o’ dat Big Manager whut weeded sech a wide row in govment ration days?”

“Wy, brother Robersing, heaint yer hearn! Ha! ha! ha! Guess e do think all niggers fools by dis time! Wen e got a big pile fum de sickrit cieties an bureau, an savin bank fail, an yether schemes, he went to nother part de State an bought a tremenjus big plantation. Brother Mitch Hankersing tole me all bout, kaze he went

rite dar widdem. Brother Mitch owe im nine hundred dollar now!

"He fuss try git de place ez bandon fiscate but owners atterward pop up an interjeck. Upshot de biz wuz e hatter buy at hits rale valley, or loss whut e done put dar. De ole mars dat own it newster hab five, six, seben hundred niggers; an e put up sich a pooty mouf bout de cotton an cane en truck an stuff dat de manger injuiced ter pay ten dollar acre. Dere wuz eight tousen acre, woods en all.

"Kose hit tuck a pile den fer to fence, clar, build, pair up, en buy mules, stock an all splies. Den Mr. Manger gin a big barbcue an got bout thousan colored freedoms o' de pendin on govment ration bureau stripe. Bureau, do, done, flip outter resistance.

"Den e meck big speech an say, 'Kum ter me all ye panthers atter freedom an equality an er chance ter progress an I will ge yer ress! Yer hez bin kep down by brutal slavery wid no chance, but now ther sun o' freedom is riz an you will rise, an prove ter your anxious rerdeemers dat all de brudder in black wants is er chance. What do your skin is black, you is jess ez good ez me, an a site betterer dan dese Southern tassmasters which hez kep de Lord's people in bondage lo dese many years. I druther truss you dan dem; an you an your wives an chillun is jess ez wilkim at my house en parlor en table ez any white man. All men is created equil. My wife an darters will ceve you an your wives an sons an darters on social quality. I shell build an furnish well a neat little house fer bber tenner on my plantation, an kep a large store

o' supplies. My frens an feller citrons, I perpose ter furnish lan, ouse, furniture, wisions, merchandise, mules, plows, gear, ebbarsing, an you ter git half de crap. Onny sing charge on your half will be yer store count. We shell rutionize farming in de souf, an prove dat Affican free labor is thousan time betterer dan slave.'

"Lord! how dem niggers did shout! Here de promiss lan dey sithin fer. Things went on swimmin in de yarly sprung. Dem slick niggers soon larn Mr. Manager knowed nuttin bout farmin in de souf, an dey an dere wives frequent sot up in e parlor an eat at e table scussin whut tremenjus crap o' cotton gwi be meck. Mr. Manger face glow an rub e hans liteful ez e callate big pile o' cash fum cotton, sides normous profits on sto goods.

"Den de knowin ones mong de freedoms git sickritly tergidder an laff en jolly kaze de Lord sen em sich er sucker! By time crap planted ebber colored famly owed mo at Mr. Manger's sto dan all de crap dey could meck would mount to. Price war no object slong as dey kep gittin de goods.

"Bout time de lazy half-ten grassy measely crap laid by, dem niggers gen ter leff de place. All de moverble house furniture move wid dem. One de colored wimmins sulted Mr. Manger's wife an darters in dey own parlor! Her git mad at sumpen an rare back an tell em her knowed dey wuz nuffin but low down white trash whey dey come fum kaze dey put deyselves on social equality wid niggers!

"Dey leab den soonerer an frequenter, twill no-

body leff ter gedder whut little crap made. Ha! ha! How Mr. Manger den bile ober an cuss niggers! He eben say e woosh ebber dam one on em back in slavery! Hit buss im all ter smash, an e leff de State a waggelbone."

"Tween you an me, brother Johnsing, knowin whut all us knows, hits mighty lucky de dims didnen jess naterly rise up in rage an kill de hull passul on em an us too! Ef twuz ez bad in Mississippi an yether States as here, I doan sprize dat de white folks jess teekin hole wid red shirts an shot guns an sweepin de orgy stables."

Just then Governor-elect Drew was seen passing into the capitol. Gus and Sam could not resist cheering success, and waving their hats, hollered "hooray fer Guvner Drew!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CARSWELL AND SELKIRK MEET AGAIN.

SELKIRK was one day in the Senate listening carelessly to one of the usual tirades against confirming a Southern man for some Federal office. Hearing the State of Georgia mentioned he gave the matter more attention. When he heard the name of Edward Carswell as the party in question his pulse quickened. He became a live wire instantaneously.

The military commander in Carswell's district as well as some leading republicans there, had solicited Carswell to accept the office for the good of his own people, black and white, and sent in the application with their endorsement.

A carpet-bag leader wanted the position for a negro, and sent in his application endorsed by his element. Carswell's history as a fire-eating rebel, ex-slavocrat, anti-reconstruction, Ku-Klux, colonel of rebel forces, giving his substance to the cause of traitors, and still being unrepentant, was given in lurid detail in opposition to his confirmation.

Selkirk bottled his wrath at the character of the opposition, and systematically went to work pulling all the private and official wires possible to se-

cure Carswell's appointment. He even appealed to some leaders as a personal favor, telling them his knowledge of the character of Carswell, but the pressure of the opposition was too great. Exasperated beyond measure, he lost control of his long pent indignation, and threw a bombshell of astonishment into the ranks of his own party by uttering in cold steel bitter sarcasm the following memorable speech:

"It is only a Jacobin revolutionary convention in France, or a radical reconstruction Congress in America, that would force mankind to the changing whimsies of its legislative experiments, disturbing the peace and destroying the prosperity of society under pretense of accomplishing equal and exact justice to all men.

"Having neither practical knowledge nor actual personal experience by contact, you inexorably apply assumed theories with sublime contempt for the real condition, character, habits, prejudices or wants of a people, whether white or black, or both. Like Robespierre, your cry is, 'Perish the South rather than sacrifice one iota of our theories or political sway.'

"To the really honest man among you, whose actions and votes are dictated by a conscientious sense of what is just and right, regardless of his own self aggrandizement, I have no condemnation except to regret his lack of statesmanship and pity the victims of his legislation. Lord North and his Tory majority in 1776 in doing stupid and impossible things has many imitators on this floor to-day.

"Of course your bureau paternalism and re-

construction measures have nothing to do with influencing four million freedmen to vote your party ticket!

“What does the African slave know about the ballot, the sacred symbol of individual liberty and representative government, except as he may be taught or bribed by your white questionable exploiters and office and plunder seekers with whom you have honeycombed the Southern States? Do you think that by these measures you can check the intelligent political power of the free States and Africanize the South under dominion of certain of your political religious fanatics?

“The dominion of this continent belongs to the white man who formed the nation and developed the civilization extending across it. You might as well try to stop the planet in its course as to curb the white man’s dominion in America. It is his destiny, it is the law of God. Yet you say that claiming this as a white man’s government is blasphemy! You curb the Indian, the Asiatic, and even the intelligent European as to suffrage; but the ignorant, pliant slave is at once clothed with all the power of the ballot! For what purpose you well know.

“You attempt to sweep away all barriers of pride, aristocracy, caste—no distinction! What of caste in England and other nations? In a speech in this hall one of you recently announced that he would as soon think of trusting a madman with fire in a powder magazine as to entrust the destiny of a free government under control of ignorance, and then went on serenely advocating giving negroes the ballot and control of ten States of

this Republic! He knew nothing but black patriots and white traitors.

"Do gentlemen seriously believe that Africanized State governments, flanked by the military, forced by outside pressure, will bring into close relations heterogeneous elements—fuse into one harmonious whole races which have from the beginning of time refused to intermingle upon terms of equality?

"Our institutions were not devised for Africans, Asiatics, Europeans or Indians. These had no voice in the compact. For wise purposes God has created a diversity of races and nations and men must conform their political theories to this law or else expect discord and trouble. The wretched course of tinkering the Constitution to abolish slavery was a narrow view to take of national obligations.

"The negro is now a melancholy prey to party contests, to cupidity, prejudice, and convenience of the whites. Giving him a vote is like giving money and whiskey to the Indian. You insist upon his political and even social equality in army and navy, in legislative halls, in office, and in civil life. His eligibility is not questioned by your theoretic fanatics. Every one who dares question such eligibility is denounced by you as a traitor.

"Do you really need the negro in these untried situations, to complete the subjugation of the South? Have all your armed hosts, immense treasure, all the republican qualities of the white race, proved a failure? The safety of this intelligent nation does not require putting ten States under negro rule. But perpetuation of your

power requires it. Your motto is, 'Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first says enough!'

"It is hopeless for the South ever to win or expect sympathy, justice or right at your hands. You plunder her in her poverty, oppress her in her weakness, and mock at her calamity. The struggle of her heroes for guaranteed rights and property counts for naught with you. You force taxation without representation upon her, and coerce payment of Federal pensions. You need not look at me in such astonishment! I know that I have affiliated with you, and posed before the world as one of you; but your action in the case here to-day has surpassed my further endurance or allegiance.

"Blinded by partisan rage, you who have never kept a pledge or obeyed the law, look upon the South as a land to be vandalized and its white people despoiled and persecuted for your jealous political greed.

"Straining at gnats and swallowing camels, you bring abomination and desolation throughout a great part of our common country. You prostitute the teachings of God and of Christ to your inordinate love of arrogant power.

"Nothing is loyal except as measured by your political yardstick. Of course you have been loyal to the Constitution before the war, and since, too, as exhibited by your tolerably small specimens of legislation! The liberty, fraternity and equality of man have before now been proclaimed by the bastille and guillotine. Nations have been dismembered before now by the pride of power and lust of plunder.

"It is in vain to allege atheism of the Consti-

tution, to ignore the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth who taught peace on earth and good will to men. Your serpent of radicalism has entered the sacred portals of liberty and converted an Eden of national happiness into an earthly hell of discord. You have ever held the South to all obligations of the Constitution according to interpretations of your fanatic school, and at same time denied her all guarantees of personal liberty found in the same instrument.

“You abuse and snub General Hancock because he dares to say that military power under this government in time of peace is subordinate to civil laws. Your Praise God Barebones rob a president of his powers, and bring about the farce of impeachment because his messages publish to the world your faults and his vetoes curb your mad license. Witness your tenure of office bill, and your wild reconstruction measures that threaten to light the flames of civil war of races.

“You attempt to indict a whole people. Senators grave in years seriously undertake measures to keep disfranchised practically all Southern whites and confiscate their lands and personal property and use the same or proceeds to support thoughtless freedmen in idleness and crime. Under your theories you would license every crime under the sun in the sacred name of justice!

“You deny and overthrow every department of the government except congress and usurp unwarranted power for that. Five of the supreme court judges were appointed by Abraham Lincoln and are of your party. But they happen to be honest men, and rule against your unconstitu-

tional acts. You increase the number and try to partisanize the court. Then you legislate that the supreme court shall not touch, investigate or decide anything against your measures!

"You close your doors against legally elected members of this body, if the member elect happens to be honest enough to differ with you politically.

"Aye! taunt and gibe at me as a turn-coat! Wise men sometimes change their opinions, but fools never. Would that a majority negro population would swarm into some of your free States, run all local legislation and offices to suit their crude ideas led by a horde of white vandals! Then how would you like to swallow your own medicine?

"Speaking of turn-coats, here is what your Senator Trumbull, from Illinois, said in Chicago, in 1857: 'I want to have nothing to do with the free negro or the slave negro. We, the republican party, are the white man's party.' Again in 1859 in these halls he declared, 'when we say that all men are created equal we do not mean that every man in organized society has the same rights. We do not tolerate that in Illinois. The free negro population of this country is a great evil now. There is a distinction between the white and black races made by Omnipotence himself. I do not believe these two races can live happily and pleasantly together and enjoy equal rights without one domineering over the other.' Yet this man and all like him of your party, now insist upon the entire political, civil and social equality of the two races in the Southern States!

"Even your Ben Wade, the man you now move heaven and earth for in your travesty impeachment

rôle to install as your President in place of Johnson, said here in the Senate in the thirty-fourth Congress in debate, 'I am not one of those who would ask them (the South) to continue in such a union. It would be doing violence to the platform of the party to which I belong. We have adopted the old Declaration of Independence as the basis of our political movements, which declares that any people when their government ceases to protect their rights, when it is so subverted from the true purpose of government as to oppress them, have a right to recur to fundamental principles, and, if need be, to destroy the government under which they live, and to erect on its ruins another more conducive to their welfare. I hold that they have this right.'

"Here, sir, is the doctrine of our revolutionary sires, of Davis, and of Calhoun, and of Webster, and of Robert Toombs, proclaimed by the senator for whom you would depose Andrew Johnson!

"It is needless for the South to attempt to satisfy the exactions of your fanatical theorists. The protection of their homes, of their wives and children, is dearer to them than meek submission to your Africanizing reconstruction foibles. In good time your petty madness now will result in the complete overthrow of your party in every Southern State.

"You legally murder the keeper of the Southern prison who died at your hands declaring he had done all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of prisoners of war; whereas there were 60,000 more federal prisoners in the South than confed-

erate prisoners in the North, yet 4,000 more confederates than federals die in prison.

"Even your own attorney-general refuses to plead before the supreme court in defense of your reconstruction laws, because he announces all said laws null and void and outside the constitution.

"Republican forms of government in the South! What caricature on logic when you who are foreign to them, aliens so far as their local policies are concerned, dictate their fundamental laws!

"I prefer political death at your hands rather than longer submit to your party mandates."

Flushed and excited, Selkirk ceased, and walked away, burning his ships behind him.

Some timid reader may exclaim, "Why recall these dead issues? What good can it do now, over a third of a century afterwards?" Yet Mr. Blaine in his "Twenty Years of Congress," published in 1884, speaking of the carpet-bag rule in the South says, "Their governments were, however, demoralized by the violent and murderous course of the class organized to resist them." The writer feels entirely satisfied that if Mr. Blaine, as well as many other Northern writers on these themes, had lived in the South with family and property to protect during this carpet-bag period, he and they would not only never publish to the world many such misleading statements, but would have joined the Southern inhabitants in their local police or vigilance committees, alias Ku-Klux. We refer the reader again to actions of the people of Indiana regarding lawless negro element in January, 1901, in the tenth chapter of this work.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RURAL SHADES.

SELKIRK did not know that Carswell was in Washington and had heard his entire speech from the gallery. Learning the young orator's name, and knowing too that the speech had been precipitated by the rejection of his nomination, Carswell hastened down and met Selkirk face to face in the cloak room.

When Selkirk realized who it was that held his hand in such warm friendly grasp, a thousand emotions and memories overwhelmed him. Tears rushed involuntarily to his eyes, and he wept in the arms of his older friend of a day long past.

"My dear sir," he said, "come with me, I long to get out of this! Won't you let me go back home with you? And can we not go at once? I want to be with you again down in your Georgia home!"

His soul was full, his voice vibrating with love for his friend met again after so many tragic years. Carswell's heart caught his own spirit and understood that he earnestly meant just what he said. He felt conscious of undefined love as of linked mutual sorrow, for the gifted young man. Warmly, friendly, gladly he told him yes—that

they would start South together on the morrow, if he wished.

On the journey Selkirk told him of his experience at Rural Shades while with the invading army—told him all—even his love for dear lost Lorna. The two men became at once dear each to other. Their mutual affection was marvellously touching and tender. The visitor soon became endeared to all the members of the Carswell family.

Do you remember the branch with steep grove-shaded hill slopes where we built a dam for a swimming pool back in 1859? And the many colored rocks and glittering particles of sand in the bed of the stream?

Selkirk's western life and practice had given him knowledge of ores and mining. One day he returned to the town house after having spent a week at Rural Shades, provided for and waited upon by the ever faithful Willis and his sumptuous" Loo and their covey of pickaninnies. Willis lived in the "biggus" for its care and protection.

Selkirk astonished Carswell by telling him there was gold in paying quantity for mining on the old plantation, and offered a large sum for one-half interest in the place. The venture proved a success, and in due time prosperity again bloomed and blossomed there.

Our now mature and beautiful Lula Woolridge was still a loved friend and often a visitor of the Carswell family. After some three years of peaceful life on that dear old Southern plantation home—his time alternating between the town house and Rural Shades, Selkirk realized that their mutual

grief for sweetest Lorna and dear lost George, as well as the lovely face of our darling Lula, had awakened blissful dreams of hope and life and love. He wooed and won her heart and confidence, and carried his bride to Rural Shades.

And if you happen there some day you may find our own beloved Nina a most welcome visitor and dear friend.

Many of the former slaves returned to the same field of labor and Selkirk's household. They were as happy when their Miss Nina came as in days of yore.

Dear old Marma, at her own request, as she died in Mrs. Carswell's arms, was buried at the foot of her Miss Lorny's grave. She wanted to be near her honey chile and beloved young mistress even in the silence of voiceless death.

THE END.

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